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A CRUISE AMONG THE AZORES.



MARKET-DAY IN FAYAL.

On the 23d of July, 1871, the A 1 clipper-bark *Jehu* sailed from Boston for Fayal and a market, in ballast. She had in the steerage thirty-one Portuguese, who were returning home, and the object of the voyage was to secure a charter for an early cargo of oranges in November, and to obtain, clandestinely, a haul of Azorean passengers flying the islands in face of the stringent prohibitory laws against emigration. There is in the Portuguese dominions a strict system of conscription, under which every man on reaching twenty-one must incur the chance of being drawn for the army; and in consequence no one can leave the Azores who has not yet had his name shaken in the lot, unless he gives bonds in \$300 that he will return and serve, if drawn, the money to be forfeited if he fails to respond; and this regulation applies even to mere lads scarce weaned. It is evident that the great poverty of the people makes this a pretty effectual bar to emigration. It is true that passports are with some reluctance granted to those who do not come within the appli-

cation of this law, yet those wishing to emigrate are principally young and enterprising males. But for years they have found means to evade the observation of the government, escaping on passing whalers, whose crews are largely composed of Portuguese, or on English and American traders, which have occasionally cruised among the Islands for the purpose of "stealing Portuguese," as the business is called. The *Jehu* was at the time the only American vessel then depending for its profits on this curious and hazardous traffic, the other packets plying between this country and the Azores being partly owned by residents there, who do not dare to trespass on the laws of the land.

Of the forty-one souls on board our bark there were but six Americans, the second mate and all the crew being Portuguese. We had baffling winds with calms and fogs until we got on whaling ground. The Azores are an important rendezvous for whalers, who can provision there more cheaply than at home, and for that purpose touch there even when

bound around the Horn. The waters in that vicinity are also good for cruising, although whales are, as elsewhere, less abundant than formerly. On the 5th of August we took a sou'-wester, and the *Jehu* flew towards Flores with every stitch of canvas set and all drawing, making near a thousand miles in four days, galloping away with the wind abaft the beam, and carrying sail until it blew away. An observation on the eighth showed that we had passed Flores, which had been hidden in mist at midnight, when we should have been abreast of the island. Capt. Brown had thought of lying-to the previous night, but had unwisely concluded to keep on, and we now had to beat to windward sixty miles. We were not the first who had found the Western Islands elusive as the Flying Dutchman or St. Brandon's Isle. Lying far apart as they do, it is quite easy, when the weather is at all thick, to miss them or come foul of them with a fatal crash, for they are all so precipitous that a ship may almost anywhere butt her bowsprit against the cliffs before grounding or finding anchorage. The Azores, so called from the acor, a hawk discovered early in the fifteenth century by Cabral, and the Formigas, a reef near St. Mary, were the first seen; St. Michael and St. Mary were the first to be settled, about 1431, sixty years before the voyage of Columbus; who on his return, in pursuance of a vow made during a great storm, landed half his crew, who went barefoot to the chapel of the Virgin to offer thanksgiving. He was about to follow with the remainder of the crew, but was hindered by the unfriendly conduct of the governor.

It was a fine morning in August when we reached Flores—the Isle of Flowers—and with a fresh leading wind stood close along the shore, enjoying a good view of the jagged volcanic peaks and well-cultivated slopes. We hove to at breakfast-time off Santa Cruz, the chief place on the island. A boat soon came off with the health officer, and after getting pratique, I went ashore with the captain. The boats of Flores are made for out-at-sea work, deep and broad, more like a small ship than a row-boat, and the oars are very clumsy, and constructed of two or three pieces, crooked boughs, fastened together with marline, and turning on the gunwale by a broad slab through which the whole pin passes: it requires two or three men to pull them. We reached the port—and what a port! Through a gauntlet of black lava rocks, hoary with roaring foam, scarce thirty yards apart, riding in on the top of a roller,

we entered a haven about an acre and a half in extent, surrounded by perpendicular cliffs, on whose edges the houses are perched, and with a beach to match, affording scant room for a dozen boats. The boatmen took us off the boat on their shoulders, and landed us high and dry amidst a throng of eager men, women and children, who occupied every spare foothold from which the new arrivals could be seen. Closely they gathered around us, the young and the old, the halt and the maimed, the rich and the poor, the latter in large majority, some to welcome us, others to gaze, others to badger and barter, and still others to beg. A public fountain near the landing, emptying its musical stream into a stone trough, and surrounded by a group of bare-footed, black-eyed, olive-hued girls in white mantles, filling earthen jars, was the first object to fix my attention, vividly informing me that, although yet in the Atlantic, I had again come within the magic influence which lends an indescribable charm to the shores of the Mediterranean.

The people of Flores are good-looking, many of the young girls and youths having a piquant beauty that is very attractive. But the aged often have the parchment-like, deeply-wrinkled skin, common the world over to the peasantry when advanced in years. The women of Flores generally wear a shawl or white cloth over their heads. Excepting the few of the upper class, both sexes of all ages go barefoot; when they attend mass they carry their shoes with them and put them on before entering the church.

Convents for both sexes were abolished throughout the group by Dom Pedro I., but the Franciscan convent of Santa Cruz still stands; the dormitories are let to tenants, but the chapel belonging to it is a fair specimen of the Renaissance-Italian style as seen in colonial churches, adapted by its profuse and rather tawdrily gilded ornamentation to impress an ignorant populace. The church of Santa Cruz occupies a commanding position, and is externally one of the best in the Azores. It is flanked by two towers surmounted by Saracenic domes; but the interior is cold and naked. Both church and convent are about three centuries old.

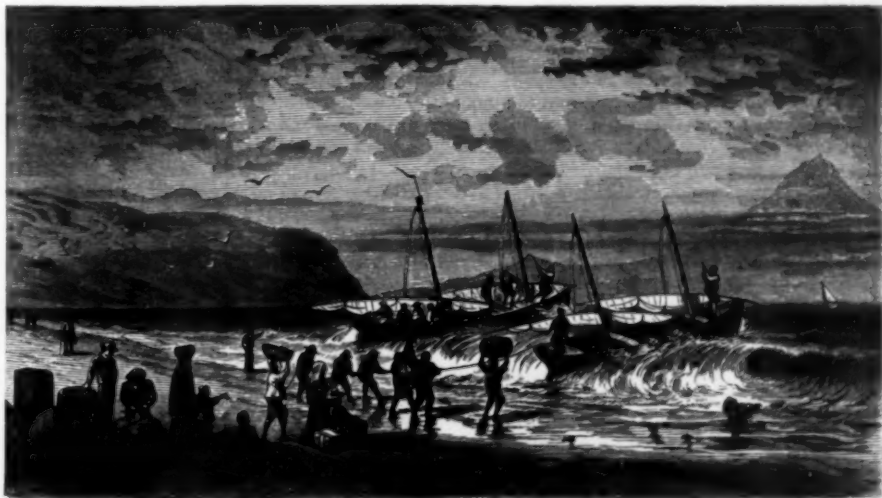
The formation of Flores and the neighboring island of Corvo, which is merely a crater whose sides are cultivated by a small colony of Moriscos not a thousand in number, is in some respects different from that of the remainder of the group; that they are distinct is partially proved by the circumstance that earthquake-shocks felt in the other

islands are not experienced in these two, which have shocks entirely their own. Figs, yams, potatoes, corn, wheat, bananas, apples, peaches, and almost any vegetable production of both spheres, grow or can be made to grow on these islands, so mild is the average temperature, extremes being unknown. It never freezes, even during the rainy season, except on the mountains, nor does the mercury often rise above 85° in summer. But this very lack of character in the climate, while promoting a certain luxuriance of animal and vegetable growth, does not seem to favor a very high tone of health for the one—pulmonary and nervous complaints being common—nor generally that perfection for the other which is attainable in their native soils. Excellent figs I tasted, yet by no means comparable to the fig of the Levant; the apples are far inferior to ours; and the grapes are only tolerable. It is but fair to add that for eighteen years a blight has cursed the Azorean vineyards, as in the Madeiras, and both grapes and wine are scarcer and possibly poorer than formerly. The indications now are that the blight is about over.

There are several villages in Flores, and agriculture is prosecuted with much industry, although women labor in the fields, and the implements are of a patriarchal character. Donkeys and horses are scarce, and the means of transportation are the human head and small carts drawn by diminutive cattle; the wheels are solid, turning on an axle of

chestnut-wood, selected especially on account of the infernal squeak it gives out. The peasants find this a congenial music on the lonely roads; it can be heard a great distance, and is so modulated as to produce alternately a squeak and a groan! The cattle become accustomed to work to this doleful accompaniment, and the drivers maintain that it is essential to their own happiness; each cart-owner is, in fact, boastful of the peculiar tune creaked by his own vehicle.

Having landed some of our passengers, and engaged provisions against our return, we sailed for Fayal. Two days' sail took us close to Castello Branco, or White Castle, a bold headland at the southern end of the island, four hundred feet high, and resembling a huge fortress, connected with the land by a slender natural causeway. But night came on before we could weather this headland, and we stood out to sea again to avoid being becalmed and sucked against the rocks by the swift, treacherous currents. Vessels overtaken by calms sometimes have very narrow escapes in those waters. On the following morning we beat into the roadstead of Horta, the town of Fayal, the latter name being often incorrectly used for both. The name Fayal is derived from *Fayo*, a small evergreen tree, found, however, more on Pico than on the island to which its name is given. The harbor is the best in the group, affording tolerable anchorage, Pico, four miles distant, presenting a magnificent break-water to easterly winds, but



THE PICO FERRY.

against gales from the north-east and south-east there is no shelter, and vessels have then to cut and run, or incur great risk of going ashore. They always ride at heavy moorings, and sometimes in a gale all hands seek refuge on land.

We threw the topsail aback and waited for the port-boat, which soon came out, followed closely by the revenue and several other boats. The officers very carefully examined our captain as to the number on board, causing all hands to be mustered along the rail to count noses; as we had several who had come without passports and therefore could not pass muster, some sharp practice resulted, after which everything was, with some hesitation, pronounced satisfactory. Two guards, one more than usual, owing to the doubtful character of the *Jehu*, were detailed to remain on board during her stay. Very particular are these Portuguese martinetts in all the punctilios of revenue-law, on the principle that the smaller the State the more necessary is it to maintain its dignity with fuss and feathers. So strict are the revenue laws that even a mere sailboat cannot leave one island district for another without a manifest. A person cannot go from Pico in the Fayal district to St. George, only sixteen miles off, but in the Terceira district, except with a passport, and if caught without one he is permitted to meditate on his sins in jail.

The *Jehu* was now sent in charge of the mate to St. George to land the remaining steerage passengers, while Captain Brown staid at Fayal to negotiate for a charter. On landing, I called at the town-residence of the Dabneys, where I was politely received and treated to fine blackberries and figs and Pico wine, a mild tippie suggesting sherry, although decidedly inferior to it in flavor and quality. The house, built by the late Mr. Dabney, for many years our consul, is surrounded by extensive grounds, admirably laid out and stocked with choice exotics. We took up our quarters at the hotel, a quiet, tolerably well-kept house, owned by the Dabneys, and conducted by a Flores man, Mr. Edwards, who speaks English, and is polite and attentive to strangers, which may be said also of his amiable wife, who is an English lady. The afternoon was pleasantly spent in a stroll to Porto Pines, an excellent little haven adjoining the main port, if it were not exposed to the full sweep of westerly gales. The town on that side is protected by old fortifications, erected as a defense in former ages against the descents of corsairs,

and is entered by a picturesque mediæval gate.

Pico began to show his head in the afternoon, indicating good weather. He is the barometer of the Azores; when his head is muffled the weather will be dubious; but when the peak is visible all will be propitious. The mountain stands at the western end of the Pico island, and towers 7,613 feet above the sea, an isolated volcanic cone, surrounded at its base by many smaller craters. Later in the day I visited the fort by the jetty and there saw "Long Tom," a gun which belonged to the privateer *Gen. Armstrong*, in the war of 1812. The defense of this vessel is one of the most gallant exploits in our history. Capt. Reid, with only seven guns and ninety men, repulsed three attacks of flotillas sent in by an English squadron, destroying many boats and inflicting on the enemy a loss of 300 men. Finding that he must eventually be overpowered, Capt. Reid caused the muzzle of "Long Tom" to be pointed into the hold, and fired, thus scuttling the vessel, and escaping to the shore with his crew. "Long Tom" was afterward fished up and mounted in the fort.

On the day following, I sallied out before breakfast, strolling along the water-street which skirts the shore and is protected by a parapeted sea-wall. I was in season to see the Pico ferry-boats landing their passengers and cargoes, which were carried through the surf on the heads or shoulders of bare-legged boatmen. The boats carry two lateen sails, and are made to stand heavy weather. In the early morning they come from Magdalená, the chief town of Pico, deeply laden with passengers, wood, charcoal, fruits and other commodities, and after discharging, reload and return. So soon as the goods were landed, peasant women, bare-footed and nut-brown, but pleasant-featured, raised the heavy baskets or jars to their heads, and, erect as caryatides, wended their way to the market, which is entered through a high gate from the Rua de Collegio. It is a square enclosure with a row of booths running entirely around, and within these, meat and provision stalls. On the pavement in front sat the country-women, displaying panniers of fruit and vegetables. In the center of the quadrangle is a large square well shaded by fine trees. The general effect is quite pleasing and oriental.

The remainder of the day was agreeably passed in rambling about the city, which has 5,000 inhabitants, and is well laid out, on a slope, containing some elegant residences

and gardens, and several churches, which present no architectural points worthy of note. The large buildings formerly erected for a Jesuit college, convent and church, are now occupied as barracks. The freemasons have two lodges in Horta, and the order has some strength in the Islands. The stores of Horta, as throughout the Azores, have no windows, but two or three doors, always wide open and giving demi-daylight. The dwellings are built over the stores, with small balconies projecting over the street, some of them veneered with Dutch tiles. The names of the streets are of the same ware in blue and white. The strangest sight in Horta is the capote of the women, worn alike in summer and in the rainy season: this cloak is of heavy, dark-blue stuff, falling in massive folds to the ankles, and surmounted by a stupendous hood, stiffened with whalebone and buckram, and of astounding shape and size. Some pretty faces may occasionally be discerned under this grotesque guise, although the women of Fayal are less pleasing than their sisters of Flores. At night the main street is dimly lighted, rather superfluously it seemed to me, as after dark very few steps are heard. Day or night, no place could be more quiet. The surf tumbling on the reef or against the sea-wall is about the only sound prevailing. Now and then the bray of an ass or the bark of a dog, or the shrill voice of a peasant-girl,—once or twice a day the harsh jangle of a tumble-down hack drawn slowly by mules. Such are the sounds in Horta; quiet reigns there except at the landing-place near the fort; there the bawling of boatmen and sailors is often resonant.

On the third morning, after another early stroll about the market and the port, I ordered a donkey for the Caldeira, or crater of Fayal. The saddle, like those of Scio, is intended for riding sidewise, without stirrups, and is broad and well cushioned, with a bow at each corner by which the rider steadies himself. By the driver's advice, I sat on the "starboard" side of the little beast. We proceeded by way of the Flamengaz, a straggling village on the outskirts of Horta, once settled by Flemings, and the most attractive part of Fayal. Much of it lies along the bed of a torrent deeply worn in a lava-bed. At one picturesque spot a brown stone bridge spans the torrent-bed with several arches, beneath which a small thread of water now percolated, in which merry-voiced girls were washing their clothes. Beyond the bridge, on a hill, stands a white church, from whose steps a superb prospect is gained. Pico rises

in the background, garlanded with delicate clouds, yet towering as if close at hand; then, between the two islands, lies the port, the roofs of Horta, and then the nearer hills which form the gorge through which runs the river, overhung with foliage in tropical variety and luxuriance. Here we left the good macadamized road, and struck into narrow bridle-paths. The cultivated fields were everywhere enclosed by walls or hedges of the *Hortensia*, profusely covered with clusters of white and purple flowers. Gradually we left all signs of civilization, and struck into a solitude, the donkey carefully picking a precarious foothold over lava-soil scooped out, furrowed, ribbed and broken by the winter rains in the most inconceivable manner. After several hours we reached the mouth of the crater, seven miles from Horta, and 3,335 feet above the sea. Making the donkey fast to a bush, we descended into the crater, a feat easier mentioned than accomplished, for it is 1,500 feet to the bottom, the sides so precipitous and broken as to make the descent hazardous without a guide. The floor of the crater is overgrown with dry yet sponge-like moss, giving to the feet the sensation of a heavy Turkey carpet. Near the center is a pool, tawny and turbid, of unknown depth, and close to it rises a smaller crater, resembling in size and appearance the liana-draped, age-hoary *teocallis* in the jungles of Yucatan. A few frogs, not in awe of the sublime loneliness of the spot once the scene of belching fires and subterranean thunders, gave an occasional croak by the edge of little brooks wimpling down from the clefts in the rocks. Before we began the ascent, the clouds came creeping over the edges of the precipices, assuming the form of waterfalls dropping into space in eternal silence. This magnificent volcanic valley is six miles in circumference and over a mile in its largest diameter, but so symmetrical is its form that it is with difficulty one can realize its depth and extent.

During the day the *Jehu* returned from St. George, and on reaching Horta in the evening, I went on board, and we made sail for St. Michael to try our luck for a charter there. The distance is 156 miles, east-south-east, and it took us just three days and four nights to do it in, owing to calms and headwinds. On a fine morning in August we came up with the city Ponto Delgado. The appearance of the place—lying on a gentle slope, flanked by luxuriant orange plantations and volcanic peaks sharply serrated—is very pleasing from the sea. Other towns of the same size are also visible here and there, and the

general aspect of the island is more prosperous and inviting than the shores of the other islands of the group. In effect, there is anchorage along nearly the whole southern side of St. Michael, although with southerly gales vessels are forced to make an offing. A breakwater was begun ten years ago, on the outer lip of a sunken crater, in ten fathoms of water; it is expected to afford shelter for one hundred sail, and is now gradually approaching completion, in spite of the terrible shocks of the winter surges, which have several times opened large breaches.

The city is faced with a sea-wall, and the landing is within a handsome jetty, forming a square, snug boat-harbor. This, with the archways, church-tower and entrance-gate, combine to impress one who lands there for the first time with an idea of local wealth and prosperity not entirely belied by further inspection of the place. Ponto Delgado is regularly laid out and neatly kept, the streets are underdrained and well paved, and the roads into the country are macadamized and afford excellent driveways. The churches are numerous and generally well built. The value of the arch and tower is understood at St. Michael. The cathedral is an imposing edifice; the belfry simple, but grand in its proportions, and hung with a chime of sweet-toned bells. Less can be said for the interior, although it is not without merit. I observed on the walls a Papal dispensation granting forty days' indulgence to those who should, in however small degree, contribute to the repairs on the roof. A quaint effect is added to the exterior by human-faced, lion-bodied gargoyles springing from the rear angles under the eaves. With the Church of San Francisco is connected a nunnery, whose windows are guarded by massive iron gratings; it resembles a jail for the confinement of the worst criminals rather than an asylum where pure young virgins flee from a wicked world to meditate on the Paraclete and Paradise. The convents in the Azores had become so corrupt, that Dom Pedro I. abolished them some thirty years ago, as before stated, but



PICO PEAK—FROM FAVAL

this one is allowed to exist by limitation. Priests are numerous in the streets, which are otherwise cheerful and attractive. There is considerable traffic between town and country, and much passing of peasants driving loaded asses and mules; and the rattle of crazy hacks furiously driven and drawn by refractory mules is not uncommon. Once a day an antique omnibus runs to Alagua, a town nine miles off down the coast. Some really handsome equipages, with attendants in livery, are occasionally seen. St. Michael boasts a baron, a viscount and a marquis, all of its own raising. The mansions and gardens of these gentry are sumptuous, well laid out and stocked with exotics, noticeable among them the Norfolk pine. But the orange plantations are the glory of St. Michael, and they spread over the whole island. Every plantation is surrounded by high walls of lava-stone, within which again are planted rows of the insenso-tree, which forms a dense growth to a considerable height, and protected by this double enclosure from the furious winter winds—for the Azores are in the line of the severest Atlantic gales—the orange-tree spreads its glossy foliage and bears its golden fruit: and an ample crop it is; 360,000 boxes, twenty to the ton, are annually exported. By the middle of October the long procession of mules and donkeys begins to wend down the mountains to the city, laden with the fruit which is to gladden many firesides in foreign lands. At the same time the schooners and barks begin to arrive from

abroad to waft spicy odors to the wharves of England and America. This continues until April.

Besides the activity of the orange season, Fridays and Sundays, being the market-days, are always blithesome occasions, full of bustle and life. The people collect then in holiday attire to buy, sell, or exchange their wares, and one has a good opportunity of observing all classes in St. Michael. The people of that island more nearly resemble the parent stock than the natives of the other islands; the men are handsome, and the children are often exceedingly beautiful, but of the women less can be said; pleasing in maidenhood, early child-bearing and hard labor in the fields soon rob them of their charms. The heavy capote is very common there, and the streets look as if every other woman were a nun, giving a somber effect to street-scenes, which indeed lack a certain something to give them character. On analyzing the question, I came to the conclusion that an almost entire absence of brilliant colors in the dress of the people is what is wanting to complete the effect one would expect in a place like Ponto Delgado.

Twenty-five miles from the capital are the thermal springs called the Furnas. They are objects of considerable interest, and possess valuable sanitary properties. A good hotel is located there, and they afford a charming resort in summer, not only for natives, but for invalids from abroad. The hotel at Ponto Delgado is tolerably well kept, but not inviting to an American. A packet-steamer plies monthly between Lisbon and the Azores, affording a convenient means of visiting St. Michael and the rest of the group. There is at Ponto Delgado an English chapel, and a chaplain is generally stationed there, although the number of English residents is small. The population of St. Michael is about 115,000, of which Ponto Delgado contains 25,000. The females are 8,000 in excess, owing partly to the lawful emigration of males to Portugal and Brazil. The time to visit the Azores is between May and November, when voyaging is comparatively mild, and while the heat, even in summer, is not excessive.

After a stay of some days, we again embarked on the *Jehu*, which, during the interval, had been lying off and on in charge of the mate, and started for home *via* Pico and St. George. Towards morning we took a breeze from sou'-west, and the bark boomed along at a spanking rate. A heavy squall brought us down to close-reefed topsails, and

under this canvas we flew till noon, when "land ho-o-o-o!" was the cry, and there, sure enough, was the loom of land through the mist on the weather-bow. But what land? Pico was the island for which we were bound, but some said this was Terceira, others, St. George; yet how we could have deviated so as to make either of these in a run of only a hundred miles it was impossible to say. An hour brought us near enough to ascertain that it was St. George, and that we were over twenty miles out of our course. Had the gale continued or the fog not lifted, the consequences might have been serious. It turned out that a chisel had been thoughtlessly left in the binnacle, thus affecting the needle. At two the wind shifted, and was succeeded by a calm. St. George looked very grand and grim with the thunderous evening clouds enshrouding his brow, lit here and there by fiery gleams of sunset. For two days we drifted with the currents back and forth in a calm, between Pico, St. George and Terceira. Angra, the chief town of Terceira, is the residence of the Governor of the Azores. Here also is a college, with law and theological schools attached. The island produces a good quantity of oranges, and is noteworthy as the seat of intellect and the residence of the *crème de la crème* of Azorean society.

St. George, without presenting any striking isolated peak, is very high land throughout its extent of thirty miles, falling everywhere sheer down to the water from a plateau, except at the southern end, where it slopes very slightly, and its sides are deeply grooved. The villages are small and the population is thin, yet more than enough to till the arable soil. Wheat, cattle and cheese are the products of this island. Beef and fowls are cheap and canaries are plenty, as on all the islands of the group, of a russet-green hue, but warbling a full rich song; they serve a double purpose in the Azores,—to sing and to furnish titbits;—and very delicate they are, whether in a cage or on a platter.

On the 21st, we approached St. George, and were boarded by a boat, which had eluded the revenue officers and come in quest of tobacco. Large quantities of the weed are smuggled into the islands, often by whale-ships, and at an enormous profit. In the evening signal-lights were seen both on Pico and St. George, indicating that fugitives were there ready, as by previous arrangement, to steal off to the vessel, but she again drifted too far out with the current in the calm. Pico Peak showed magnificently at sundown,

in one of the most superb sunsets I have seen at sea. On the 22d, we stood close in to Pico, giving the agent of the International Transatlantic Submarine Railroad an opportunity to identify the vessel and mature his plans. We also saw a revenue-boat keeping careful guard along the shore. About nine in the evening a brilliant light, the concerted signal, appeared, flashing at intervals on St. George. We stood in, and at about ten a light shone out suddenly close to the ship, and a boat was soon vaguely discerned.

As they came up, "Is this an American ship?" was the hail.

"Yes!"

"What's her name?"

"*The Surprise!*"

"Is she going to Boston?"

"Yes!"

"Does she take passengers?"

"Yes!"

Then they pulled alongside and boarded us, bringing four passengers. At one o'clock A.M. another boat came up with four more passengers, and informed us that several were waiting for us on the other side of St. George, where no guards are kept, owing to its inaccessible character, so that the embarkation can take place there in the daytime,—although there they have to slip down steep ledges and sometimes swim several yards through the surf to the boats, as the sea is often too high to allow a boat to land. An English brig had taken off eighty from that side a few days before our arrival.

At daylight we squared away for the eastern side of St. George, running under its lee with a very stiff breeze, coming down the gorges in terrific squalls,—and what high land that is! From the central ridge the land slopes gently two miles, and then, along its whole length of thirty-miles, falls almost perpendicularly from 700 to 1,500 feet, usually nearer the latter than the former figure; a tremendous spectacle, as mile after mile was passed, and still no break in this Titanic wall, corrugated with black gorges and gulches. It made the scene

still more impressive to observe how every available patch of earth is everywhere terraced and cultivated by man, who here seems fitted both with wings and claws to till the soil on bits of slope at an angle of seventy-five degrees to the very edge of precipices that drop hundreds of feet to the ever-beating surge below.

About noon the treacherous wind lulled, and the bark began setting in toward the land. By great effort and by skillfully seizing a flaw, they contrived to work her out into the wind again and into control. Then smoke was seen on Point Ferrado. We sent off a boat, which met another coming off with a single passenger. The boatman said others were waiting to come on board, and therefore returned; but as they were scattered about the neighborhood secretly bidding their friends farewell, it might take some time to collect them, so we braced the yards and stood over toward Graciosa, or the Beautiful Isle, rightly named, if one may judge from its appearance as seen from the sea. When we again stood in for St. George, a white sail loomed up suddenly close to us in the light of the moon. Four more passengers now arrived, and the boat was then hauled on deck with its crew, including the agent of the I. T. S. R. R. We lay off and on all night, the squalls blowing with the fury of Pamperos. A signal-light was seen several times, but at sunrise such a swell was rolling in, that landing was out of the question, and we stood on beyond the northern end of the island. After



JETTY OF PONTA DELGADO, ST. MICHAEL.

a few hours we again headed for the rendezvous, passing near to "Padre," a colossal statue 223 feet in height, off Rosales Point, hewn by nature out of the rock, and vividly resembling a venerable priest, kneeling, in his vestments. A boat was sent ashore, but not returning when expected, its loss in the surf was surmised, and another boat was sent in quest of it; after a long interval both boats returned with only three passengers. A smoke being then discerned on another spot, a boat was again sent off, returning this time with a young fellow who had been burning brushwood for us all night.

But in the meantime those on board were fully occupied. In his anxiety to procure passengers, the captain had allowed his ship to come too near the land, which is so lofty that when it is blowing a gale of wind off shore, it is often a dead calm close in; and it is even more hazardous to be becalmed off St. George than off the other islands, because on that side, in addition to the currents, there is, even in the mildest weather, a heavy northerly swell tumbling in. About five it became evident that the ship was drifting landward; and it became necessary to put forth every effort, as we were nearing the cliffs fast. The three boats were got out, and all hands, including the steerage passengers, were put to rowing, without, however, making any impression in checking the dead-drift of the bark shoreward. Black overhead loomed the tremendous cliffs, many hundred feet above us, frowning under a heavy canopy of cloud that gradually veiled the upper crags. Night was at hand, the barometer was low, and all signs were ominous of a change of weather. The writer was at the wheel, with orders to watch for the first breath of air, to bring the vessel up to it. There seemed a little trying to come from the north-east, but not enough to stop the ship in her drift toward the rocks, where the long ocean-swell broke with a sullen and ceaseless thunder. At last there came a smart shower, and then a gentle, almost imperceptible, flaw. "Keep her up!" roared the captain, half beside himself with anxiety. The air came again; the sails began to fill, and, gathering way, the bark again responded to the helm. Gradually she drew off shore, the boats were called in, and slowly we gained two miles and began to feel more easy, although not realizing until later from what a shipwreck we had escaped. We were all at



A ST. MICHAEL WAGON.

supper, when the cabin-boy came down and said, "It looks awful black to windward!" The cabin was cleared in half a wink; then the ship rang with the tramp of feet, the frantic shouts of the officers, the creaking of blocks and the furious flapping of sails. The squall was very fierce. Not having sea-room for running off before it, as is usual with square-rigged vessels in such an emergency, the vessel was brought up in the wind's eye just in time to save going on her beam-ends or carrying away her spars, either contingency resulting in the ship's drifting directly on the rocks, and going to pieces in the wild sea which accompanied the squall. But though staggering under the blow, everything held, and having rolling topsails, (a priceless invention,) the *Jehu* was soon under close-reefed topsails and courses, and with this canvas managed to claw off ten miles of lee-shore and make an offing.

It blew a gale of wind all night, backing more into the north at daylight, when we concluded to run for a lee under Fayal, thirty miles away. The wind shifting several points, we made instead for the strait between Pico and St. George, and hove to under Pico, the base of whose stupendous cone was wreathed with luminous clouds, running up the weather-slope like surf dashing up the sides of a lighthouse. The wind shifting to south-west and blowing very fresh, we lay to around Pico until the 27th, when, although the weather was still very dubious, we again ran for the north side of St. George to land the agent of the I. T. S. R. R., who would land nowhere else, lest he be nabbed by the *guarda costa*, and made to pay dear for running Portuguese off the islands. A boat with the second mate

and best half of the crew were sent ashore to land the agent, while we stood out to sea again, taking in sail after sail as we again passed Padre, and having a hard day's work of it. Mr. Looby, a very valuable officer, on whom, owing to his efficiency, the safety of the ship depended much more than on the captain, had not slept four out of the last forty-six hours. Toward night we stood in and picked up the boat; her crew were in high dudgeon with their perilous expedition, but Captain Brown had the good sense to hold his peace, treated the men to a stiff glass of grog, and the affair blew over. We lay off and on all night off St. George, and the next day ran out past Pico, returning between the two islands at sundown. It was now calm, the moon near the full; and soon the expected beacon-flame was seen blazing at intervals at Calheta on St. George. We ran in and showed our light in the rigging, and about eleven a large launch appeared bringing thirteen passengers, including several women and children. This completed the number we could get from St. George, full twenty less than promised. But the season was advanced, and the supply was running low, over one thousand having already left the islands during the summer, of whom the *Jehu* had taken one hundred and twenty on her previous trip.

After dodging in this unsatisfactory way around Pico for several days longer, and finding at last that some unknown cause prevented the escape of those we were expecting from that island, we put the helm up and bore away for Flores. A glorious breeze on the quarter took us in thirteen hours to Santa Cruz, where we again landed and remained three days, which were passed with much pleasure rambling about the island, enjoying its unique scenery and its hospitable cheer, for which I am much indebted to the unaffected kindness of Dr. McKay, the English consul, and his amiable family; to Signor Pedro Almeida, German consular agent; Signor Constantine Almeida, collector of the revenues, and other gentlemen: The bark, meantime, lay off and on, taking on board water and provisions, and thirty-five more passengers, who had many of them been in America, and were all able to obtain passports. Those who were already on board were kept out of sight until after pratique was obtained; after that it was easy enough, and quite *en règle* for the guard left in the ship to wink hard when he saw strange faces



PORTUGUESE FUGITIVES COMING OFF AT NIGHT.

from time to time creeping out of the steerage.

It was after nightfall of the 5th September when everything was ready, and we bade farewell to our kind friends, who accompanied us to the beach. The islesmen carried us on their shoulders to the boat and shoved off; we rode over the rollers at the entrance of the little port, and were out on the wide ocean to seek the *Jehu*, which had drifted with the current in the calm nine miles to the southward. Heartily the eight boatmen bent to the huge oars, accompanying the movement with a rude song. The night was perfectly still, but cloudy. Seaward a thin mist veiled the mysterious deep; on our right the steep crags of Flores loomed high and dim, the long swell of the ever-panting bosom of the ocean was like glass, and yet from the hollow caves came the eternal boom of the surf-billows that have beaten that wild coast ever since it first arose to view. At length the ship's light became faintly visible, and then the vague outline of spars and sails dusky limned against the sky, and forms moving eerily before the lights, and then was heard the sighing of the sails languidly swinging to and fro with the idle roll of the phantom-like bark; then the rush of feet on deck, the shrill orders of the mate, the shadow of the great fabric above us, the flash of a broad light in our dazzled eyes, the grappling with

the ship, the hurried scramble up her black sides into the snug security and comfort of a good, trim clipper and a cosy cabin, and a rousing cup of tea, and a brace of as tender and savorily-roasted ducks as ever tempted an anchorite to forego awhile his crust and acorns.

For eight days we had mild, fair winds, and the guitar and the love-song rang through the ship early and late. By the starlight the steerage passengers gathered in the gangway and listened to the vocal songs of island improvisadores; one, with a guitar, sang a couplet ending in a female rhyme, and another responded, repeating the last line and adding a couplet of his own, the subject constantly varying, with allusions to whatever most interested singers and listeners. The versification was smooth, and the refrain, although monotonous, was not unmusical. Evidently

we here had poetry in its bucolic form as exemplified by Theocritus and Virgil; the Azorean bards gave us genuine eclogues even if rude. This blended form of poetry and music, still common in the East, is undoubtedly the earliest mode in which the twin arts found expression.—An affray between the second mate and the cook broke the calm in which we were basking, and seemed a fit prelude to the boisterous weather which attended us during the last fortnight of the passage. Amid a succession of variable gales, accompanied by enormous seas, we worked our way laboriously toward Boston. On the twenty-third day we made Thatcher's Island in a fog, ran down to the Graves under a stiff breeze, and, rounding Boston Light, cast anchor off the quarantine, the first time our anchor had touched bottom since we had sailed from India wharf on the 23d of July.



A PEASANT HUT AND CART IN FLORES.

CENTRAL PARK.

WHOEVER, traveling in a pleasant day on the Hudson River Railroad, has the good-luck to secure a seat on the river-side of his car, will be pretty sure to hear, before he reaches the end of his journey, some enthusiastic comment on the beauty of the view, accompanied very likely by a comparison of the scenery with that of the Rhine—comparison most sure to be disparaging to that well-enough-for-Europe streamlet, so much a debtor to English tourists and to Historical Associations.

In the summer-time, on the deck of a steamboat, this exclamatory criticism is more

frequently heard, and with reason; for a more Tantalus-like enjoyment than that afforded by the car-window is hardly to be found on any railroad it was ever our ill-fortune to travel over. Tantalus-like to those who sit by the river-side windows,—choked with dust, and forced to keep the windows shut; dazzled with the sun, and forced to keep the blinds closed, partial and provoking to those who have to sit on the land-side and stare all day at a rocky wall and be deafened by the interminable din of its echo!

But from the ample deck of the easy-going steamboat the whole of the noble pic-



STONE SCREEN DIVIDING PLAZA FROM CARRIAGE-ROAD.

ture unrolls itself in sun-bright variety of beauty, and we can all enjoy it together. And if the American to the manner born delights in this landscape, we cannot wonder that strangers, especially the English and Germans, seeing it for the first time, are profuse in admiration, the scenery is on a so much larger scale than they are used to at home. Steaming swiftly but smoothly along these pictured banks, the stranger asks himself whether the towns he sees sowed "like shells along the shore" will not afford him some days of delight wherein to explore these beauties more at leisure. Remembering the Rhine-towns with their terraces and esplanades, or the lakes of Switzerland and Savoy with their well-built border roads and "places" commanding all the best views, he thinks that, without doubt, the people fortunate enough to live on the banks of such a river as the Hudson cannot be less well-provided than those who live by European streams of far less size, with pleasure-grounds wherein

"To walk abroad and recreate themselves,"—

and in an evil hour he lets himself be put ashore at—

any North River town you please.

Certainly, it will not take many days to disenchant him. Should he happen to be acquainted with rich or well-to-do people in the place, he may of course see the country from his host's windows and balconies, or from his seat in the carriage. But let him go as an entire stranger, entering the town as he might any English or European town of like size, and he will have good reason to wonder. We will say nothing of the inns—Dr. Johnson would never have writ-

ten his well-known lines in the tavern of any North River town, large or small; all are equally bad, all alike ill-situated and comfortless. But the towns themselves are destitute of attraction to a singular degree. Few of them, so far as we have heard,—none of them, so far as we know from our own experience,—have any rural attractions or are provided with public walks or squares, or any means of out-door recreation. Such a thing is quite unknown, at least within the scope of our observation, as providing, in the laying out of a town or village, for the open-air pleasure of man, woman, or child; al-



THE MALL, LOOKING UP.

though to do it, even in the case of long-settled places, would be easy enough generally, and of course in the case of a village newly laid out would often be easier to do than to leave undone. We sometimes hear it said that the American people are different from Europeans; that they are a home-loving race; whereas the Europeans, especially the French, have no homes, have no word for "home" in their language, and are forever gadding about: whereas the Americans do not care for pleasures that are only to be had in public; hence, for them, no need of squares, "piazzas," "places," public gardens, parks, etc., etc. We will not discuss here the question whether the French are as domestic a people as the English are. In the strict sense of that word they probably are not, for their climate does not make it necessary that they should hug the hearth as their island neighbors do; but that the love of the family is as much developed in France as it is anywhere in the world—that, in fact, to speak the truth and fear not, it is rather stronger in France than it is anywhere else in the world—we do most powerfully and potently believe, and stand ready to give good reasons for so believing. Yet it is certainly true that they spend little of their leisure time in-doors, and the middle term that reconciles the two statements is, that when they go abroad, the family, as a rule, goes all together. Now we see no reason for doubting that Americans, if the proper means were provided, would come in time to take as much open-air exercise as the French, and that they would enjoy as much as the French enjoy taking the air—father and mother and children, all together. We think it in the highest degree desirable that this should be. One of the most prolific sources of misery and crime, in this civilized world of ours, is found in the separation of the interests of parents and children. In this respect we have much to learn from the French and Germans, and much to unlearn from the English. Our immediate subject has to do with only one form that this separation takes, but, it ought to be seriously reflected on, how many are its forms. In England it begins in the nursery, and it is far from



THE FOOT-PATH BY WILLOWS, SOUTH-EAST OF THE MALL.

uncommon for it to begin as early with us. Then there comes the Sunday-school, an institution with which there would be no fault to find if it were not to be suspected that it is coming to take the place of home instruction in religion—a lamentable thing, if we only knew it. That children should go away from home to be taught their secular studies has become so universal, and is a custom so old-established, that there is no use in asking whether it be wise or no; but here in America it is only one in the long list of separations between parents and their children. Perhaps it is more conspicuous in our amusements than it is in the serious work of every day; but a foreigner accustomed to seeing mothers sharing with nurses the supervision of their children in the parks and gardens; fathers, mothers, children, and nurses, all together at the fairs, and abroad on fête-days, and all the family, even (as in the case of working-people) to the baby, enjoying the theater together—how must the foreigner in question be puzzled when he observes the marked separation that exists among us between the elder people and the younger in their amusements!

Not all the reason of this, we are certain, is to be found in the disposition of our people. True, we are not very mercurial: we take

our pleasures as the English do theirs, somewhat sadly; but we are lacking in opportunities. Therein is half the secret. Amusements that must be paid for are so dear! In Europe a family of three can get good seats at a theater for the price of one equally good seat here. And not only the theater, of which many good people do not approve, but concerts, and even lectures, are too high-priced to be often indulged in, except by the rich. And if one asks for out-of-door pleasures that shall cost nothing, where in any but our largest cities are these to be had?

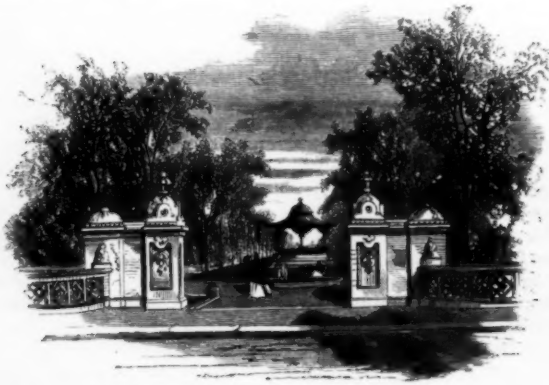
If the reader has time to spare, and does not mind lingering a bit here on the threshold, we would ask him to look with us at a single village on the Hudson, as an illustration of our meaning. Years ago we remember the place on which it stands as a large farm, the delightful foraging-ground of school-boys, a paradise for nutting, snake-hunting and rabbit-catching. Then we lost sight of it for a space, and when next we saw it the farm had disappeared, and the present village was in bib and short-clothes. The land, lying as it did on the river-bank directly opposite the point where the Erie Railroad terminated, had been bought by speculators with the hope that a town of some importance might be made to spring up there. Then the specu-



THE MUSIC-STAND.

tors went to work to lay out the plan of a village: and how was it done?—without any reference whatever to the actual levels, the streets and lots marked out precisely as if the ground to be covered were New Jersey meadow-land instead of a rapidly rising, irregular river-bank! The natural result of this sad want of foresight and common sense has been a most inconvenient, uncomfortable village with no principle of growth in it; but what concerns us more immediately is, that whereas it might have been a most attractive little place, with ample opportunities for enjoying the pretty scenery that thereabouts abounds, it is so planned that only by taking a deal of trouble to get outside of it, and into some other village, can one discover that there is any scenery thereabouts worth looking at! In the evenings

when work is over, on Sundays or other holidays when, tired of house-keeping, of study, of the counter, or the work-shop, we would take a little stroll and enjoy the sweet air of the place—an air most sweet and healthful—the blue of the circling hills, the glancing river with its craft—where shall we go? There is actually no stroll possible! The hateful railroad has cut off all access to the river-shore, private “places” run down close to the railroad, and if one climb the hill to the highway he finds that fences, walls, hedg-



THE TERRACE, LOOKING DOWN THE HALL.

es, and close huddling houses cut him off from all but a few tantalizing glimpses of the landscape he would enjoy. Accident had opened one single promenade which promised to make matters much brighter than could have been hoped. The Croton aqueduct ran through the middle of the village-plot, and for a little while supplied a walk very like what one may have upon the old ramparts of an ancient European town. But this was not for long. Soon, the people through whose lots this foot-path lay began to run their fences across it, and thus shut off access to it on the part of the public; and even where the villagers were not entirely cut off from the use of it, their pleasure in it was hindered by the necessity of crossing a clumsy stile at every boundary-line, and the prospect shut off, besides, by high fences. Of all the landed proprietors in that village, only one has had the liberality to leave the aqueduct-walk free through his considerable acres. The rest have done what they could to shut off the villagers from their one poor chance of recreation.

What this Hudson River village is,—and, from this one, all the Hudson River villages and towns may be known,—New York City itself was, not many years ago. Yet it would be difficult to find a city that had better natural opportunities for giving its people just those public pleasure-places that are the striking want of our great cities, as they are the most striking charm of foreign cities,



BOAT-HOUSE NEAR OAK BRIDGE.

towns, and even villages, over seas. In the early days, when New York was yet a village, and even after it came to be a considerable town, places for open-air enjoyment were not wanting. There was the Battery, to begin with, than which no city in the world has a public square with a more noble prospect; and within easy reach were the fields where a walk was always to be had; even Pearl Street and Maiden Lane were cheerful strolling places; the boys skated on the canal, or swam in it, or made expeditions for nuts and apples to the large outlying farms. Another feature which New York had in common with old London was the public-gardens that

sprang up to meet the need of the people for open-air pleasuring-places as the houses invaded the hitherto free spaces of the fields. Readers of *Evelina* and *Clarissa* remember Ranelagh and Vauxhall and Marybone gardens, and old New Yorkers take pleasure in recalling pleasant times in similar places here at home that have long ago disappeared. Even so late as 1825 the city was so sparsely built, and town-



OAKS NEAR ARSENAL.

gardens were so numerous, many of the houses being of wood and standing detached, surrounded with shrubbery and trees, that parks or squares must have seemed unnecessary, for pleasant walks and strolls could be had in almost any quarter, and the upper part of the island abounded in delightful drives. There were also public gardens in plenty both in the city itself and in the surrounding country, and the people were of that social, lively turn that they loved to

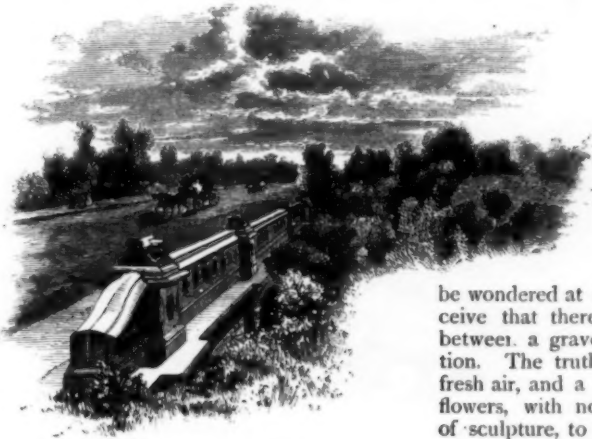
that still thrills matronly bosoms with a sigh for its remembered delights. "Niblo's" came later; we ourselves remember when it had really some pretensions to be called a garden, and occupied nearly the whole block of which it is now but an insignificant fragment. In the neighborhood of Twenty-first Street and Broadway there lived at this time a good many English people, nearly all of them well-to-do merchants, having large gardens about their houses. These gentlemen were fond



ROCKY BRIDGE IN RAVINE.

frequent such places. Later, more formal gardens sprang up in the city, not, properly speaking, gardens at all, but mere open-air inclosures, where people went to eat cakes and ices, the boys and girls to meet one another, and the elders to talk gossip and politics, and to discuss the scandal of the hour. Such gardens were "Vauxhall" in the Bowery, near Eighth Street; the "Bowery," so called from its beautiful overarching trees, the prettiest part of the lower island; "Contoit's," a name

of flowers, and the tulip was a hobby with many of them. Every spring the splendor of these tulip-beds in full bloom would draw great numbers of people from the city to see them. In order to protect the flowers from the sun, they were shielded by large light awnings of cotton; and it must have been a pretty sight—the gay beds of brilliant, many-colored flowers, and the cheerful, chatting people walking about discussing the merits of the several flower-beds under the bright spring sky.



BALCONY BRIDGE, WEST SIDE.

The sudden growth of the city—and there are many living who can well remember when the tide turned—deprived New York of this semi-rural character, and unfortunately the shape of the island on which the city is built prevented the change from being a gradual one, as it has been in those great cities where growth is from a center to the circumference, round which the rural suburbs linger long, and, once absorbed, are replaced by others. Our city, on the contrary, has had to grow in one direction, and the business portion of the city finds itself ever further and further from the dwelling-houses, while the rural region has long since ceased to be found on the island anywhere.

In a characteristic way the Americans of the North had already attempted to provide places for public exercise, not to say amusement, by the establishment of great cemeteries in the vicinities of the larger cities. In 1831, "Mt. Auburn," near Boston, was consecrated, and the example set in the laying-out and in the adornment of that beautiful place was soon followed by the people of Philadelphia, at "Laurel Hill," and later by New York, at "Greenwood." These cemeteries soon became famous over the whole country, and

thousands of people visited them every year. They were among the chief attractions of the cities to which they belonged, nor was it long before the smaller cities and even towns and villages began to set aside land and to lay it out for the double purpose of burying-ground and pleasure-ground. It is not to

be wondered at if people were slow to perceive that there was a certain incongruity between a graveyard and a place of recreation. The truth is, people were glad to get fresh air, and a sight of grass and trees and flowers, with now and then a pretty piece of sculpture, to say nothing of the drive to all this beauty, and back again, without considering too deeply whether it might not be better to have it all without the graves and without the funeral processions.

Of course, at first, the sadder purpose of these places was not as conspicuous as it soon became; for several years after they were first laid out they were in reality parks and pleasure grounds, with here and there a monument or a tombstone half seen among the trees. But this could not last long. The dead increase as the living do—

"Every minute dies a man,
Every minute one is born,"—

and soon the small white tents grew thick along the paths and lanes, and the stately houses of the rich and notable dead rose



RUSTIC BRIDGE NEAR BALCONY BRIDGE, LOOKING WEST.

shining in the more conspicuous places, and the dark line of hearse and carriages was met at every turn, so that it was not easy even for the lightest-hearted or the most indifferent to get much cheer out of a landscape set so thick with sad suggestion. And then the tide turned, and fashion and pleasure looked about for a garden where death was not so frequent a visitor.

We New Yorkers had made up our minds that we must have a good-sized breathing-place, and that at the rate the city was growing it would not do to wait much longer before setting aside the land for it. The public was discontented, but it had no means of giving expression to its feeling. The rich people, when they could not endure their *ennui* any longer, took ship and went and walked in the Tuileries, or drove with the other nabobs in Hyde Park, or drank coffee under the lindens in Berlin, or amused themselves



STAIRS FROM CARRIAGE-ROAD TO LOWER TERRACE.

"In drives about the gay Cascade,
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers,"

and came home when they felt like it. Or if they did not share the common taste of American rich people for expatriation, they left the city and went "up the river," where they built ugly houses costing fabulous sums, and tormented mother earth with landscape-gardening tasteless enough to keep the houses in countenance, or threw their money away in gentlemanly farming. As for the

people with small means and the salaried class, they had to make up their minds, since the mountains would not come to them, to go once a year, for a week or two, to the mountains. The discomfort was widely felt, and it was to be expected that somebody would discover that he had a mission to put an end to it, or to spur other people to put an end to it. And in 1848 the late A. J. Downing, in an article called "A Talk about Public Parks and Gardens," published in the *Horticulturist*, a journal which he edited at that time, gave the first expression to the want which we were all feeling for a great Public Park.

In 1850 Mr. Downing took a summer trip to England, leaving home in June and returning in October. During



RUSTIC BRIDGE NEAR BALCONY BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST.

his absence he wrote a series of letters to the *Horticulturist*, setting forth in his happy style the striking difference between the cities of London and New York in respect to opportunities for open-air recreation, and urging upon the people of our city the importance of at once doing something to remove the stigma that rested upon New York, of being the worst ventilated of all the large cities of the world. And now that this wide-spread public feeling had found a voice, there needed nothing but for some person in authority, mayor, governor or legislator, to recommend that the public need should be provided for, to secure that something effectual should be done. And accordingly, in 1851, Mr. A. C. Kingsland, who was then Mayor of New York, sent a message to the Common Council, in which the whole question was stated so clearly and succinctly, and the necessity for prompt and efficient action was so forcibly urged, that there is no wonder it took hold of the public attention, and became the leading topic of discussion in social circles and in the newspapers; nor was it long before bills for the establishment of a public park were brought before the Legislature.

There were two rival schemes: one called the Jones's Wood Bill proposed taking a strip of land on the eastern side of the city, lying between the Third Avenue and the East River, and between Sixty-sixth Street on the south to Seventy-fifth Street on the north,

and containing about one hundred and fifty acres; and this bill was for a time thought likely to be the successful one. Certainly it had some strong recommendations; chiefest among them, its neighborhood to the water: this would have added an element of picturesqueness and variety that seemed very desirable. There were also, on the land proposed by the Jones's Wood Bill for the site of the Park, a number of well-grown trees standing, and it was thought we could not wisely give up this advantage; but in the end the Jones's Wood Bill was thrown out, there appearing to be a strong public feeling in favor of a more central situation. This public feeling was met by the other bill, known as the Central Park Bill; and although, as it appears to us, this one advantage of a central position was the only one that the proposed Park had in its favor, yet this sufficed, and the bill establishing it passed the Legislature with almost no opposition. A call was made for plans, and a large number of persons entered into competition. Mr. Downing, who had given to the subject of landscape gardening a good deal of thought, would no doubt have thrown himself with ardor into the carrying out of a design which had been so interesting to him from the start, but his sudden death put an end to all the hope that had been entertained of help from him. The plans sent in by others were exhibited in public, and were freely discussed in the

newspapers; and it certainly excited no surprise in the minds of those who had carefully studied them, when the Commissioners appointed by the Legislature gave the award of excellence over all the rest to the one signed "Greensward." This thoroughly-considered design was the joint work of Calvert Vaux and Frederick Law Olmsted; and their design having been accepted as the one to be followed in laying



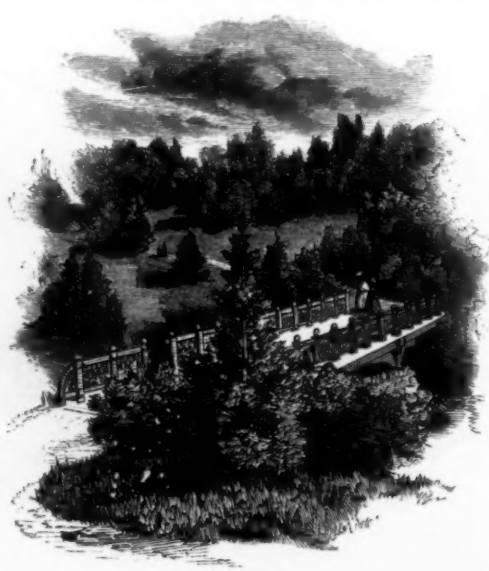
SUMMER-HOUSE IN RAMBLE NEAR THE BELVEDERE.

out the Park, they were at once intrusted with the management by the Board of Commissioners appointed by the State.

Mr. Olmsted, though a young man, had already a national reputation. He is an American of Americans, was long a successful farmer, and while still engaged in that pursuit had published a remarkable little book, the record of a vacation ramble, called *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England*. But he was more widely known by his letters to *The New York Times* newspaper, written during a tour through the Southern States, under the signature of "Yeoman," and afterwards published in a volume—*The Seaboard Slave-States*. This book contained the first trustworthy account of the condition of society in the South, especially in the regions away from the great cities, that had up to that time been published in the North. It was written in a style so manly and straightforward, with such an evident determination to speak the plain, unvarnished truth, that it carried conviction with it, and no less won a wide public respect for the character of the writer. We speak of it here, because the qualities that made it were qualities that showed themselves later, when Mr. Olmsted filled the position of Superintendent of the Park and Architect-in-Chief. The public will never know all that it owes, in the possession of the Park, to Mr. Olmsted's energy, to his quiet, earnest zeal, to his integrity, and to the abundance of his resources. Few Americans in our time have shown so great administrative abilities.

Mr. Calvert Vaux is an Englishman by birth and training, who came to this country and adopted it for his permanent home in 1852. He left England on the invitation of Mr. Downing, to whom he had been highly recommended as the person best fitted to assist him in his profession of architect and landscape-gardener. He established himself at Newburgh, as Mr. Downing's partner in business, and on the untimely death of that gentleman, in 1853, he succeeded to his large and profitable clientage. At the time of the acceptance of his and Mr. Olmsted's design for the Park, he was already known as a skillful architect, and as the author of a valuable work on the subject of Domestic Architecture. It would hardly have been possible to find in our community two men better fitted

by education, by experience, and by a combination of valuable qualities, to carry out so difficult and so important an undertaking as that of the Central Park. Perhaps it was not a mere piece of good luck that brought them together, and that made the Commissioners of one mind in favor of their work, but a sort of fate which easily brings like to mate with like, and makes the fruit of such a union its own best praise. The Plan of the Park designed by Messrs. Vaux and Olmsted was noticeable for the simplicity with which it met the needs of the public, taking advantage of every good point in the site, and avoiding all the many serious difficulties that in less skillful hands would have been insurmountable. It is an encouragement to all who have faith in the sound sense of the public that this Design, devoid of everything like clap-trap, and without offering to do more than could reasonably and with good taste be done with the space, should yet have carried the day against pretense and showy ignorance. There was never but one serious effort made to throw discredit on the accepted Design, and this was made by a rival competitor, who in repeated appeals to the public, through the columns of a city newspaper, endeavored to convince the public that the two most important features of his Design, the encircling carriage-drive and the cross-roads, had been appropriated by



OAK BRIDGE.



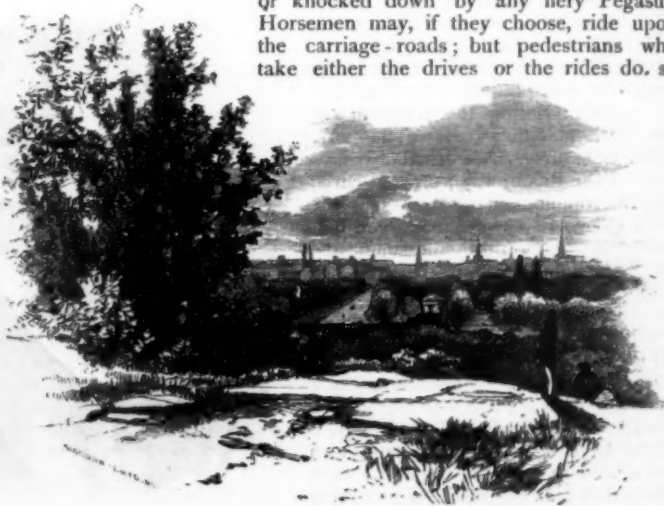
VIEW FROM BELVEDERE, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.

the authors of "Greensward." If we allude to the claims set up by this competitor here, it is only to take advantage of the opportunity the mention of them gives us to show how well Messrs. Vaux and Olmsted met two of the most serious difficulties that presented themselves in attempting to treat this particular piece of ground. One of these difficulties lay in the length of the proposed Park, out of all proportion with its width; the other difficulty was, the necessity of supplying transverse roads for traffic, in order that the Park might not prove a wall of separation between the two sides of the city.

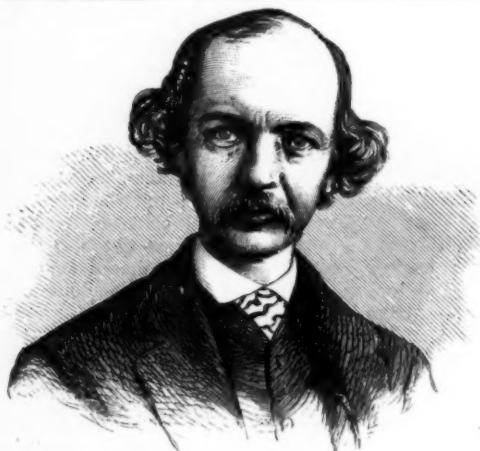
For the first it was early seen to be especially desirable that the visitors' attention should be called as little as possible to the boundaries east and west, which boundaries, when the best has been done, it is found very difficult to keep out of sight. Every one of the competing designs except "Greensward" made the circuit-drive, keeping as close to the boundaries as possible, a prominent feature, the designers reasoning, no doubt, and very justly too, that it was necessary not only to secure as long a drive as the

size of the Park would admit, but to secure also as large a space as possible in the middle of the tract for the use of those who should come to the Park not to drive, but to walk or stroll or play. Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux alone saw that the boundary-line must be avoided; but they also saw that the enjoyment of one class of visitors must not be allowed to interfere with that of any other.

The first of these principles made them lead their drive at once toward the center; and even on the West side, where it runs more nearly parallel with the Eighth Avenue, it will be observed that the curves continually lead in, and that the road, in its whole length on that side, approaches very near the boundary only once or twice, and then only when obliged to do so by the new reservoir, and by the western end of the lake. The other principle has kept the drives, bridle-paths and walks entirely separate and distinct, so that visitors desiring to enjoy either recreation may do so without their pleasure being interfered with. Those who come to the Park in carriages are not obliged to look out for the safety of persons on foot; horsemen are free to canter, to gallop, or to trot, without the fear of meeting either carriages or pedestrians; and those who come for a walk, whether it be a meditative stroll or a brisk constitutional, cannot be run over by Jehus, or knocked down by any fiery Pegasus. Horsemen may, if they choose, ride upon the carriage-roads; but pedestrians who take either the drives or the rides do, so



VIEW FROM BELVEDERE, LOOKING SOUTH.



FREDERICK LAW OLMDSTED.

at their own risk. Children, however, are not permitted to leave the walks; and by keeping to these a muscular infant might toddle from one end of the Park to the other and run no danger whatever. We spoke of Jehu, but he is a character whose visits to the Park are designedly discouraged. Not only is it forbidden to drive beyond a certain moderate rate of speed, but the roads are intentionally so laid out as to make racing impossible.

The other difficulty that every one attempting to make a design for the Park was obliged to encounter, was the necessity of contriving ways by which trade and traffic could cross the Park without interfering with the pleasure of the people, or being interfered with in their turn. Considering the situation of the Park and the shape of the city, these transverse roads are indispensable. Take them away; prevent carts, wagons, omnibuses from crossing the Park anywhere between the streets that bound it on the north and south, and the result would virtually be two separate cities, one on either side. To put transverse roads into the plan, if indeed they had not been expressly called for by the instructions of the Commissioners to the competitors, was a natural notion enough,—it might have occurred to anybody. But anybody, it might have been thought, could also have seen that unless some way were devised for at the same time having them and not having them, by getting

the good and avoiding the evil of them, the Park would be seriously injured. Yet it was only to Messrs. Vaux and Olmsted, among all the competitors, that the device occurred of carrying these transverse roads below the level of the surface of the Park, and keeping them not only out of the way of the other roads and paths, but out of sight as well. These traffic-roads, of which there are four in the whole length of the Park, are of good width, the sides walled solidly with stone, the sides not perpendicular, but sloping slightly; they are well-paved, and lighted and drained, and are in all respects comfortable thoroughfares. Except in one instance, all the carriage-roads, bridle-roads, and footpaths are carried over these traffic-roads by handsome bridges, solidly built, and the

planting so judiciously done, that in a few years it will be easily possible to drive or walk all over the Park without so much as suspecting the existence of these busy avenues of communication.

Many persons have objected to the amount of architectural decoration there is in the Park, and Philadelphians especially are fond of pointing to their magnificent Fairmount Park—on the whole, the noblest public park with which we have any acquaintance—and boasting that it is all Nature's work; that man has done little more than trace out the



CALVERT VAUX.

roads and walks over its surface. See here, they say, the sweeping unfenced acres, the great dome of the sky, the ancestral trees, the winding river! This is our Park, the most of Nature and the least of man! But if we concede the great superiority in natural advantage the Fairmount Park enjoys not only over the Central Park, but over even Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne, the Philadelphians ought to remember that between their Park and ours there is something of the same difference there is between a wheat farm and a city lot, and it was not possible to treat our small plot with the same simple reliance on Nature that was found so easy in Philadelphia. In the land chosen by the citizens of New York to make a Park out of, there was in fact no more picturesque capital to start with than there is in the load of clay dumped before a sculptor's door, out of which he is to make his statue. Not only were there no trees, but there was almost the minimum of soil and the maximum of rock! With the exception of two tracts,—partly boggy and partly meadow,—each of ten acres or thereabouts, we are told, in one of the early Commissioners' reports, that there is not an acre in the Park south of the reservoir—and nearly the same may be said of the upper portion—where a crowbar could originally have been thrust its length into the ground without striking rock; and even where the gneiss,—most uninteresting, unpicturesque of rocks!—was not visible to the eye (and for the most part it lay bare to the sun, with neither mould nor weed nor even moss upon it), it was found to be within from two inches to three feet of the surface for long distances together. This was the condition of the Park when the Commissioners took hold of it—a sheet of white paper on which they were to write what poetry they could. They began their work with good sense, determined to do everything thoroughly well from the start, and to give people something to enjoy as soon as possible. The ground once cleared of its scattered population of squatters, the mall was soon struck out, the carriage and foot paths were opened to the public as fast and as far as they were finished, and the planting of trees and



HOOK IN RAMBLE.

shrubs, the leveling and sowing the lawns, and the construction of lakes and pools all went on together in the most animated and yet methodical fashion. Those are pleasant times for some of us to look back upon,—the days when the Park was, a-making, when we could all take lessons in road-building, and planting, and draining, and knew that what we were assisting at, French fashion, was the last result of observation and experience in these pleasantly-practical useful-ornamental arts.

Nor was the public less interested and delighted when the ornamental building began: when the first bridges were thrown over the traffic-roads, and the foundations of the terrace were laid and those of the Terrace Restaurant. It is worth noting that this was the first ornamental building—the first architecture we had seen in America! Dwelling-houses, warehouses, churches, and all of the vapidest cut-and-dried patterns, we had seen in plenty, but little or nothing in building that we could take any artistic pleasure in. It is long since there has been a bridge built that had any beauty in it—though when the poets left off building Roman arches, they did the next best thing with their suspension bridges. For the most part our bridges are as ugly as engineers, with their dryasdust brains, can de-

vise. But in the Park the effort was made to have the bridges not only solidly built, but as elegantly, and in as great variety of designs, as could be contrived. They are built of stone, of brick, of iron, and of these materials in combination; and it is pleasant to note how many of these bridges, intended to carry the drives and walks over the traffic-roads, will only be visible from the traffic-roads when the Park is complete, and so will serve to add a little cheerfulness to these none too cheerful thoroughfares. With here and there a grassy bank sloping down to the edge of the wall, or a leaning tree or row of shrubbery to break the monotonous sky-line, and then these pretty bridges at frequent points, the toiler along these roads may take some pleasure in looking up, may have the consciousness that he has been thought of, and that the Park builders had the wish not to shut its beauties from him nor to turn a shabby back upon him, but to keep in mind the pleasures that were waiting him when the day's hard work was done. We do not know if there were any such sentiment as this in the arrangement of these roads, but judging from the characters of the designers of the Park, and of the known relations of at least one of them, Mr. Olmsted, toward the working class, we can easily believe that it did.

At any rate it cannot be by accident that these traffic-roads, about which there were so many misgivings in the beginning, have turned out, wherever they have been finished, very agreeable streets—affording a pleasant variety in the dull uniformity and monotony of our

city streets and avenues, infusing a slight seasoning of rural freedom into the municipal formality, interposing a few bars of repose into the "demnition grind," jangled, out-of-tune, and harsh, of the city turmoil and din! These breaks in the round of daily toil—the result of whatever device—whether produced by a mere change of character in the road along which "toil whistles as it drives its cart," as in these traffic-roads, where the change is merely from shops and houses to stone walls with a fringe of grass and shrubs against the sky, or by an expansion of the road into a square or place with a bit of green and a few trees in the middle, or by a mere forking of the road—any means, in short, by which the tread-mill track is made forgettable for a few minutes—these, we say, are of less frequent occurrence in New York than in any other of the great cities of the world.

Take any one of our streets or avenues and observe how seldom in the course of its length it will be found interrupted by any square, or park, or garden, large or small. Take the map of our island and see what insignificant spots on its surface are the places set apart for breathing-places for the people.

This we have already considered from another point of view; let us look at it for a moment from an artistic point, consider what relation it has to the beauty of the city, how much it contributes to its proverbial monotonousness. We suppose it must be granted to a utilitarian age that the rectilinear system of laying out city streets is the most convenient.

But, even from the highest utilitarian point of view, it might be argued that more is lost than gained by carrying streets along between far distant points without frequent breaks. Although we think that for a city so proud of her bigness as New York is, she thinks and talks too much about her Broadway and her Fifth Avenue,—streets which no one who has seen London or Paris will think worth bragging about,—and though we believe great harm in many ways comes from the systematic neglect of the other arteries of the island, yet, because it more immediately concerns us,



OAKS NEAR SEVENTY-NINTH STREET ENTRANCE.



RUSTIC SUMMER-HOUSE IN RAMBLE.

let us look at the Fifth Avenue for a moment, and see what it is that makes it so uninteresting merely as a street, without any reference to the buildings, about which, from one end to the other, the less we say, the better.

The street is too uninterrupted in its length, and greatly lacks incident. As was well shown on one occasion by Mr. Leopold Eidlitz, one of our most thoroughly accomplished architects, there is no example of a fine street anywhere in Europe that is also a very long street. In Paris, he says, "a boulevard or a street is rarely carried to a length greater than two-thousand feet without being interrupted by a square, or changing its direction, or terminating upon a park," or opening upon something other than itself.

This applies directly and forcibly to the Fifth Avenue as well as to Broadway; from Washington Square, where it begins, to the Central Park, the only break in the monotony of the Fifth Avenue occurs at Madison Square, where, beside, the intersection of the avenue with Broadway gives us the small triangular lot

on which stands the Worth Monument.

From this point again the avenue stretches on to the Park, lined with a double row of houses in brick or sad-colored stone, more remarkable for the evidence they give of the wide diffusion of wealth in the city than as evidences of culture, or of feeling for architecture.

Following the Fifth Avenue along the eastern side of the Park, we find that even there the mistake is being made of contrasting an almost unbroken wall of building with the open spaces of the Park, which, beside, is bounded not by an irregular outline, but by a stiff, straight wall of cut stone. The only break that relieves the monotonous length of the Fifth Avenue along the whole line of the Park is Hamilton Square, an open space belonging to the City and extending from the Fifth to the Fourth avenues, and between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-eighth streets.

Artistically, and we have no doubt financially, this seems to us a great mistake, and it is a pity that if the opening of additional squares be no longer possible—even where one is so much needed as it is between Eighty-fifth and Ninety-seventh streets, opposite the new Reservoir—owners of property in that and other quarters could not at least be brought to see the advantage, both to themselves and the public, of so building on their lots as to secure all the light and air possible, with the added attractions of grass and trees. This would be very easily accomplished if the owners of the lots forming the several blocks would com-



BOW BRIDGE FROM LAKE.



SUMMER-HOUSE SOUTH-EAST OF THE CASINO.

bine to make "Terraces" or "Crescents," as is so often done in London, particularly in the new and fashionable West-End, a device that adds greatly to the elegance of that part of the city and largely increases the value of the property.

An illustration of what we mean is to be found in the familiar "London Terrace," on Twenty-third Street, between the Ninth and Tenth avenues, and also in the arrangement of the lots on the Fourth Avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. The "Terraces" in London are not exactly like these, and indeed they are by no means all laid out on any one model, but almost all of them, we believe, have a private carriage-road and sidewalk running close to the house-fronts, while the garden-space, with its grass and trees and flowers, is between this private roadway and the public street. In the "Crescent," of which so far as we know there is no example in any of our Atlantic cities, this private road is an arc of a circle, to which the house-fronts correspond. We are not sure, however, that New Yorkers would like this partial seclusion—the chief thing sought for in the London "Terrace" and "Crescent." In case this objection should be felt, there need be no private drive, but the house might be reached by the walk from the gate on the public street through the garden, as in the already familiar New York examples.

It ought, we think, to be evident that some such plan as this must be adopted if it is hoped to maintain the traditional elegance of the Fifth Avenue. It is now too late, doubtless, to break up the formal arrangement of the streets in that part of the city that lies below One Hundred and Tenth street, but a great deal may yet be done to make that formality less offensively apparent.

It does not concern us here to show how this can be accomplished in other parts of the city, nor to prove to owners of property that their real-estate would lose nothing in value by being less closely built upon: but we

must remonstrate against the surrounding the Park itself with a close line of houses, however elegant and costly, even if every one were such a finished jewel-box as that built by Mr. Mould. Such a wall of brick and stone, broken at regular intervals by streets, would be in the highest degree wearisome; and the want of balance between the two sides—all trees and greenery on the one, all masonry on the other—would be thrust upon the visitor instead of being concealed. For the want of balance cannot be absolutely prevented, and the best that can be done is to make it as little conspicuous as possible. The ar-



JACOB WREY MOULD.

rangement that ought to be adopted in the outset is, as it seems to us, either that of terraces and crescents, or else a mixture of these with small open squares, of the width of a single block, surrounded with low copings of stone, planted with grass and trees, and open to the public.

By such a simple means as this, paying for the apparent loss of ground by the increased value that would be given to the adjoining property, the sides of the Fifth and Eighth avenues along the Park would be lightened, and all danger of monotony avoided.

So much for the Park in its history and its relations to the needs of the city—picturesque and material. We shall next consider it as a piece of landscape-gardening and as an opportunity for educating us all in a liking for sculpture, fountains, terraces, and the other architectural adornings that belong as much to such a place as do boscajes, shaded alleys, or stately malls. In another paper we should like to consider the beginnings that have been made in this direction—happy if we could say a few seasonable words in criticism or in praise.

CARO NOME.

HOLD the sea-shell to thine ear,
And the murmur of the wave
From its rosy depths mayst hear,
Like a voice from out the grave
Calling thro' the night to thee!

Low and soft and far-away,
From a silent, distant shore,
Where is neither night nor day,
Nor the sound of plying oar;
For all sleep beside that sea!

Low and soft, but constant still,
For it murmurs evermore
With a steady, pulsing thrill,
Of the waves upon the shore,
And it tells nought else to thee.

Hold my heart up to thine ear,
And the one beloved name
Singing thro' its depths mayst hear,
And the song is still the same,—
'Tis a murmur from the sea:

From the great sea of my love,
Far-reaching, calm and wide,
Where nor storms nor tempests move,
Nor ebbs the constant tide,
And the waves still sing of thee!

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



THE WATER-LILY'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN a small town like Bradford, the birds have a way of collecting and carrying news, quite unknown in more considerable cities; and, apparently, a large flock of them had been around The Mansion during the events narrated in the preceding chapter, for on the following day the community was alive with rumors concerning them. A daily paper had just been established, whose enterprising editor deemed it his special duty and privilege to bruit such personal and social intelligence as he could gain by button-holing his victims on the street, or by listening to the voluntary tattle of busybodies. My good angel, Mr. Bradford, apprehending an unpleasant noto-

riety for me, and for the occurrences associated with my name, came to me at once and heard my story. Then he visited the editor, and so represented the case to him, that on the second morning after taking up my home with my father, I had the amusement of reading a whole column devoted to it. The paper was very wet and very dirty; but I presume that that column was read with more interest, by all the citizens of Bradford, than anything of national import which it might have contained. I will reproduce only its opening and closing paragraphs:

ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE.—Our little city was thrown into intense excitement yesterday, by rumors of a most romantic and extraordinary character, concerning occurrences at

A CERTAIN MANSION,

which occupies an elevated position, locally, socially, and historically. It appears that a certain estimable young man, whose heroic feat cost him so dearly in a recent struggle with

A MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN,

is the natural heir to the vast wealth which he so gallantly rescued from spoliation, and that

A CERTAIN ESTIMABLE LADY,

well known to our citizens as the companion of a certain other lady, also well known, is his mother. Nothing more startling than the developments in this case has occurred in the eventful history of our city.

A MYSTERY

has always hung around these persons, and we are not among those who are surprised at the solution. But the most remarkable part of the story is that which relates to the young man who has been reared with the expectation of becoming the owner of this magnificent estate. Upon learning the relations of the young man previously alluded to, to his benefactress, he at once, in loyalty to his friend and his own personal honor, renounced forever his expectations, surrendered his position to the heir so strangely discovered, and took up his abode in his father's humble home. This act, than which none nobler was ever performed, was, we are assured by as good authority as there is in *Bradford*, wholly voluntary.

WE GIVE THAT YOUNG MAN OUR HAT—

Miller & Sons' best—and assure him that, in whatever position he may choose to take in this community, he will have such support as our humble editorial pen may give him. We feel that no less than this is due to his nobility of character.

After half a dozen paragraphs in this strain, the article closed as follows:—

It is rumored that the newly-found heir has formed

A TENDER ALLIANCE

with a beautiful young lady—a blonde—who is not a stranger in the family of our blue-eyed hero—an alliance which will enable her to

SHARE HIS BONNY CASTLE,

and unite the fortunes of the two families in indissoluble bonds. Long may they wave!

Far be it from us, enthroned upon the editorial tripod, and wielding the scepter of the press, to invade the sanctities of private life, and we therefore withhold all names. It was due to the parties concerned and to the public, however, to state the facts, and put an end to gossip and conjecture among those who have no better business than that of tampering with the secrets of the hearthstone and the heart.

During the day, I broke through the reluctance which I naturally felt to encounter the public gaze after this exposure of my affairs, and went out upon the street. Of course, I found myself the object of universal curiosity and the subject of universal remark. Never in my life had I been treated with more deference. Something high in position had been won back to the sphere of common life, and common life was profoundly

interested. My editorial friend had so represented the case as to win for me something better than sympathy; and a good-natured reticence under all inquiries, on my own part, seemed to enhance the respect of the people for me. But I had something more important on hand than seeking food for my vanity. I had myself on hand and my future; and the gossip of the community was, for the first time in my life, a matter of indifference.

It occurred to me during the day that an academy, which a number of enterprising people had built two or three years before, had been abandoned and closed, with the conclusion of the spring term, for lack of support, and that it would be possible for me to secure it for the field of my future enterprise. I called at once upon those who held the building in charge, and, before I slept, closed a bargain, very advantageous to myself, which placed it at my disposal for a term of three years. The next day I visited my friend the editor, whom I found with bare arms, well smeared with ink, at work at his printer's case, in setting up the lucubrations of the previous night. He was evidently flattered by my call, and expressed the hope that what he had written with reference to myself was satisfactory. Assuring him that I had no fault to find with him, I exposed my project, which not only met with his hearty approval, but the promise of his unstinted support. From his office I went directly to the chambers of the principal lawyer of the city, and entered my name as a student of law. I took no advice, I sought no aid, but spoke freely of my plans to all around me. I realized almost at once how all life and circumstance bend to the man who walks his own determined way, toward an object definitely apprehended. People were surprised by my promptness and energy, and indeed I was surprised by myself. My dreams of luxury and ease were gone, and the fascinations of enterprise and action took strong possession of me. I was busy with my preparations for school and with study all day, and, at night, every moment stolen from sleep was filled with planning and projecting. My father was delighted, and almost lived and moved and had his being in me. To him I told everything, and the full measure of his old faith in me was recovered.

When the autumn term of the academy opened, of which I was principal, and my sister Claire the leading assistant, every seat was full. Many of the pupils had come from the towns around, though the principal attendance was from the city, and I entered at

once upon a life of the most fatiguing labor and the most grateful prosperity. My purse was filled at the outset with the advanced instalment upon the term-bills, so that both Claire and myself had a delightful struggle with my father in our attempt to compel him to receive payment for our board and lodgings. Our little dwelling was full of new life. Even my mother was shaken from her refuge of faithlessness, and compelled to smile. Since those days I have had many pleasant experiences; but I doubt whether I have ever spent three years of purer happiness than those which I passed with Claire beneath the roof of that old academy—old now, for, though put to strange uses, the building is standing still.

There was one experience connected with this part of my history of which it is a pain to speak, because it relates to the most subtle and sacred passage of my inner life; but having led the reader thus far, I should be disloyal to my Christian confession were I to close my lips upon it and refuse its revelation.

From the hour when I first openly joined a band of Christian disciples, I had been conscious of a mighty arm around me. Within the circuit of that restraining power I had exercised an almost unrestricted liberty. I had violated my conscience in times and ways without number, yet, when tempted to reckless wandering, I had touched the obstacle and recoiled. In whatever direction I might go, I always reached a point where I became conscious of its living pulsations and its unrelaxing embrace. Unseen, impalpable, it was as impenetrable as adamant and as strong as God. The moment I assumed responsibility over other lives, and gave my own life in counsel and labor for the good of those around me, the arm came closer, and conveyed to me the impression of comfort and help and safety. I thanked God for the restraint which that voluntary act of mine had imposed upon me.

But this was not all. My life had come into the line of the divine plan for my own Christian development. I had been a recipient all my life; now I had become an active power. I had all my life been appropriating the food that came to me, and amusing myself with the playthings of fancy and imagination; now I had begun to act and expend in earnest work for worthy objects. The spiritual attitude effected by this change was one which brought me face to face with all that was unworthy in me and my past life, and I felt myself under the operations of a

mighty, regenerating power, which I had no disposition to resist. I could not tell whence it came or whither it went. If it was born of myself, it was a psychological experience which I could neither analyze nor measure. It was upon me for days and weeks. It was within me like leaven in the lump, permeating, enlivening, lifting me. It was like an eye-stone in the eye, searching for dust in every place and plication, and removing it, until the orb was painless and the vision pure. There was no outcry, no horror of great darkness, no disposition to publish, but a subtle, silent, sweet revolution. As it went on within me, I grew stronger day by day, and my life and work were flooded with the light of a great and fine significance. Sensibility softened and endurance hardened under it.

Spirit of God! Infinite Mother! Thou didst not thunder on Sinai amidst smoke and tempest; but in the burning bush thou didst appear in a flame that warmed without withering, and illuminated without consuming. Thou didst not hang upon the cross on Calvary, but thou didst stir the hearts of the bereaved disciples as they walked in the way with their risen Lord. All gentle ministries to the spiritual life of men emanate from Thee. Thou brooding, all-pervading presence, holding a weeping world in thy maternal embrace, with counsel and courage and tender chastening and holy inspirations! Was it thy arm that had been around me all these years, and came closer and closer, until I felt myself folded to a heart that flooded me with love? I only know that streams rise no higher than their fountain, and that the fountain of spiritual life in me had sunk and ceased to flow long before this time. Could anything but a long, strong rain from the skies have filled it? All the things we see are types of things we do not see—visible expressions of the things and thoughts of God. All the phenomena of nature—the persistent radiance of the sun and moon—the coming, going, and unloading, and the grace and glory of the clouds—the changes of the seasons and of the all-enveloping atmosphere, are revelations to our senses and our souls of those operations and influences which act upon our spiritual natures. I find no miracle in this; only nature speaking without material interpreters—only the God of nature shunning the coarser passages of the senses, and finding his way direct to the Spirit by means and ministries and channels of his own.

Was this conversion? It was not an intellectual matter at all. I had changed no

opinions, for the unworthy opinions I had acquired had fallen from me, one by one, as my practice had conformed more and more to the Christian standard. Indeed, they were not my opinions at all, for they had been assumed in consequence of the necessity of somewhat bringing my spiritual and intellectual natures into harmony. My deepest intellectual convictions remained precisely what they had always been. No, it was a spiritual quickening. It had been winter with me, and I had been covered with snow and locked with ice. Did I melt the bonds which held me, by warmth self-generated? Does the rose do this, or the violet? There was a sun in some heaven I could not see that shone upon me. There was a wind from some far latitude that breathed upon me. To be quickened is to be touched by a vital finger. To be quickened is to receive a fructifying flood from the great source of life.

The change was something better than had happened to me under Mr. Bedlow's preaching, long years before, but neither change was conversion. Far back in childhood, at my mother's knee, at my father's side, and in my own secret chamber, those changes were wrought which had directed my life toward a Christian consummation. My little rivulet was flowing toward the sea, increasing as it went, when it was disturbed by the first awful experiences of my life; and its turbid waters were never, until this latter time, wholly clarified. My little plant, tender but upright, was just rising out of its nursing shadows into the light when the great tempest swept over it. If my later experience was conversion, then conversion may come to a man every year of his life. It was simply the revivification and reinforcement of the powers and processes of spiritual life. It was ministry, direct and immediate, to development and growth; and with me it was complete restoration to the track of my Christian boyhood, and a thrusting out of my life of all the ideas, policies and results of that terrible winter which I can never recall without self-pity and humiliation.

The difference in the respective effects of the two great crises of my spiritual history upon my power to work illustrated better than anything else, perhaps, the difference in their nature. The first was a dissipation of power. I could not work while it lasted, and it was a long time before I could gather and hold in hand my mental forces. The second was an accession of strength and the power of concentration. I am sure that I never

worked harder or better than I did during the time that my late change was in progress. It was an uplifting, enlightening, and strengthening inspiration. One was a poison, the other was a cure; one disturbed, the other harmonized; one was surcharged with fear, the other brimmed with hope; one exhausted, the other nourished and edified me; one left my spirit halting and ready to stumble, the other left it armed and plumed.

After my days at the academy, came my evening readings of the elementary books of the profession which I had chosen. There were no holidays for me; and during those three years I am sure I accomplished more professional study than nine-tenths of the young men whose every day was at their disposal. I was in high health and in thorough earnest. My physical resources had never been overtaken, and I found myself in the possession of vital resources which enabled me to accomplish an enormous amount of labor. I have no doubt that there were those around me who felt a measure of pity for me, but I had no occasion to thank them for it. I had never before felt so happy, and I learned then, what the world is slow to learn, that there can be no true happiness that is not the result of the action of harmonious powers steadily bent upon pursuits that seek a worthy end. Comfort of a certain sort there may be, pleasure of a certain quality there may be, in ease and in the gratification of that which is sensuous and sensual in men and women; but happiness is never a lazy man's dower or a sensualist's privilege. That is reserved for the worker, and can never be grasped and held save by true manhood and womanhood. It was a great lesson to learn, and it was learned for a lifetime; for in this even-tide of life, with the power to rest, I find no joy like that which comes to me at the table on which, day after day, I write the present record.

During the autumn and winter which followed the assumption of my new duties, I was often at The Mansion, and a witness of the happiness of its inmates. Mrs. Sanderson was living in a new atmosphere. Every thought and feeling seemed to be centered upon her lately discovered treasure. She listened to his every word, watched his every motion, and seemed to feel that all her time was lost that was not spent in his presence. The strong, indomitable, self-asserting will which she had exercised during all her life was laid at his feet. With her fortune she gave herself. She was weary with the long strain and relinquished it. She trusted him,

leaned upon him, lived upon him. She was in the second childhood of her life, and it was better to her than her womanhood. He became in her imagination the son whom long years before she had lost. His look recalled her boy, his voice was the repetition of the old music, and she found realized in him all the dreams she had indulged in concerning him who had so sadly dissipated them in his own self-ruin.

The object of all this trust and tenderness was as happy as she. It always touched me deeply to witness the gentleness of his manner toward her. He anticipated all her wants, deferred to her slightest wish, shaped all his life to serve her own. The sense of kindred blood was strongly dominant within him, and his grandmother was held among the most sacred treasures of his heart. Whether he ever had the influence to lead her to higher sources of joy and comfort than himself, I never knew, but I know that in the old mansion that for so many years had been the home of revelry or of isolated selfishness, an altar was reared from which the incense of Christian hearts rose with the rising sun of morning, and the rising stars of night.

Henry passed many days with me at the academy. In truth, my school was his loitering place, though his loitering was of a very useful fashion. I found him so full of the results of experience in the calling in which I was engaged that I won from him a thousand valuable suggestions; and such was his love for the calling that he rarely left me without hearing a recitation, which he had the power to make so vitally interesting to my pupils that he never entered the study-hall without awakening a smile of welcome from the whole school. Sometimes he went with Claire to her class-rooms; and as many of her pupils had previously been his own, he found himself at home everywhere. There was no foolish pride in his heart that protested against her employment. He saw that she was not only useful but happy, and knew that she was learning quite as much that would be useful to her as those who engaged her efforts. Her office deepened and broadened her womanhood; and I could see that Henry was every day more pleased and satisfied with her. If she was ill for a day, he took her place, and watched for and filled every opportunity to lighten her burdens.

Mr. Bradford was, perhaps, my happiest friend. He had had so much responsibility in directing and changing the currents of my life, that it was with unbounded satisfaction that he witnessed my happiness, my industry

and my modest prosperity. Many an hour did he sit upon my platform with me, with his two hands resting upon his cane, his fine, honest face all aglow with gratified interest, listening to the school in its regular exercises, and once he came in with Mr. Bird, who had traveled all the way from Hillsborough to see me. And then my school witnessed such a scene as they had never witnessed before. I rushed to my dear old friend, threw my arms around him and kissed him. The silver had begun to show itself in his beard and on his temples, and he looked weary. I gave him a chair, and then with tears in my eyes I stood out upon the platform before my boys and girls, and told them who he was, and what he had been to me. I pictured to them the life of the Bird's Nest, and assured them that if they had found anything to approve in me, as a teacher and a friend, it was planted and shaped in that little garden on the hill. I told them further that if any of them should ever come to regard me with the affection I felt for him, I should feel myself abundantly repaid for all the labor I had bestowed upon them—nay, for the labor of a life. I was roused to an eloquence and touched to a tenderness which was at least new to them, and their eyes were wet. When I concluded, poor Mr. Bird sat with his head in his hands, unable to say a word.

As we went out from the school that night, arm in arm, he said: "It was a good medicine, Arthur—heroic, but good."

"It was," I answered, "and I can never thank you and Mr. Bradford too much for it."

First I took him to my home, and we had a merry tea-drinking, at which my mother yielded up all her prejudices against him. I showed him my little room, so like in its dimensions and appointments to the one I occupied at the Bird's Nest, and then I took him to The Mansion for a call upon Henry. After this we went to Mr. Bradford's, where we passed the evening, and where he spent the night.

Since the old days of my boyhood, when Millie Bradford and I had been intimate, confidential friends, she had never received me with the cordiality that she exhibited on that evening. I suppose she had listened to the account which her father gave of my meeting with my old teacher, and of the words which that meeting had inspired me to utter. I have no doubt that my later history had pleased her, and done much to awaken her old regard for me. Whatever the reasons may have been, her grasp was hearty, her greeting cordial, and her face was bright with

welcome. I need not say that all this thrilled me with pleasure, for I had inwardly determined to earn her respect, and to take no steps for greater intimacy until I had done so, even if it should lead me to abandon all hope of being more to her than I had been.

It was easy that evening to win her to our old corner in the drawing-room. Mrs. Bradford and Aunt Flick were ready listeners to the conversation in progress between Mr. Bradford and Mr. Bird, and we found ourselves at liberty to pursue our own ways, without interruption or observation.

She questioned me with great interest about my school, and as that was a subject which aroused all my enthusiasm, I talked freely, and amused her with incidents of my daily work. She could not but have seen that I was the victim of no vain regrets concerning my loss of position and prospects, and that all my energies and all my heart were in my new life. I saw that she was gratified; and I was surprised to find that she was profoundly interested in my success.

"By the way," I said, after having dwelt too long upon a topic that concerned myself mainly, "I wonder what has become of Livingston? He was going to Europe, but I have not heard a word from him since I parted with him months ago. Do you know anything of him?"

"Haven't heard from him?" she said, with a kind of incredulous gasp.

"Not a word."

"Haven't you seen him?"

"Why, I haven't been out of the town."

"No, but you have seen him here?"

"Not once."

"You are sure?"

"Perfectly sure," I responded with a smile at her obstinate incredulity.

"I don't understand it," she said, looking away from me.

"Has he been here?" I inquired.

"Twice."

I saw that she was not only puzzled, but deeply moved; and I was conscious of a flush of mingled anger and indignation sweeping over my own tell-tale face.

"Did he call on Henry when he was here?" I inquired.

"He did, on both occasions. Did not Henry tell you?"

"He did not."

"That is strange too," she remarked.

"Miss Bradford," I responded, "it is not strange at all. I comprehend the whole matter. Henry knew Livingston better than I did, and doubting whether he would care to

continue his acquaintance with me after the change in my circumstances, had not mentioned his calls to me. He knew that if I had met him, I should speak of it, and as I did not speak of it, he concluded that I had not met him, and so covered from me by his silence the presence of my old friend in the city. Livingston did not call upon me because, having nothing further in common with me, he chose to ignore me altogether, and to count all that had appeared like friendship between us for nothing. I was no longer an heir to wealth. I was a worker for my own bread, with my position to make by efforts whose issue was uncertain. I could be his companion no further; I could be received at his father's home no more. Every attention or courtesy he might render me could be rendered no more except as a matter of patronage. I can at least give him the credit for having honesty and delicacy enough to shun me when he could meet me no more on even terms."

"Even terms!" exclaimed the girl with a scorn in her manner and voice which verged closely upon rage. "Is that a style of manhood that a man may apologize for?"

"Well," I answered, "considering the fact that I was attracted to him at first by the very motives which control him now, I ought to be tolerant and charitable."

"Yes, if that is true," she responded; "but the matter is incredible and incomprehensible."

"It begins to seem so now, to me," I replied, "but it did not then. Our clique in college were all fools together, and fancied that, because we had some worldly advantages not shared by others, we were raised by them above the common level. We took pride in circumstances that were entirely independent of our manhood—circumstances that were gathered around us by other hands. I am heartily ashamed of my old weakness, and despise myself for it, but I can appreciate the strength of the bonds that bind Livingston, and I forgive him with all my heart."

"I can't," she responded. "The slight he has put upon you, and his new friendship for Henry, disgust me more than I can tell you. His conduct is mercenary and unmanly, and offends me from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot."

In the firm, strong passion of this true girl I saw my old self, and realized, more fully than I had ever done before, the wretched slough from which I had been lifted. I could not feel as she did, however, toward Livingston. After the first flush of anger had subsided, I

saw that, without some radical change in him, he could not do otherwise than he had done. Though manly in many of his characteristics, his scheme of life was rotten at its foundation, in that it ignored manliness. His standard of respectability was not natural, it was conventional; and so long as he entertained no plan of life that was based in manliness and manly work, his associations would be controlled by the conventional standard to which he and those around him bowed in constant loyalty.

After her frank expression of indignation, she seemed inclined to drop the subject, and only a few words more were uttered upon either side concerning it. I saw that she was troubled, that she was angry, and that, during the moments devoted to the conversation, she had arrived at a determination whose nature and moment I could not guess. Sometimes she looked at me; sometimes she looked away from me; and then her lips were pressed together with a strange spasm of firmness, as if some new resolution of her life were passing, step by step, to its final issue. Her eyes were alight with excitement, and I knew that something was passing in her mind beyond my power to read or guess.

I did guess afterward, and guessed aright. Livingston had fascinated her, while she had so wholly gained his affection and respect, and so won his admiration, that he was laying siege to her heart by all the arts and appliances of which he was so accustomed and accomplished a master. He was the first man who had ever approached her as a lover. She had but just escaped from the seclusion of her school-life, and this world of love, of which she had only dreamed, had been opened to her by the hands of a prince. He was handsome, accomplished in the arts of society, vivacious and brilliant; and while he had made comparatively little progress in winning her heart, he had carried her fancy captive, and excited her admiration, and only needed more abundant opportunity to win her wholly to himself.

The revelation of the real character of the man, and of his graceless dealing with me—the hollow-heartedness of his friendship, and the transfer of his regard and courtesy from me to Henry—offended all that was womanly within her. From the moment when she comprehended his position—its meanness, its injustice and unmanliness—she determined that he should be forever shut out of her heart. She knew that her judgment and conscience could never approve either his conduct or him—that this one act could never be justified or

apologized for. The determination cost her a struggle which called into action all the forces of her nature. I have been a thousand times thankful that I did not know what was passing in her mind, for I was thus saved from all temptation to attempt to turn her heart against him, and turn it toward myself.

She wrote him a letter, as I afterward learned, which was intended to save him the mortification of visiting her again; but he came again, armed with his old self-possession, determined to win the prize upon which he had set his heart; and then he went away, visiting neither Henry nor myself. Afterward he went to Europe, and severed forever all his relations to the lives of his Bradford acquaintances.

When Millie and I closed our conversation about Livingston, I found her prepossessed and silent; and, as if by mutual impulse and consent, we rose from our seats, and returned to the other end of the drawing-room, where the remainder of the family were gathered. There we found a conversation in progress which I had no doubt had been suggested by my own personality and position; and as it was very fruitfully suggestive to me, and became a source of great encouragement to me, I am sure my readers will be interested in it. We came within hearing of the conversation, just as Mr. Bird was saying:—

"I never saw a man with anything of the real Shakspeare in him—using him as our typical man—who could not be any sort of a man that he chose to be. A genuinely practical man—a man who can adapt himself to any sort of life—is invariably a man of imagination. These young men who have the name of being eminently practical—especially among women, who usually consider all practical gifts to be those which relate to making money and providing for a family—are the least practical, in a wide sense, of anybody. They usually have a strong bent for a certain industrial or commercial pursuit, and if they follow that bent, persistently, they succeed; but if by any chance they are diverted from it, they fail irrevocably. Now the man of imagination is he who apprehends and comprehends the circumstances, proprieties and opportunities of every life in which his lot may be cast, and adapts himself to and employs them all. I have a fine chance to notice this in my boys; and whenever I find one who has an imagination, I see always ten chances to make a man of him where one exists in those less generously furnished."

"Yet our geniuses," responded Mr. Bradford, "have not been noted for their skill in

practical affairs, or for their power to take care of themselves."

"No," said Mr. Bird, "because our geniuses, or what by courtesy we call such, are one-sided men, who have a single faculty developed in exceptionally large proportion. They are practical men only in a single direction, like the man who has a special gift for money-making, or affairs; and the latter is just as truly a genius as the former, and both are necessarily narrow men, and limited in their range of effort. This is not at all the kind of man I mean; I allude to one who has fairly symmetrical powers, with the faculty of imagination among them. Without this latter, a man can never rise above the capacity of a kind of human machine, working regularly or irregularly. A man who cannot see the poetical side of his work, can never achieve the highest excellence in it. The ideal must always be apprehended before one can rise to that which is in the highest possible sense practical. I have known boys who were the despair of their humdrum fathers and mothers, because, forsooth, they had the faculty of writing verses in their youth. They were regarded by these parents with a kind of curiosity, but they had no expectation for them except poverty, unsteady purposes and dependence. I have seen these same parents, many times, depending in their old age upon these verse-writing boys for comfort or luxury, while their practical brothers were tugging for their daily bread, unable to help anybody but themselves and their families."

Mr. Bradford saw that I was intensely interested in this talk of Mr. Bird, and said, with the hope of turning it more thoroughly to my own practical advantage: "Well, what have you to say to our young man here? He was so full of imagination when a lad that we could hardly trust his eyes or his conscience."

He said this with a laugh, but Mr. Bird turned toward me with his old affectionate look, and replied: "I have never seen the day, since I first had him at my side, when I did not believe that he had the making of a hundred different men in him. He was always a good student when he chose to be. He would have made, after a time, an ideal man of leisure. He is a good teacher to-day. He has chosen to be a lawyer, and it rests entirely with him to determine whether he will be an eminent one. If he had chosen to be a preacher, or an author, or a merchant, he would meet no insurmountable difficulty in rising above mediocrity, in either profession. The faculty of imagination, added to symmetrical intellectual powers, makes it possible

for him to be anything that he chooses to become. By this faculty he would be able to see all the possibilities of any profession, and all the possibilities of his powers with relation to it."

"As frankness of speech seems to be in order," said Mr. Bradford, "suppose you tell us whether you do not think that he spends money rather too easily, and that he may find future trouble in that direction."

Mr. Bird at once became my partisan. "What opportunity has the boy had for learning the value of money? When he has learned what a dollar costs, by the actual experiment of labor, he will be corrected. Thus far he has known the value of a dollar only from one side of it. He knows what it will buy, but he does not know what it costs. Some of the best financiers I ever met were once boys who placed little or no value upon money. No man can measure the value of a dollar justly who cannot place by its side the expenditure of time and labor which it costs. Arthur is learning all about it."

"Thank you," I responded, "I feel quite encouraged about myself."

"Now, then, what do you think of Henry, in his new circumstances?" inquired Mr. Bradford.

"Henry," replied Mr. Bird, "never had the faculty to learn the value of a dollar, except through the difficulty of getting it. The real superiority of Arthur over Henry in this matter is in his faculty, not only to measure the value of a dollar by its cost, but to measure it by its power. To know how to win money, and at the same time to know how to use it when won, is the prerogative of the highest style of practical financial wisdom. Now that money costs Henry nothing, he will cease to value it; and with his tastes I think the care of his fortune will be very irksome to him. Indeed, it would not be strange if, in five years, that care should be transferred to the very hands that surrendered the fortune to him. So our practical boy is quite likely, in my judgment, to become a mere baby in business, while our boy whose imagination seemed likely to run away with him, will nurse him and his fortune together."

"Why, that will be delightful," I responded. "I shall be certain to send the first business-card I get printed to Henry, and solicit his patronage."

There was much more said at the time about Henry's future as well as my own, but the conversation I have rehearsed was all that was of vital importance to me, and I will

not burden the reader with more. I cannot convey to any one an idea of the interest which I took in this talk of my old teacher. It somehow had the power to place me in possession of myself. It recognized, in the presence of those who loved but did not wholly trust me, powers and qualities which, in a half-blind way, I saw within myself. It strengthened my self-respect and my faith in my future.

Ah! if the old and the wise could know how the wisdom won by their experience is taken into the heart of every earnest young man, and how grateful to such a young man recognition is, at the hand of the old and the wise, would they be stingy with their hoard and reluctant with their hand? I do not believe they would. They forget their youth, when they drop peas instead of pearls, and are silly rather than sage.

When I left the house to return to my home, I was charged with thoughts which kept me awake far into the night. The only man from whom I had anything to fear as a rival was in disgrace. My power to win a practical man's place in the world had been recognized in Millie Bradford's presence, by one whose opinion was very highly prized. I had achieved the power of looking at myself and my possibilities through the eyes of a wisdom-winning experience. I was inspired, encouraged and strengthened, and life had never seemed so full of meaning and interest as it did then.

Early the next morning I went for Mr. Bird, accompanied him to the stage-office, and bade him good-by, grateful for such a friend, and determined to realize all that he had wished and hoped for me.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN those early days, professional study was carried on very generally without the aid of professional schools; and during my three years at the academy, accomplished with sufficient pecuniary success, I read all the elementary books of the profession I had chosen, and, at the close, was admitted to the bar, after an examination which placed me at once at the head of the little clique of young men who had fitted themselves for the same pursuit. Henry, meantime, had realized a wish, long secretly cherished, to study divinity, and, under a license from the ministerial association of the county, had preached many times in the vacant pulpits of the city and the surrounding country. Mrs. Sanderson always went to hear him when the distance did not

forbid her; and I suppose that the city did not hold two young men of more unwearied industry than ourselves.

My acquaintance with Millie Bradford ripened into confidential friendship, and, so far as I was concerned, into something warmer and deeper, yet nothing of love was ever alluded to between us. I saw that she did not encourage the advances of other young men which were made upon every side, and was quite content to let matters rest as they were, until my prospects for life were more definite and reliable than they were then. We read the same books, and talked about them. We engaged in the same efforts to arouse the spirit of literary culture and improvement in the neighborhood. In the meantime her womanhood ripened day by day, and year by year, until she became the one bright star of my life. I learned to look at my own character and all my actions through her womanly eyes. I added her conscience to my own. I added her sense of that which was proper and becoming and tasteful to my own. Through her sensibilities I learned to see things finely, and by persuasions, which never shaped themselves to words, I yielded myself to her, to be led to fine consummations of life and character. Her power over me was not only refining, but purifying. She was a being ineffably sacred to me. She was never associated in my mind with a coarse thought. She lifted me into a realm entirely above the atmosphere of sensuality, from which I never descended for a moment; and I thank God that I have never lost that respect for woman which she taught me.

I have seen, since those days, so charged with pure and precious memories, many women of unworthy aims, and low and frivolous tastes, yet I have never seen anything that bore the form of woman that did not appeal to my tender consideration. I have never seen a woman so low that her cry of distress or appeal for protection did not stir me like a trumpet, or so base that I did not wish to cover her shame from ribald eyes, and restore her to that better self which, by the grace of her nature, can never be wholly destroyed.

Soon after the term had closed which severed the connection of Claire and myself with the academy, I was made half wild with delight by an invitation, extended to Henry and Claire, as well as to Millie and myself, to visit Hillsborough, and join the Bird's Nest in their biennial encampment. I knew every rod of ground around the beautiful mountain-lake upon whose shores the white

tents of the school were to be planted, for, though six miles away from my early school, I had visited it many times during holidays, and had sailed and angled and swam upon its waters. For many years it had been Mr. Bird's habit, at stated intervals, to take his whole school to this lovely spot during the fervors of the brief New England summer, and to yield a fortnight to play. The boys looked forward to this event, through the long months of their study, with the most charming anticipations, and none of them could have been more delighted with the prospect than Henry and myself. We were now the old boys going back, to be looked at and talked about by the younger boys. We were to renew our boyhood and our old associations before undertaking the serious work of our lives.

As both Mr. Bradford and my father trusted Mr. and Mrs. Bird, it was not difficult to obtain their consent that Millie and Claire should accompany us; and when the morning of our departure arrived, we were delighted to find that we should be the only occupants of the old stage-coach which was to bear us to our destination. The day was as beautiful as that on which my father and I first made the journey over the same route. The objects along the way were all familiar to Henry and myself, but it seemed as if we had lived a whole lifetime since we had seen them. We gave ourselves up to merriment. The spirit of play was upon us all; and the old, impassive stage-driver must have thought us half insane. The drive was long, but it might have been twice as long without wearying us.

I was going back to the old fountain from which I had drunk so much that had come as a pure force into my life. Even the privilege to play, without a thought of work, or a shadow of care and duty, I had learned from the teachings of Mr. Bird. I had been taught by him to believe—what many others had endeavored to make me doubt—that God looked with delight upon his weary children at play,—that the careless lambs that gambolled in their pasture, and the careless birds singing and flying in the air, were not more innocent in their sports than men, women and children, when, after work faithfully done, they yielded to the recreative impulse, and with perfect freedom gave themselves to play. I believed this then, and I believe it still; and I account that religion poor and pitiful which ascribes to the Good Father of us all less delight in the free and careless sports of his children than we take in the frolic of our own.

The whole school was out to see the newcomers when we arrived, and we were received literally with open arms by the master and mistress of the establishment. Already the tents and cooking utensils had gone forward. A few of the older boys were just starting on foot for the scene of the fortnight's play, to sleep in neighboring barns, so as to be on the ground early to assist in raising the tents. They could have slept in beds, but beds were at a discount among lads whose present ambition was to sleep upon the ground. The whole building was noisy with the notes of preparation. Food was preparing in incredible quantities, and special preparations were in progress for making Millie and Claire comfortable; for it was supposed that "roughing it" was something foreign to their taste and experience.

On the following morning, I was roused from my dreams by the same outcry of the boys to which I had responded, or in which I had joined, for a period of five happy years. I was obliged to rub my eyes before I could realize that more than seven years lay between me and that golden period. When at last I remembered how, under that roof, breathed the woman dearer to me than all the rest of the world, and that for two precious weeks she would be my companion, amid the most enchanting scenes of nature, and under circumstances so fresh and strange as to touch all her sensibilities, I felt almost guilty that I could not bring to Mr. and Mrs. Bird an undivided heart, and that the Bird's Nest, and the lake, and the camp-fires, and the free life of the wilderness would be comparatively meaningless to me without her.

Our breakfast was a hurried one. The boys could hardly wait to eat anything, and started off by pairs and squads to make the distance on foot. A huge lumber-wagon, loaded with supplies, was the first carriage dispatched. Then those who would need to ride took their seats in such vehicles as the school and the village afforded, and the straggling procession moved on its way. Henry and I spurned the thought of being carried, and took our way on foot. We had not gone half the distance, however, when Millie and Claire insisted on joining us. So our little party bade the rest good-by, and we were left to take our own time for the journey.

We were the last to arrive at the encampment, and the sun was already hot in the sky. Poor Claire was quite exhausted, but Millie grew stronger with every step. The flush of

health and happiness upon her face drew forth a compliment from Mr. Bird, which deepened her color, and made her more charming than ever. The life was as new to her as if she had exchanged planets; and she gave herself up to it, and all the pleasant labor which the provision for so many rendered necessary, with a ready and hearty helpfulness which delighted every one. She could not move without attracting a crowd of boys. She walked and talked with them; she sang to them and read to them; and during the first two or three days of camp-life, I began to fear that I should have very little of her society.

The days were not long enough for our pleasures. Bathing, boating, ball-playing and eating through the day, and singing and storytelling during the evening, constituted the round of waking delights, and the nights, cool and sweet, were long with refreshing and dreamless slumber.

There is no kinder mother than the earth, when we trustfully lay our heads upon her bosom. She holds balm and blessing for the rich and the poor, for the hardy and the dainty alike, which the bed of luxury never knows. Pure air to breathe, pure water to drink and a pillow of stone—ah! how easy it is for the invisible ministers of health and happiness to build ladders between such conditions and heaven!

Far back over the dim years that have come between, I see those camp-fires glowing still, through evenings full of music and laughter. I see the groups of merry boys dancing around them. I hear their calls for Echo to the woods, and then, in the pauses, the plash of oars, as some group of late sailors come slowly in, stirring the lake into ripples that seem phosphorescent in the firelight. I watch those fires crumbling away, and dying at last into cloudy darkness, or into the milder moonlight which then asserts its undivided sway, and floods lake and forest and mountain, and all the night-sweet atmosphere with its steady radiance. I see the tent in which my sister and my love are sleeping, and invoke for them the guardian care of God and all good angels. I go at last to my own tent, and lie down to a sleep of blessed, blank unconsciousness, from which I am roused by the cry of healthy lungs that find no weariness in play, and by the tramping of feet around me that spring to the tasks and sports of the day with unflagging appetite and interest.

Did Mr. and Mrs. Bird know how much pleasure they were giving to the young life

around them? Did they know that they were enabling us all to lay up memories more precious than gold? Did they know they were developing a love of nature and of healthful and simple pleasures that should be a constant guard around those young feet, when they should find themselves among the slippery places of life and the seductive influences of artificial society? Did they know that making the acquaintance of the birds and flowers and open sky and expanding water and rough life was better than the culture and restraint of drawing-rooms? Did they know that these boys, deprived of this knowledge and these influences, would go through life lacking something inexpressibly valuable? Surely they did, or they would not have sacrificed labor and care and comfort to achieve these objects and results. A thousand blessings on you, my wise, patient, self-sacrificing friends! It is no wonder that all who have lived under your ceaseless and self-devoted ministry love you!

The moon was new when we went into camp, and as it grew larger the weather grew finer, until, as the fortnight waned, it came to its glorious full, on a night whose events made it forever memorable to me.

I do not know why it is that a boy, or a collection of boys, is so keen in the discovery of tender relations between young men and young women, but I think that from the first the school understood exactly the relations of Henry to Claire and of Millie to myself. There was a lively family interest in us all, and the young rogues seemed to understand that matters were all settled between the former pair, and that they had not reached a permanent adjustment between the latter. Henry and Claire could always be with each other without interruption. They could go down to the shore at any time of the day or evening, enter a boat, and row out upon the lake, and find nothing to interfere with their privacy; but Millie and I could never approach a boat without finding half a dozen little fellows at our side, begging to be taken out with us upon the water. There was always mischief in their eyes, and an evident wish to make the course of true love rough to us. There was something so amusing in all this, to me, that I never could get angry with them, but Millie was sometimes disturbed by their good-natured persecutions.

On one of the later evenings, however, Millie and I took advantage of their momentary absorption in some favorite game, and quietly walked to the shore, unnoticed by any of them. She took her seat in the boat, and,

shoving it from the sand, I sprang in after her, and we were afloat and free upon the moonlit water. For some minutes I did not touch the oars, but let the boat drift out with the impulse I had given it, while we watched the outlines of the white tents against the sky, and the groups which the camp-fires made fantastic.

It was the first time, since our residence at the camp, that I had been alone with her under circumstances which placed us beyond hearing and interruption. I had been longing and laboring for this opportunity, and had determined to bring matters between us to a crisis. I had faithfully tried to do those things and to adopt those plans and purposes of life which would command her respect and confidence. I had been so thoroughly sincere, that I had the consciousness of deserving her esteem, even though her heart might not have been drawn toward me with any tenderer regard. I had been in no haste to declare my passion, but the few days I had spent with her in camp had so ripened and intensified it, that I saw I could not carry it longer, uncertain of its issue, without present torment or prospective danger. It seemed, sometimes to my great horror, as if my life hung entirely upon hers—as if existence would be a curse without her companionship.

After a while spent in silence and a strange embarrassment, I took the oars, and as quietly as possible rowed out into the middle of the lake. The deep blue sky and the bright moon were above us, and the pure water below; and all the sounds that came to us from the shore were softened into music.

At last I broke the spell that had held my voice with what I intended for a commonplace, and said: "It seems a comfort to get away from the boys for a little while, doesn't it?"

"Does it?" she responded. "You know you have the advantage of me; I haven't that pleasure yet."

"Oh! thank you," I said. "I didn't know that you still regarded me as a boy."

"You were to remain a boy, you know. Didn't you promise? have you forgotten?"

"Have I fulfilled my promise?"

"Yes, after a weary time."

"And you recognize the boy again, do you?"

"I think so."

"Are you pleased?"

"I have no fault to find, at least."

"And you are the same girl I used to know?" I said.

"Yes."

"Does the fact forbid us to talk as men and women talk?"

"We are here to play," she replied, "and I suppose we may play that we are man and woman."

"Very well," I said, "suppose we play that we are man and woman, and that I am very fond of you and you are very fond of me."

"It seems very difficult to play this, especially when one of us is so very much in earnest."

"Which one?"

"The one who wishes to play."

"Ah! Millie," I said, "you really must not bandy words with me. Indeed, I am too much in earnest to play. I have a secret to tell you, and this is my first grand opportunity to tell it, and you must hear it."

"A secret? do you think so? I doubt it."

"Do you read me so easily?"

She reached out her hand upon the water to grasp a dark little object, past which we were slowly drifting, and broke off from its long, lithe stem a water-lily, and tossed it to my feet. "There's a secret in that little cone," she said, "but I know what it is as well as if the morning sun had unfolded it."

"Do you mean to say that my secret has opened under the spell of your eyes every day like the water-lily to the sun?"

"Yes, if you insist on putting it in that very poetical way."

"Are you fond of water-lilies?"

"Very: fonder of them than of any other flower I know."

"Well," I responded, "I'm a man, or a boy—just which you choose—and don't pretend to be a water-lily, though I wish my roots were as safely anchored and my life as purely surrounded and protected. I believe that maidenhood monopolizes all the lilies for its various impersonations, but for the present purpose, I should really like to ask you if you are willing to take the water-lily for the one flower of your life, with all its secrets which you claim to understand so fully."

"Charmingly done," she said—"for a boy."

"You taunt me."

"No, Arthur," she responded, "but you really are hurrying things so. Just think of trying to settle everything in five minutes, and think, too, of the inconvenience of this little boat. You cannot get upon your knees without upsetting us, and then you know I might be obliged to adopt a water-lily."

"Particularly if the lily should save your life."

"Yes."

"Suppose we go ashore."

"Not for the world."

"Ah! Millie, I think I know your secret," I said.

"It isn't hard to discover."

"Well, then, let's not talk in riddles any more. I love you more than life, Millie! may I continue to love you?"

She paused, and I saw tears upon her face, glittering in the moonlight.

"Yes," she said, "always."

"Thank you! thank God!" I said, with a hearty impulse. "Life is all bright to me now, and all full of promise. I wish I could come to you and close this business in the good old orthodox fashion."

She laughed at my vexation, and counseled patience.

There is something very provoking about the coolness of a woman under circumstances like those in which I found myself. For many days I had permitted myself to be wrought into an exalted state of feeling. Indeed, I had been mustering strength for this interview during all the time I had lived in the camp. I was prepared to make a thousand protestations of everlasting devotion. I was ready to cast at her feet my hopes, my life, my all; yet she had anticipated everything, and managed to hold the conversation in her own hands. Then she apparently took genuine delight in keeping me at my end of the boat, and in dissuading me from my ardent wish to reach the shore. I said I thought it was time for us to return. She protested. The people would miss us, I assured her, and would be apprehensive that we had met with an accident. She was equally sure that they would not miss us at all. Besides, if they should, a little scare would give piquancy to the night's pleasure, and she would not like to be responsible for such a deprivation. In truth, I think she would have been delighted to keep me on the lake all night.

I finally told her that I held the oars, that if she wished to remain longer she would accommodate me by jumping overboard, and assured her that I would faithfully deliver her last messages. As she made no movement, I dipped my oars and rowed toward the dying lights of the camp-fires, congratulating myself that I should land first, and help her from the boat. Under the sheltering willows, I received her into my arms, and gave her my first lover's kiss. We walked to her tent hand in hand, like children, and there, while the boys gathered round us to learn where we had been, and to push their good-natured in-

quiries, I bent and gave her a good-night kiss, which told the whole story to them all.

It seems strange to me now that I could have done so, and that she would have permitted it, but it really was so like a family matter, in which all were interested in the most friendly or brotherly way, that it was quite the natural thing to do. Millie immediately disappeared behind her muslin walls, while I was overwhelmed with congratulations. Nor was this all. One little fellow called for three cheers for Miss Bradford, which were given with a will; and then three cheers were given to Arthur Bonnicastle; and as their lungs were in practice, they cheered Henry and Claire, and Mr. and Mrs. Bird, and wound up that part of their exercise by three cheers for themselves. Then they improvised a serenade for the invisible lady, selecting "Oft in the still night" and "The Pirate's Serenade," as particularly appropriate to the occasion, and went to their beds at last only under the peremptory commands of Mr. Bird.

There were two persons among the fifty that lay down upon the ground that night who did not sleep very soundly, though the large remainder slept, I presume, much as usual. I had lain quietly thinking over the events of the evening, and trying to realize the great blessing I had won, when, at about two o'clock in the morning, I heard the word "Arthur" distinctly pronounced. Not having removed all my clothing, I leaped from my blanket, and ran to the door of the tent. There I heard the call again, and recognized the voice of Millie Bradford.

"Well, what is it?" I said.

"There is some one about the camp."

By this time Henry was on his feet and at my side, and both of us went out together. We stumbled among the tent-stakes in different directions, and at last found a man so muddled with liquor that he hardly knew where he was. We collared him, and led him to our tent, where we inquired of him his business. As he seemed unable to tell us, I searched his pockets for the bottle which I presumed he bore about him somewhere, and in the search found a letter, the address of which I read with the expectation of ascertaining his name. Very much to my surprise, the letter was addressed to Henry. Then the whole matter became plain to me. He had been dispatched with this letter from Hillsborough, and on the way had fallen in with dissolute companions, though he had still retained sufficient sense to know that the camp was his destination.

Henry broke the seal. The letter was

from his mother, informing him that Mrs. Sanderson was very ill, and that she desired his immediate return to Bradford. I entered Mr. Bird's tent, and told him of the letter, and then satisfied the curiosity of Millie and Claire. In such clothing as we could snatch readily from our tents we gathered for a consultation, which resulted in the conclusion that any sickness which was sufficiently serious to call Henry home, was sufficient to induce the entire Bradford party to accompany him. He protested against this, but we overruled him. So we simply lay down until daylight, and then rose for a hurried breakfast. Mr. Bird drove us to Hillsborough, and at seven o'clock we took the stage for home.

The ride homeward was overshadowed by a grave apprehension, and the old driver probably never had a quieter fare over his route than the party which, only a few days before, had astonished him by their hilarity.

On reaching Bradford we found our worst fears realized. The old lady was rapidly declining, and for three days had been vainly calling for her grandson. When he arrived he brought to her a great flood of comfort, and with her hand in his, she descended into the dark valley. What words she spoke I never knew. I was only sure that she went out of her earthly life in an atmosphere of the most devoted filial affection, that words of Christian counsel and prayer were tenderly spoken to her deafening senses, and that hands bathed in tears closed her eyes.

The funeral was the largest and most remarkable I had ever seen in Bradford, and Henry went back to his home, its owner and master.

On the day following the funeral my father was summoned to listen to the reading of Mrs. Sanderson's will. We were all surprised at this, and still more surprised to learn, when he returned, that the house in which he lived had been bequeathed to him, with an annuity which would forever relieve me from supporting him after he should cease to labor. This I knew to be Henry's work. My father was the father of his future wife, and to save him the mortification of being dependent on his children, he had influenced Mrs. Sanderson to do that which he or I should be obliged to do at some time not far in the future.

My father was very grateful and tearful over this unexpected turn in his fortunes. My mother could not realize it at all, and was sure there must be some mistake about it. One of the most touching things in the prayer offered that night at our family altar was the earnest

petition by this simple and humble saint, that his pride might not be nourished by this good fortune.

After this the matter came to a natural shape in the good man's mind. It was not Mrs. Sanderson's gift. She had been only the almoner of Providence. The God whom he had trusted, seeing that the time of helplessness was coming, had provided for his necessities, and relieved him of all apprehension of want, and, more than all, had relieved me of a burden. Indeed, it had only fulfilled a life-long expectation. His natural hopefulness would have died amid his hard life and circumstances if it had not fed itself upon dreams.

I am sure, however, that he never felt quite easy with his gift, so long as he lived, but carried about with him a sense of guilt. Others—his old companions in labor—were not blessed with him, and he could not resist the feeling that he had wronged them. They congratulated him on his "luck," as they called it, for they were all his friends, but their allusions to the matter always pained him, and he had many an hour of torment over the thought that some of them might think him capable of forgetting them, and of pluming his pride upon his altered circumstances.

It was, perhaps, a fortnight after the death of Mrs. Sanderson, that Henry came to my father's house one morning, and asked me when I intended to begin business. I informed him that I had already been looking for an eligible office, and that I should begin the practice of the law as soon as the opportunity might come. Then he frankly told me that looking after his multiplied affairs was very distasteful to him, and that he wished, as soon as possible, to place everything in my hands. He advised me to take the best and most central chambers I could find, and offered me, at little more than a nominal rent, a suite of rooms in one of his own buildings. I took the rooms at once, and furnished them with such appointments and books as the savings of three industrious years could command, and Henry was my first, as he has remained my constant, client. The affairs of the Sanderson estate, of which I knew more than any man except Mrs. Sanderson's lawyer, were placed in my hands, where they remain at this present writing. The business connected with them was quite enough for my support in those days of moderate expenses and incomes, but they brought me so constantly into contact with the business men of the city that, gradu-

ally, the tide of legal practice set towards me, until, in my maturer years, I was almost overwhelmed by it. I was energetic, enthusiastic, persevering, indomitable, and successful; but amid all my triumphs there was nothing that gave me such pure happiness as my father's satisfaction with my efforts.

I never engaged in an important public trial for many years, in which he was not a constant attendant at the court-house. All the lawyers knew him, and my position commanded a seat for him inside the bar. Every morning he came in, leaning on his cane, and took the seat that was left or vacated for him, and there, all day long, he sat and watched me. If for a day he happened to be absent, I missed the inspiration of his interested face and approving eyes, as if he were a lover. My office was his lounging-place, and my public efforts were his meat and drink. A serener, sweeter old age than his I never saw, and when, at last, I missed him—for death came to him as it comes to all—I felt that one of the loveliest lights of my life had gone out. I have never ceased to mourn for him, and I would not if I could.

A year after I commenced the practice of my profession, Mr. Grimshaw had exhausted his narrow lode and gone to mine in other fields. Naturally, Henry was called upon temporarily to fill the vacant pulpit, and, quite as naturally, the people learned in a few weeks that they could serve themselves no better than by calling him to a permanent pastorate. This they did, and as he was at home with them, and every circumstance favored his settlement over them, he accepted their invitation. On the day of his ordination—a ceremony which was very largely attended—he treated his new people to a great surprise. Before the benediction was pronounced, he descended from the pulpit, took his way amid the silence of the congregation to my father's pew, and then led my sister Claire up the broad aisle to where an aged minister stood waiting to receive them, and join them in holy wedlock. The words were few which united these two lives that had flowed in closely parallel currents through so long a period, but they were spoken with great feeling, and amid the tears of a crowd of sympathetic friends. So the church had once more a pastor, and The Mansion once more a mistress; and two widely divided currents of the Bonnicastle blood united in

the possession and occupation of the family estate.

I do not need to give the details of my own marriage, which occurred a few months later, or of our first experiments at house-keeping in the snug home which my quick prosperity enabled me to procure, or of the children that came to bless us in the after-years. The memory of these events is too sweet and sacred to be unveiled, and I cannot record them, though my tears wet the paper as I write. The freshness of youth has long passed away, the silver is stronger than the jet among the curls of the dear woman who gave herself to me, and bore in loving pain, and reared with loving patience, my priceless flock of children; my own face is deeply furrowed by care and labor and time; but those days of young love and life never come back to me in memory save as a breeze across a weary sea from some far island loaded with odors of balm and whis-pers of blessing.

Thank God for home and woman! Thank God a thousand times for that woman who makes home her throne. When I remember how bright and strong a nature my young wife possessed—how her gifts and acquisitions and her whole personality fitted her to shine in society as a center and a sun—and then recall her efforts to serve and solace me, and train my children into a Christian manhood and womanhood, until my house was a heaven, and its presiding genius was regarded with a love that rose to tender adoration—I turn with pity, not unmingled with disgust, from those I see around me now, who cheapen marriage and the motherly office and home, and choose and advocate courses and careers of life independent of them all.

Neither Henry's marriage nor my own was in the slightest degree romantic—hardly romantic enough to be of interest to the average reader.

It was better so. Our courtships were long and our lives were so shaped to each other that when marriage came it was merely the warrant and seal of a union that had already been established. Each lover knew his love, and no misunderstandings supervened. The hand of love, by an unconscious process, had shaped each man to his mate, each woman to her mate, before they were joined, and thus saved all after-discords and collisions. All this may be very uninteresting to outsiders, but to those concerned it was harmony, satisfaction and peace.

(To be continued.)

"THE LIBERTY OF PROTESTANTISM."

A DENIAL.

"AN ORTHODOX MINISTER," whose article on this subject appears in the July number of SCRIBNER'S, has suffered himself to make misstatements which should be corrected, and to advocate false sentiments which should be exposed. For, by an ingenious interweaving of these delusions, he has succeeded in manufacturing a very formidable-looking accusation against Protestant Christianity which her enemies will not be slow to use.

There is the greater necessity of correction, because An Orthodox Minister is himself misled in the matter. For the most part, the errors which he maintains are not his own. He is to be credited with little else than the production of an apparent and plausible unity by an ingenious commingling of distinct and unrelated errors. The article under consideration is his, but its misstatements of facts and its false sentiments are older than he, and they have acquired something of the conservative force of age.

An Orthodox Minister asserts, in general, that—

"... there is neither liberty of thought nor of conscience allowed those within the pale of orthodox Protestantism."

Descending to particulars, he continues :

"If left to adult years to choose for themselves, they have the liberty to adopt one of many different creeds. But, having once done so, their liberty of private judgment ceases ; for henceforth the judgment of their creed-framer becomes the limit and measure of their own. They may not transcend the limits of thought fixed by their creed, except at risks which few will dare to take."

Again, he says :

"If this mode of treatment is unjust toward those who have entered the church intelligently and responsibly, it becomes a gross abuse of liberty in the case of a large majority of doubters who join the church in early youth, before they are capable either of investigating or understanding its creed."

Again :

"There can be no doubt that there are thousands in Protestant churches to-day, who, if required publicly to renew the same confession of faith which they made when they entered the church, could not do it conscientiously. But the church accepts their external adherence, though cognizant of their

heart-defection, and thus becomes *particeps criminis* to a system of deceit which effectually undermines all integrity of character," etc., etc.

Speaking now of the ministry as distinguished from the church-fellowship in general, he says that "A slight suspicion of heterodoxy is usually sufficient to hedge up the way of a minister in any of the orthodox churches," and devotes a paragraph to showing how the way is "hedged up," and then adds :

"Few ministers are willing to incur such penalties, even for the precious boon of liberty. Hence the majority suppress their best convictions; trim down their sermons and other productions to a rigid conformity with the creed." While into the midst of these crude, blundering assertions is injected the fearful accusation that the church is herein habitually guilty of "debauching the conscience for the sake of preserving the creed intact."

Had all this been asserted of some single unnamed sect, one might have assumed the correctness of the statements, and have passed by the false sentiment in silence. But when the whole series of damning accusations is so boldly and so indiscriminately hurled against the whole body of "orthodox Protestantism," the reader is forced upon a dilemma of unpleasant conclusions, and silence becomes impossible. One horn of the dilemma is utterly untenable—that which presents the truth of An Orthodox Minister's assertions. We are left uncertain whether those assertions would hold good of his own sect (reckoning him to be so narrow-minded as to suppose that sect to be pretty much all there is of "orthodox Protestantism"), or whether, without that "investigation" which he so vehemently commends, he has taken up and exaggerated an error which prevails chiefly among the illiterate.

In the sect whose rolls bear the name of An Orthodox Minister, the evils of which he complains *may* be found to prevail, to some extent. When, however, he asserts that they prevail in the churches of orthodox Protestantism generally, when he implies (as he does) that no large or influential sect of this great body is free from them, when he charges deliberate and persistent debauchery of conscience on the whole body, and ha-

bitual suppression of their best convictions on the majority of its ministers, and when he does all this under the name of *An Orthodox Minister*, he utters slanders so varied and so terrible as to demand exposure and merit rebuke.

At the very outset, then, we challenge An Orthodox Minister's *facts*. He has misapprehended the facts, to say the least. It is not true of "those within the pale of orthodox Protestantism" that "if left to adult years to choose for themselves they have" simply, and only, as is plainly implied, "the liberty to adopt one of many different creeds." Nor is it true of any who may wish to *come* within the pale of orthodox Protestantism, come they whence they may. Nor is it in any sense true of any, or of all of these, as church-members, that, having once made this choice, "their liberty of private judgment ceases" as to creeds. Nor yet is it true of those "who join the church in early youth, before they are capable either of investigating or understanding its creed," that they accept this creed "unquestioningly and blindly at first," as is asserted by indirection. Nor do they accept it, "unquestioningly and blindly," *nor otherwise*, at any later period than "at first," so long as they remain simply church-members.

An Orthodox Minister is either ignorant of, or he has forgotten the sect known as the Disciples, which is large and influential, numbering over half a million of communicants, and controlling several prosperous institutions of learning. This sect takes part with the evangelicals in Bible Meetings, Sabbath-School Associations, and local union services of various sorts, and is generally recognized as essentially orthodox. Now these Disciples have absolutely no written or formal creed of any kind, for any purpose. It is alleged, with truth probably, that there prevails among them so much of an unwritten creed, a kind of common-law in matters of faith, as serves to give some appearance of homogeneity to the teachings of their ministers. But this has nothing to do with the reception of church-members, and there is nothing in it to bind even its ministers. This fact is so well understood that no proof is needed.

So, then, by going to this sect, any adult or young person may escape all imposition of creed, and yet remain within the pale of orthodox Protestantism, An Orthodox Minister to the contrary notwithstanding.

Or, such an one may go to the Presbyterians with equal safety. He may become a

member, and may remain a member so long as he lives, and never be asked to accept a creed. Now surely the Presbyterians are within the bounds of orthodox Protestantism. We think we are, at least. It may not be generally understood,—although it would be hard to say why—but it is true, that the applicant for admission to the communion-table in this denomination, is not asked to accept any creed as his own. He must accept the Lord Jesus, and must profess his faith in Him. He must, further, betray enough "knowledge to discern the Lord's body," as the phrase is; that is, he must not be so ignorant as to prevent his getting a reasonable benefit from the Lord's Supper. This is all. Nor does he ever give in his adhesion to the church creed, unless he chooses, on election, to accept ordination to the office of Deacon, Elder, or Minister.

Some minute sect of Presbyterians, perhaps even more than one, may be found, who exceed this law. There may be some ill-informed Sessions in each sect who do it. But their excess finds no warrant in the standards of the church, nor in any prevailing custom of the denomination.

Other denominations may require a creed of their members. But, even were it true that all the others do so, it remains that these two exceptions utterly invalidate the sweeping charge which An Orthodox Minister makes against orthodox Protestantism.

The applicant may go further, however, and fare but little, if any, worse, in this respect. He may go to the Baptists, or to the Congregationalists. He may there meet with a somewhat different *written* law, perhaps. He may find it necessary to make formal acceptance of some very brief creed; although even this is not always required in these denominations. Where it is required, however, the little creed is usually little else, to the applicant, than a mere instrument, a probe to reveal his piety, and his "knowledge to discern the Lord's body." The method may be somewhat different, but the aim is undoubtedly much the same in these denominations as in those before referred to. The little creed may be used, but it is used chiefly as a test or measure of the applicant's *act* in turning from sin to holiness, from self to Christ. An Orthodox Minister may assert that the instrument is an awkward one. Grant it; it still does not appear that "debauchery of conscience" and "suppression of the best convictions" are necessitated, or even that they are natural or frequent consequents. It is undoubtedly well understood that the creed

with these churches, *generally*—so far as the applicant is concerned—is a mere instrument for revealing that intelligent choice by him, without which all adult membership of any church of Christ were a mockery. And if, after the member has matured his habits of thought, he find his beliefs assuming a somewhat different garb from that worn earlier, there is no "debauchery of conscience" in permitting him to remain in good standing in the church, *always provided* that he consistently adhere to and manifest that choice of which church-membership is the expression.

These instances furnish a sufficient refutation of the sweeping accusation laid at the doors of orthodox Protestantism. Further, it is believed that they afford a sufficient specimen of the whole body to warrant the use of the assertion that "Orthodox Protestantism, *generally*, refuses to bind her communicants by explicit creeds." It certainly cannot be true, for instance, that Arminians are less liberal than the much-berated Calvinists and the close-communication Baptists!

It is believed that the *prevailing* idea—certainly the idea of several denominations, and of many churches in still other sects—is, that the church was designed by its Founder to be, in part, the home of the immature Christian, the uninstructed babe in Christ. This idea is certainly acted on by the Disciples universally, by the Presbyterians generally, and by many, at least, among other denominations. Indeed, it is believed to be the *prevailing* practice in the orthodox Protestant churches.

If it be claimed, however, that the method or methods alluded to *imply* a creed, and fetter Christian liberty, it is sufficient to reply that church-membership as indicated by the Founder of the church, is for those who turn from sin to Him. If this turning, when done intelligently, implies belief in certain facts, as it does, it is only as *all* action proceeds upon belief; and this action which Christ requires, must be required of applicants by the church, let it imply creed or not. If this will not satisfy An Orthodox Minister, he must go elsewhere than to Christ for his authority in church matters, or must take the liberty of improving on His teachings. Categorically, the requirement of whatever is essential to *turning to Christ* can impose no needless fetters on *Christian* liberty, and this is the only specific liberty which the *Christian* church is warranted in guaranteeing to her members.

We challenge another of An Orthodox Minister's facts. We do not believe of our orthodox Protestant ministry that "the ma-

jority suppress their best convictions, trim down their sermons and other productions to a rigid conformity to their creed." This is simply incredible. Not only because, as we shall see, there is very inadequate occasion for such suppression on the part of the most, but also because, if the assertion be true, the majority of the orthodox Protestant ministry are unworthy of respect as honest men. It is not proposed to make this page and its writer ridiculous by assuming the burden of proof of the question here raised. Not even the bold assertion of An Orthodox Minister can make the charge of such dishonesty, on the majority of our ministers, respectable enough to demand a proved denial.

All assertions which are based on the mis-statements so far noticed, need no further disproof, and all further reference to details, in respect of them, may safely be omitted.

There yet needs to be a reference, however, to certain false notions of *rights* which An Orthodox Minister evidently holds. He seems, by his merely implying them, to hold them as axioms; they are false notions nevertheless.

One of these is, that believers have not the right to associate themselves together as a church of Christ—the right, so far as outsiders and the question of liberty are concerned—under a bond of any of the Christian creeds they may choose. Who shall deny them this right? Who shall deny them the right to forbid entrance to their circle save on the assumption of the same bond by the intrant? How is he injured by the refusal? The writer does not think this scheme of church-fellowship the wisest one. He thinks the church wiser which receives Christians to its fold while they are young and untaught in the faith, and unable, therefore, to adopt such a bond intelligently. This is the idea and habit of many—if not of most—Protestants. But if others wish to take the other course, who shall hinder them by the cry of tyranny? They are not the only Christians. They have not a monopoly of the means of grace. Let the applicant go where it suits him better. Perhaps some of the Baptist and of the Congregationalist churches, perhaps some whole denominations, act on this plan. What then? Would An Orthodox Minister be so inconsistent, while pleading for liberty, as to deny to those Christians the use of their liberty to associate together on any terms on which as Christians they might agree?

It seems also to be a notion of his that the church, in such a case, plays the tyrant on its members because, forsooth, *they do not*

want to leave it. It is "the church they love, and around which are entwined the fondest memories of their childhood and youth." Yet they doubt or reject its creed, now that their convictions have matured; but the tyranny of the church compels them to give "an outward adherence" still! Not at all. Suppose that they did not love their church, that they had no such attachment as would lead them to prefer remaining at the cost of hypocrisy: then they would want to go out. There would be no "bondage" then, would there? But the only difference in the case supposed, is because of the attachment formed to the church. Is the church responsible for that attachment? Is it tyranny to draw the hearts of the members into such attachment? And yet this is the only possible anchorage that tyranny can have in the case.

The rather, such members merit rebuke, and it is not fair to arouse our sympathy for them. That sympathy rather belongs to the church which they harm by their false attitude. *The church is no tyrant when she compels a man to follow his conscience.* The man who sacrifices his love of truth, his honor, to mere attachment, is unworthy of sympathy for his false position, however much we may sympathize with him on other grounds; and the church which shall effect his removal from that false position deserves to be applauded, not condemned. An Orthodox Minister is pleading the case of men with a very weak conscience, who, perchance, may need the very hardship which he would avert.

It is a false notion, again, that it is a useless or wanton hardship for the average minister, of orthodox Protestantism, to be pledged to a creed.

The minister has time for investigation before he need subscribe. His mind has been trained in logic, he has from two to four years of mature manhood to devote to the express work of investigation, during which period he may at any time turn aside from the ministry without dishonor or without serious loss in any way, and he may do this even at the close of this period; or he may wait still longer, until his convictions shall become settled. He is then fully, fairly and sharply examined. Even yet he may honorably and without serious loss turn from the ministry. If he do not, he is then bound, in many respects.

But shall it be expected, in ordinary cases, that there will be change of view in any matter of vital importance, after all this preparation? Certainly not; and usually there

is no such change. An Orthodox Minister is pleading the case of some ministers who are very much in the ridiculous plight of certain young men in debt who plead the statute called "the baby-act."

Still, it is said, it is probable that there will be change or development in some minor matters, and there ought to be. To be sure; and the most comprehensive creed in use among Protestants permits such change and development, to the fullest extent to which most men who were well educated before ordination will care to claim it—permits it, without loss of denominational standing or influence. There is large room for development, while yet one remains honorably bound by his creed.

Yet still, it is urged, *some cases* will be found where these limits prove too narrow for honor and conscience. Perhaps so; *probably* so. What then?—Here arises to the surface another sentiment so manifestly false that it is marvelous how An Orthodox Minister could suffer himself to use it in his plea. It is urged that it is a *hardship* to any one who finds himself heterodox, to follow his conscience, and that *therefore* the imposition of a creed which shall drive the heretic out is an infringement of liberty. Perhaps this sequence was not meant; it is manifestly illogical. What, then, is meant? Is it that church-members have not the right to demand limits beyond which the religious teachers of their children shall not go? It is certainly the right of any one, knowing, as we all do know, that the young and even the old ordinarily fall in, in most respects, with the teachings of their pastor, to require of him limits and measures of his teachings; that is, a creed. Why has he not this right? Why has not an assemblage of churches—a sect, if you please—the right to agree on this basis of action? If there is no sin when one church uses it, there is none in the use of it by two churches, by a dozen, a thousand; and these unite and form the sect. If, then, the *sect* requires its ministers to subscribe to the creed which it maintains, what harm results? Whose right is infringed? Practically—in the Presbyterian church, for example—a large number of the heads of families do make this demand of the church at large, and all the other members agree with them, allowing them that right. They have it; it would be bondage indeed were they to be deprived of it. But if the church shall ordain ministers without the imposition of the creed upon them, these Christian people are deprived of a cherished right, and are made subjects of bondage, and

they must leave the church which their money has built on the basis of the now-violated contract. Would An Orthodox Minister produce us this bondage? The course he advocates would most certainly result in its establishment.

And yet he advocates the cause of the few—they are the few, as must appear from considerations already adduced—who find themselves tempted to remain in the ministry at the cost of honor. How does he propose to remedy their hard lot? *By infringing upon the rights of the people who have a right to demand, and who practically agree in demanding, creed-subscription.* He would secure this liberty of these few ministers at the cost of such wholesale "bondage!"

The rather, let them take up their hardship, and endure it, for conscience' sake. Let them withdraw from the church against whose tenets their convictions are aroused.

At this point we are confronted with another false notion, implied, as if it were an axiom not needing direct statement. *The temptations* which this pervert meets with, in the way of his leaving the church whose doctrines he disbelieves, are so great as to reduce him to bondage. And *the responsibility for this bondage is laid*, not upon the weak conscience which yields, nor upon the temptation which conquers, but *upon the church!*

True, there are temptations; but shall one's manhood surrender to them? If he be not man enough to resist "the hope of preferment on the one hand," and the relegation to "silence and obscurity" on the other, if he refuse for conscience's sake to suffer loss—the necessary loss—of denominational influence, of prospects, of place, then he is already too great a coward to be worthy the high office of a Christian minister; too great a coward to be worthy a hearing when his piteous whine is uttered to the public. Let him call into action that courage which his love of truth, his freedom of thought, is designed to develop, and let him enter the lists in other company. No danger that he shall not find the company! There is almost no heresy that is not some-

where maintained in the pulpit nowadays. Or, let him strike out alone, as a Luther, a Calvin, and a Knox have done before him; else let him confess that his independence of thought has not made him a man of such sturdy integrity as they manifested. Or, let him desist from preaching, if that be necessary for conscience' sake. Let him follow his trade; let him follow the plow if need be; other ministers have done the like before him, when questions of health drove them from the pulpit. God does not call all to be ministers; let him serve God in some other walk of life. Or, if he be not strong enough for this self-sacrifice, let him remain the craven that he is, and let him not charge the guilt of his dishonor on creeds or churches, but hold his peace, and bear the accusations of his conscience as his due.

It is astonishing that any man should make so pitiful a plea as An Orthodox Minister has made for so small a specimen of manhood as fills his eye. It is astonishing beyond measure that one who is himself in fellowship with them, should assert that a majority of our clergy are such poltroons. More, it is incredible. The ministry of orthodox Protestantism is composed of no such mean-spirited men. There may be a few such among them; there doubtless are; else we had not heard such unmanly complaints. It is a pity that An Orthodox Minister should have had his ear turned in their direction; more pity that he had not more fully investigated their claim before endorsing it before the public. Pity; for he runs a narrow risk, among the uncharitable, of being himself held in low esteem as one of that unhappy class of men who wear the garb of the orthodox Protestant ministry while yet they disbelieve its utterances; who are such arrant hypocrites (An Orthodox Minister is our authority for the assertion that there are such, else we dare not make it) as to "suppress their best convictions, trim down their sermons and other utterances to a rigid conformity with their creed," because they are such cravens that they cannot follow conscience at the cost of hardship.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

VIII.

When in hours of fear and failing,
 All but quite our heart despairs ;
 When, with sickness driven to wailing,
 Anguish at our bosom tears ;
 When our loved ones we remember ;
 All their grief and trouble rue ;
 And the clouds of our December
 Let no beam of hope shine through ;

Then, oh then ! God bends him o'er us ;
 Then his love grows very clear ;
 Long we heavenward then—before us
 Lo, his angel standing near !
 Fresh the cup of life he reaches ;
 Whispers courage, comfort new ;
 Nor in vain our prayer beseeches
 Rest for the beloved too.

IX.

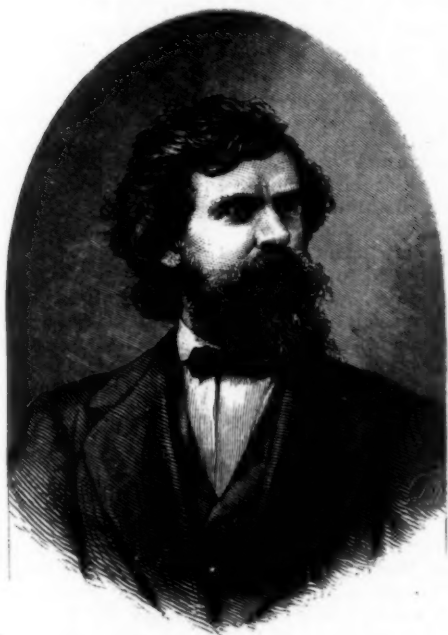
Of a thousand hours me meeting
 And on life's path gayly greeting,
 One alone hath kept its faith ;—
 That wherein—ah, sorely grieved !—
 In my heart I first perceived
 Who for us hath died the death.

All my world to dust was beaten ;
 As a worm had through them eaten,
 Withered in me heart and bloom ;
 All my life had sought or cherished,
 In the grave had from me perished ;
 Anguish only was my doom.

While I thus, in silence pining,
 Ever wept, my life resigning,
 And but waste and woe descried ;
 All at once the night was cloven,
 From my grave the stone was hoven,
 And my inner doors thrown wide.

Whom I saw, and who the other,
 Ask me not, my friend, my brother !—
 Sight to fill eternal eyes !
 Lone in all life's eves and morrows,
 This one moment, like my sorrows,
 Shining open ever lies.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"Who knows," wrote Mr. Beecher to Mr. Bonner, in a droll letter which conveyed his acceptance of the proposition to write a story for the *Ledger*—"who knows but that some future critic may refer to me as that celebrated novelist (who sometimes preached)?" If the critic of the future shall undertake to tell how many other things Edward Eggleston has done besides preaching sermons and writing novels, he will have a job on his hands. Though he was born in Southern Indiana, of Virginian ancestors, and never before he came to New York had lived nearer to New England than Minnesota (measuring by the scale of civilization rather than the scale of miles), he would pass very cleverly for the typical Yankee, who knows how to do everything, from the tinkering of a clock to the construction of a theodicy. This versatility of employment has been his fate rather than his choice, albeit it has brought him a knowledge of life larger than he could have gained if he had had the ordering of all his affairs.

Vevay, Indiana, a picturesque village on the banks of the Ohio river, was his birth-place, and he was born in the last month of

that disastrous "'37," whose record of financial ruin has been familiar to some of us from infancy. His father, who was a lawyer of literary tastes, and who was a member of the State Senate and a candidate for Congress long before the era of salary-grabs, died when Edward was nine years old, bequeathing to him little more than a passion for books. The remaining years of his boyhood were spent in farm labor, and as a clerk in a country store; part of the time in a rude Hoosier neighborhood, where Jeems Phillips, the champion speller, yet abides, and where families by the name of Meany still worship God in a Hard-shell church; and part of the time in Milford, a town on "Clefty Creek," in the interior of the State, where the greater part of the materials for *The Hoosier School-master* were gathered.

The marriage of his mother to an eminent Methodist Doctor of Divinity in Indiana, gave him what the people of his neighborhood would call "a right smart chance of travel," and secured to him the opportunity of seeing as much of life as can be found in the river-towns of his native State. He was a sickly boy, never able to endure the con-

finement of the school-room. One year he spent in quest of health among his father's relatives in Virginia, and while there enjoyed such facilities of instruction as the sons of Southern planters were able to get in their native State; but all his knowledge of "schools and schoolmasters" was gained in a little more than two years. Apart from this he is wholly self-educated. A little Latin, less Greek, more Italian and Spanish, and of French a plenty, he has acquired without a teacher; the rest of his education has come through a wide reading of English literature.

In May, 1856, this sickly student went to Minnesota. He was supposed to be suffering from pulmonary disease, and it was thought that the dry and bracing air of the rolling prairies would provide the medicament he needed. The four months of this first residence in the Gopher State were spent almost wholly out of doors. He made himself useful on a farm; he joined the chain-gang of a surveying party; and finally he picked up the secret of the divine Daguerre, and took, for aught we know, not only in his mind's eye but also in his photographer's camera, the portraits of Mr. Plausaby and The Superior Being. Very much of what he knows about Metropolisville was obtained in this brief sojourn in Minnesota. The fury of speculation was then just raging through the State, and the mysteries of the land-grabbers were fully unveiled to his keen vision.

During that autumn he returned to his native State, and getting astride a pair of saddle-bags, rode a Hoosier "circuit" in the winter of 1856-7, having then reached the ripe age of nineteen years. Just when his theological education was acquired we do not know—his step-father had, no doubt, assisted in it; but the probability is, that the greater part of his theology was absorbed. At any rate he seems to have taken it the natural way; it is incorporated into his life; it is organized, rather than systematized, theology, and none the worse for that, to my thinking.

Dr. Eggleston always speaks with enthusiastic sympathy of the life of the pioneer preacher. The fidelity, the self-sacrifice, the sturdy heroism of the average Methodist circuit-preacher are to him worthy of all admiration. In some particulars his opinions have changed since he rode that first circuit in Indiana, but he has never unlearned his regard for the faithful men who hold forth the word of life to the dwellers on the border. The new story upon which he is now at work, and whose title is, "The Circuit-Preacher: a

Tale of the Heroic Age," will illustrate this phase of life more perfectly, we may well believe, than it has yet been done. The writer has never set himself a more congenial task.

In the spring of 1857 he returned to Minnesota, and there continued his ministry in the Methodist connection, preaching in St. Paul, Winona, Stillwater, St. Peter, and other places. His health was still infirm, and his ministerial life was continually broken, compelling frequent resort to various other avocations, "always honest," as he himself testifies, "but sometimes very undignified."

In 1866 he quitted the active ministry, in which he had, in spite of his infirmities, won a good degree. His health had become so precarious that the care of a church was too great a burden. Chicago was his next halting place, and there, as editor of *The Little Corporal* magazine for six months, and afterward as resident Bohemian, he began to make his mark in children's literature. *The Book of Queer Stories*, and *Stories told on a Cellar-Door*, found their way into covers, and the children cried for them, of course. It was his love for children, and his success in writing for them, which led him at length into the Sunday-school work. As a speaker at Sunday-school conventions, as a manager of Sunday-school teachers' institutes, and finally as editor of the Chicago *Sunday-School Teacher*, he made for himself a national reputation. No speaker was in greater request at the anniversaries; no writer succeeded so well in impressing his ideas upon the Sunday-school workers and in getting his methods put in practice. And the best of it was, that his ideas were for the most part singularly fresh, unconventional, and practicable. The cant and the clap-trap of the average Sunday-school conventionist he held in infinite disgust, and stupidity and sensationalism found in him an impartial foe. A very large and fruitful chapter of Edward Eggleston's life is that which describes his Sunday-school work, in which, though he is now less actively employed, he still has abundant interest.

During his residence in Chicago he became the correspondent of *The Independent*, over the signature of "Penholder." His correspondence gained him so much credit in the office of that newspaper, that he was invited in the spring of 1870 to become the literary editor, and he accordingly removed to New York. Some of the best work he has ever done was done in this department of journalism. As a critic of miscellaneous literature he is entitled to take rank among the best in

America. His perceptions are quick, his sympathies are catholic, his power of expression is remarkable; and by these qualifications, as well as by his wide knowledge of the world as well as of books, he is eminently fitted for the work of criticism. Since Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold have lived and written, it is not necessary to say that criticism has a place in the highest order of literary work.

In January, 1871, Dr. Eggleston became superintending editor of *The Independent*, and his success as a manager was undoubted. In August of the same year he withdrew from the paper and assumed the charge of *Hearth and Home*, which he edited with marked ability for a year, when he retired from journalism to devote himself to the free pursuit of literature.

While in the *Independent* office, Dr. Eggleston had written three or four short stories for SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, which were widely quoted. The knowledge of life and the power of characterization displayed in these sketches encouraged his friends to believe that a larger venture in the field of fiction would not be rash; and in the autumn of 1871 he began, in *Hearth and Home*, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*. It was at once discovered that in the description of life in Southern Indiana the writer had struck a new and productive lead, and of the skill with which he has worked it in *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* and *The End of the World*, it is hardly necessary to speak. His *Mystery of Metropolisville*, which also appeared in the same journal, is somewhat less real than the other two stories, partly because the reinforced Yankee of the Northwest is less known to the writer than the promoted "poor white" of the Pocket; and partly because the work, unless I mistake, was done with less premeditation than either of the others.

By these stories Dr. Eggleston has established his claim to be counted among American novelists. Of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* 25,000 copies have been sold; of *The End of the World* 18,000; and of *The Mystery of Metropolisville*, 11,000 were ordered before publication. Scarcely any American story-writer, except the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and the author of *Little Women*, can show figures like these to testify of immediate success. All of these stories have been republished in England, in cheap editions, and *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* has had the honor of a translation into the French *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This translation I have

not seen, but it would be interesting to know what is French for "right smart" and "Ge-whilleky crickets!"

This wide recognition may perhaps be taken as evidence that these stories are not without merit. What the public has said with such emphasis, the critics are likely to repeat, for substance; though these gentlemen are sure to put in their little qualifications. This is plain, to begin with: that Dr. Eggleston is a close and sympathetic student of human nature, and that his characters and the incidents of his stories are drawn from the life. We can scarcely point to any truer work in American fiction than some of the character-drawing in his first two stories. He has given us, thus far, chiefly *genre* pictures; but art of this sort requires as fine a pencil and as large a sympathy as that of a more pretentious nature.

As contributions to the history of civilization in America, these stories are also valuable. In *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, Dr. Eggleston has given us as faithful a picture of life in Southern Indiana, twenty-five years ago, as Bret Harte has given us of "The Argonauts of '49," or as Scott has given us, in *Ivanhoe*, of life in England after the Norman conquest. The life thus described is, like that described by Bret Harte, only one episode in this great epic of our civilization; and the description of it is only one study for the complete picture of our national life; but it is of immense value for all that to all who want to know what manner of nation this has been and is to be.

The chief defect of these stories is in the plot. In this respect they are no more faulty than some of the stories of George MacDonald, yet those who read novels for the action rather than the philosophy, may have cause of complaint against them. The characterization is careful and artistic; the author's power of criticism assures us of that; but his power of construction has not yet been so fully demonstrated. I do not think that this power is wanting. The reason why it has not been more perfectly shown may be found in the haste with which the work is done. It is less than two years since Dr. Eggleston withdrew from *The Independent*, yet in that time he has put three considerable novels within covers, and is well on his way with a fourth, besides having made large, almost weekly, contributions to contemporary journalism. For a man who lacks the robust physique of Walter Scott, it is plain that this will never do. Dr. Eggleston is wasting his resources. He must take more time for

rest, and when he works he must work under less pressure.

If he will but give his mind a fair chance, and if he will but study his plans and the unities of structure a little more carefully,

he will, I am sure, prove himself not only a keen critic of life and manners, but a skillful architect of what men miscall fiction, forgetting that the ideal life is the most perfect reality.

A HOLIDAY.

ONE day we left our cares behind,
And trimmed our sails at early morn
And by the willing western wind
Far o'er the sea were borne.
We left behind the city's din ;
We found a world new-made from night ;—
At every sense there entered in
Some subtle, fresh delight.
The west wind rocked us as we lay
Within the boat, and idly scanned
The dim horizon far away
For some fair, unknown land.
And on and on we drifted thus,
Not caring whither we might roam ;—
For all the world, that day, to us
Was Paradise, was home.
And as we sailed, a sweet surprise
Of comfort in the present, grew ;—
We saw old things with clearer eyes,
We dreaded less the new.
The past and future seemed to blend ;
Remembrance missed her shadow, grief ;
Anticipation was a friend,
And hope became belief.
The strangeness vanished out of life ;
Affliction dropped its stern disguise ;
And suffering, weariness and strife
Were changed before our eyes.
So, but more clear, from hills of God,
Our life on earth one day shall show ;
And the dim path that here we trod
With purest light shall glow.
Too quickly sped the hours away ;—
The evening brought us home again ;
And after that brief holiday
Came toil, and care, and pain.
Yet like a peaceful dream, that long
Will steal into the waking thought,
Or like a well-remembered song,
That happy tears has brought,—
That bright, brief summer holiday,
The willing wind, the sea, the sky,
Gave gifts no winter takes away,
And hopes that cannot die.

THE BIRDS OF THE POETS.

"In summer, when the shawes be shene,
 And leaves be large and long,
 It is full merry in fair forest
 To hear the fowles' song,
 The wood-wels sang, and wolde not cease,
 Sitting upon the spray;
 So loud, it wakened Robin Hood
 In the greenwood where he lay."

It might almost be said that the birds are all birds of the poets and of no one else, because it is only the poetical temperament that fully responds to them. So true is this, that all the great ornithologists—original namers and biographers of the birds—have been poets in deed if not in word. Audubon is a notable case in point, who, if he had not the tongue or pen of the poet, certainly had the eye and ear and heart—"the fluid and attaching character"—and the singleness of purpose, the enthusiasm, the unworldliness, the love, that characterizes the true and divine race of bards.

So had Wilson, though perhaps not in as large a measure; yet he took fire as only a poet can. While making a journey on foot to Philadelphia, shortly after landing in this country, he caught sight of the red-headed woodpecker flitting among the trees—a bird that shows like a tri-colored scarf among the foliage,—and it so kindled his enthusiasm that his life was devoted to the pursuit of the birds from that day. It was a lucky hit. Wilson had already set up as a poet in Scotland, and was still fermenting when the bird met his eye and suggested to his soul a new outlet.

The very idea of a bird is a symbol and a suggestion to the poet. A bird seems to be at the top of the scale, so vehement and intense is his life—large brained, large lunged, hot, ecstatic, his frame charged with buoyancy and his heart with song. The beautiful vagabonds, endowed with every grace, masters of all climes, and knowing no bounds,—how many human aspirations are realized in their free holiday-lives—and how many suggestions to the poet in their flight and song!

Indeed, is not the bird the original type and teacher of the poet, and do we not demand of the human lark or thrush that he "shake out his carols" in the same free and spontaneous manner as his winged prototype? The old minnesingers and early ballad-writers, how surely they have learned of the birds, taking their key-note from the blackbird, or the woodlark, or the thrush, and giving ut-

terance to a melody as simple and unstudied. Such things as the following were surely caught from the fields or the woods:—

"She sat down below a thorn,
 Fine flowers in the valley,
 And there has she her sweet babe born,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely."

—or the best lyric pieces, how like they are to certain bird-songs,—clear, ringing, ecstatic, and suggesting that challenge and triumph which the outpouring of the male bird contains. (Is not the genuine singing, lyrical quality essentially masculine?) Keats and Shelley, perhaps, more notably than any other English poets, have the bird-organization and the piercing wild-bird cry. This of course is not saying that they are the greatest poets, but that they have preëminently the sharp semitones of the sparrows and larks.

But when the general reader thinks of the birds of the poets he very naturally calls to mind the renowned birds, the lark and nightingale, Old-World melodists, embalmed in Old-World poetry, but occasionally appearing on these shores, transported in the verse of some callow singer. Even Bayard Taylor speaks of

"Larks responding aloft to the mellow flute of the bluebird."

The very oldest poets, the towering antique bards, seem to make little mention of the song-birds. They loved better the soaring, swooping birds of prey, the eagle, the ominous birds, the vultures, the storks and cranes, or the clamorous sea-birds and the screaming hawks. These suited better the rugged, war-like character of the times and the simple, powerful souls of the singers themselves. Homer must have heard the twittering of the swallows, the cry of the plover, the voice of the turtle and the warble of the nightingale; but they were not adequate symbols to express what he felt or to adorn his theme. Æschylus saw in the eagle "the dog of Jove," and his verse cuts like a sword with such a conception.

It is not because the old bards were less as poets, but that they were more as men. To strong, susceptible characters the music of nature is not confined to sweet sounds. The defiant scream of the hawk circling aloft, the wild whinney of the loon, the whooping of the crane, the booming of the bittern, the vulpine bark of the eagle, the loud trumpeting of the migratory geese sounding down out of the midnight sky; or by the sea-shore, the

coast of New Jersey or Long Island, the wild crooning of the flocks of gulls, repeated, continued by the hour, swirling sharp and shrill, rising and falling like the wind in a storm, as they circle above the beach, or dip to the dash of the waves—are much more welcome in certain moods than any and all mere bird-melodies, in keeping as they are with the shaggy and untamed features of ocean and woods, and suggesting something like the Richard Wagner music in the ornithological orchestra.

It is to the literary poets and to the minstrels of a softer age that we must look for special mention of the song-birds and for poetical rhapsodies upon them. The nightingale is the most general favorite, and nearly all the more noted English poets have sung her praises. To the melancholy poet she is melancholy, and to the cheerful she is cheerful. The *Passionate Pilgrim* makes her ditty "doleful," while Martial calls her the "most garrulous" of birds. Milton sang—

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy,
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evening song."

To Wordsworth she told another story:—

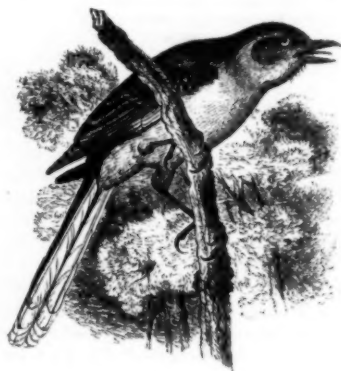
"O nightingale! thou surely art
A creature of exultant heart;
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the god of wine
Had helped thee to a valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night,
And steady bias, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves."

In a like vein Coleridge sang:—

"'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast, thick warble his delicious notes."

I mention the nightingale only to point my remarks upon its American rival, the famous mocking-bird of the Southern States, which is also a nightingale—a night-singer—and which no doubt excels the Old-World bird in the variety and compass of its powers. The two birds belong to totally distinct families, there being no American species which answers to the European nightingale, as there are that answer to the robin, the cuckoo, the blackbird and numerous others. Philomel has the color, manners and habits of a thrush—our hermit-thrush—but it is not a thrush at all, but a warbler. I gather from the books that its song is protracted and full rather than melodious,—a capricious, long-continued

warble, doubling and redoubling, rising and falling, issuing from the groves and the great gardens, and associated in the minds of the



MOCKING-BIRD (*MIMUS POLYGLOTTUS*).

poets with love and moonlight and the privacy of sequestered walks. All our sympathies and attractions are with the bird, and we do not forget that Arabia and Persia are there back of its song.

Our nightingale has mainly the reputation of the caged bird, and is famed mostly for its powers of mimicry, which are truly wonderful, enabling the bird to exactly reproduce and even improve upon the notes of almost any other songster. But in a state of freedom it has a song of its own which is infinitely rich and various. It is a garrulous polyglot when it chooses to be, and there is a dash of the clown and the buffoon in its nature which too often flavors its whole performance, especially in captivity; but in its native haunts, and when its love-passion is upon it, the serious and even grand side of its character comes out. In Alabama and Florida its song may be heard all through the sultry summer-night. A friend of Thoreau and a careful observer, who has resided in Florida, tells me that this bird is a much more marvelous singer than it has the credit of being. He describes a habit it has of singing on the wing on moonlight nights, that would be worth going South to hear. Starting from a low bush, it mounts in the air and continues its flight apparently to an altitude of several hundred feet, remaining on the wing a number of minutes, and pouring out its song with the utmost clearness and abandon—a slowly-rising musical rocket that fills the night-air with harmonious sounds. Here are both the lark and nightingale in one; and if poets were as plentiful down South as

they are in New England, we should have heard of this song long ago, and had it celebrated in appropriate verse.

[Since the above lines were written, a friend has sent me a sonnet on the mocking-bird by the Southern poet Wilde, in which I see this trait is duly credited.]

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Winged mimic of the woods ! thou motley fool,
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe ?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.
Wit—sophist—songster—Yorick of thy tribe.
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school,
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch scoffer, and mad Abbot of Misrule !
For such thou art by day—but all night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou did'st in this, thy moonlight-song,
Like to the melancholy Jacques, complain,
Musing on falsehood, violence, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

Aside from this sonnet, the mocking-bird has got into poetical literature, so far as I know, in only one notable instance, and that in the page of a poet where we would least expect to find him—a bard who habitually bends his ear only to the musical surge and rhythmus of total nature, and is as little wont to turn aside for any special beauties or points as the most austere of the ancient masters. I refer to Walt Whitman's "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking," in which the mocking-bird plays a part. The poet's treatment of the bird is entirely ideal and eminently characteristic. That is to say, it is altogether poetical and not at all ornithological; yet it contains a rendering or free translation of a bird-song—the nocturn of the mocking-bird, singing and calling through the night for its lost mate—that I consider quite unmatched in our literature.

Once, Paumanok,
When the snows had melted, and the Fifth-month grass was
growing,
Up this seashore, in some briars,
Two guests from Alabama—two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs, spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near at hand,
And every day the she-bird, crouch'd on her nest, silent, with
bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing
them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine ! shine ! shine !
Pour down your warmth, great Sun !
While we bask—we two together.

Two together !
Winds blow South, or winds blow North,
Day come white, or night come black,
Hunt, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, winding no time,
If we two but keep together.

Till of a sudden,
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,
Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appear'd again.

And thenceforward, all summer, in the sound of the sea,
And at night, under the full of the moon, in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals, the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow ! blow ! blow !
Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumanok's shore !
I wait and I wait, till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long, on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down, almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He call'd on his mate ;
He pour'd forth the meanings which I, of all men, know.

Soothe ! soothe ! soothe !
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping, every
one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon—it rose late
O it is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes, pushes upon the land,
With love—with love.

O night ! do I not see my love fluttering out there among
the breakers ?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white ?

Loud ! loud ! loud !
Loud I call to you, my love !
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves ;
Surely you must know who is here, is here ;
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon !
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow ?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate !
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

Land ! land ! O land !
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate
back again, if you only would ;
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars !
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with
some of you.

O throat ! O trembling throat !
Sound clearer through the atmosphere !
Pierce the woods, the earth ;
Somewhere listening to catch you, must be the one I want.

Shake out, carols !
Solitary here—the night's carols !
Carols of lonesome love ! Death's carols !
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon !
O, under that moon, where she droops almost down into the
sea !
O reckless, despairing carols.

*But soft! sink low;
Soft! let me just murmur;
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea;
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint—I must be still, be still to listen;
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.*

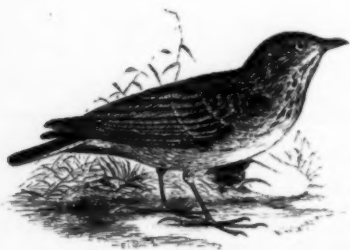
*Hither, my love!
Here I am! Here!
With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you;
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.*

*Do not be decoy'd elsewhere!
That is the whistle of the wind—it is not my voice;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray;
Those are the shadows of leaves.*

*O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.*

The bird that occupies the second place to the nightingale in British poetical literature is the skylark, a pastoral bird, as the Philomel is an arboreal,—a creature of light and air and motion, the companion of the plowman, the shepherd, the harvester,—whose nest is in the stubble and whose tryst is in the clouds. Its life affords that kind of contrast which the imagination loves—one moment a plain pedestrian-bird, hardly distinguishable from the ground, the next a soaring, untiring songster, reveling in the upper air, challenging the eye to follow him and the ear to separate his notes.

The lark's song is not especially melodious, but lithesome, sibilant and unceasing. Its type is the grass, where the bird makes its home, abounding, multitudinous, the notes nearly all alike and all in the same key, but rapid, swarming, prodigal, showering down as thick and fast as drops of rain in a summer-shower.



MISSOURI SKYLARK (NEOCORYS SPRAGUEI).

Many noted poets have sung the praises of the lark or been kindled by his example. Shelley's ode, and Wordsworth's, "To a Skylark," are well known to all readers of poetry, while every school-boy will recall Hogg's poem, beginning—

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matins o'er woodland and lea."

I heard of an enthusiastic American who went about English fields hunting a lark with Shelley's poem in his hand, thinking no doubt to use it as a kind of guide-book to the intricacies and harmonies of the song. He reported not having heard any larks, though I have little doubt they were soaring and singing about him all the time, though of course they did not sing to his ear the song that Shelley heard. The poets are the best natural historians, only you must know how to read them. They translate the facts largely and freely. A celebrated lady once said to Turner, "I confess, I cannot see in nature what you do." "Ah, madam," said the complacent artist, "don't you wish you could!"

Shelley's poem is perhaps better known and has a higher reputation among literary folk than Wordsworth's, but I like the latter best. Shelley's is too long, though no longer than the lark's song; but the lark cannot help it, and Shelley can.

Wordsworth is nearer the fact, and he uses no bird-lime either. His lark is as free and soaring as Shelley's.

"Up with me! up with me, into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me, into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With all the heavens about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!"

I have walk'd through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a fairy
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Up with me, up with me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky!
Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scornful,
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest;
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth

To be such a traveler as I.
Happy, happy liver!
With a soul as strong as a mountain-river,
Pouring out praise to th' Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!
Hearing thee, or else some other,
As merry a brother,
I on earth will go plodding on,
By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done."

But better than either—better and more than a hundred pages—is Shakspeare's simple line—

"The lark at heaven's gate singing."

We have no well-known pastoral bird in the eastern States that answers to the skylark. The American pipit or titlark and the shore-lark, both birds of the far North, and seen in the States only in fall and winter, belong to this species, and are said to sing on the wing in a



HERMIT THRUSH (TURDUS SWAINSONI).

similar strain. Common enough in our woods are two birds that have many of the habits and manners of the lark—the water-thrush and the golden-crowned thrush, or oven-bird. They are both walkers, and the latter frequently sings on the wing up aloft after the manner of the lark. Starting from its low perch, it rises in a spiral flight far above the tallest trees, and breaks out in a clear, ringing, ecstatic song, sweeter and more richly modulated than the skylark's, but brief, ceasing almost before you have noticed it; whereas the skylark goes singing away after you have forgotten him and returned to him half a dozen times.

But in the West, in Dakotah, and along the Platte and Yellowstone rivers, it seems we have a genuine skylark (Sprague's Lark), an excelsior songster, that from far up in the transparent blue rains down its notes for many minutes together. It is probably a lineal descendant of the European species, and is, no doubt, destined to figure in the future poetical literature of the Yellowstone.

Throughout the northern and eastern parts of the Union the lark would find a dangerous rival in the bobolink, a bird that has no European prototype, and no near relatives anywhere—standing quite alone, unique, and, in the qualities of hilarity and musical tinnitabulation, with a song unequaled. He has already a secure place in general literature, having been laureated by a no less poet than Bryant, and invested with a lasting human charm in the sunny page of Irving,

—and is the only one of our songsters, I believe, the mocking-bird cannot parody or imitate. He affords the most marked example of exuberant pride, and a glad, rollicking, holiday spirit that can be seen among our birds. Every note expresses complacency and glee. He is a beau of the first pattern, and, unlike any other bird of my acquaintance, pushes his gallantry to the point of wheeling gayly into the train of every female that comes along, even after the season of courtship is over and the matches all settled; and when she leads him on too wild a chase, he turns lightly about and breaks out with a song that is precisely analogous to a burst of gay and self-satisfied laughter, as much as to say, "*Ha! ha! ha! I must have my fun, Miss Silverthimble, thimble, thimble, if I break every heart in the meadow, see, see, see!*"

At the approach of the breeding-season the bobolink undergoes a complete change; his form changes, his color changes, his flight changes. From mottled brown or brindle he becomes black and white, earning, in some localities, the shocking name of "skunk-bird;" his small, compact form becomes broad and conspicuous, and his ordinary flight is laid aside for a mincing, affected gait, in which he seems to use only the very tips of his wings. It is very noticeable what a contrast he presents to his mate at this season, not only in color but in manners, she being as shy and retiring as he is forward and hilarious. Indeed, she seems disagreeably serious and indisposed to any fun or jollity, skurrying away at his approach, and apparently annoyed at every endearing word and look. It is surprising that all this parade of plumage and tinkling of cymbals should be gone through with and persisted in to please a creature so coldly indifferent as she really seems to be. If Robert O'Lincoln has been stimulated into acquiring this holiday uniform and this musical gift by the approbation of Mrs. Robert, as Darwin, with his sexual selection principle would have us believe, then there must have been a time when the females of this tribe were not quite so chary of their favors as they are now. Indeed, I never knew a female bird of any kind that did not appear utterly indifferent to the charms of voice and plumage that the male birds are so fond of displaying. But I am inclined to believe that the males think only of themselves and of outshining each other, and not at all of the approbation of their mates, as, in an analogous case in a higher species, it is well known who the females dress for and whom they want to kill with envy!

I know of no other song-bird that expresses so much self-consciousness and vanity, and comes so near being an ornithological coxcomb. The red-bird, the yellow-bird, the indigo-bird, the oriole, the cardinal grosbeak and others, all birds of brilliant plumage and musical ability, seem quite unconscious of self, and neither by tone nor act challenge the admiration of the beholder.



BOBOLINK (DOLICHONYX ORYZIVORUS).

By the time the bobolink reaches the Poto-mac, in September, he has degenerated into a game-bird that is slaughtered by tens of thousands in the marshes. I think the prospects now are of his gradual extermination, as gunners and sportsmen are clearly on the increase, while the limit of the bird's productivity in the north has no doubt been reached long ago. There are no more meadows to be added to his domain there, while he is being waylaid and cut off more and more on his return to the south. It is gourmand eat gourmand, until in half a century more I expect the blithest and merriest of our meadow songsters will have disappeared before the rapacity of human throats.

But the poets have had a shot at him in good time, and have preserved some of his traits. Bryant's poem on this subject does not compare with his lines "To a Water-Fowl,"—a subject so well suited to the peculiar, simple and deliberate motion of his mind; at the same time it is fit that the poet who sings of "The Planting of the Apple-Tree," should render into words the song of "Robert of Lincoln." I subjoin a few stanzas:—

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink:

Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat.
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

But it has been reserved for a practical ornithologist, Mr. Wilson Flagg, to write by far the best poem on the bobolink that I have yet seen. It is much more in the mood and spirit of the actual song than Bryant's poem.

THE O'LINCON FAMILY.

A flock of merry singing-birds were sporting in the grove:
Some were warbling cheerily, and some were making love:
There were Bobolincos, Wadolincons, Winterseebles, Conquedles,—
A livelier set was never led by tabor, pipe, or fiddle,—
Crying, "Phew, shew, Wadolincon, see, see, Bobolincos,
Down among the tickle-tops, hiding in the buttercups!
I know the saucy chap, I see his shining cap
Bobbing in the clover there—see, see, see!"

Up flies Bobolincos, perching on an apple-tree,
Startled by his rival's song, quickened by his railery,
Soon he spies the rogue afloat, curveting in the air,
And merrily he turns about, and warns him to beware!
"Tis you that would a-wooing go, down among the rushes O!
But wait a week, till flowers are cheery,—wait a week, and
ere you marry,
Be sure of a house wherein to tarry!
Wadolink, Whiskodink, Tom Denny, wait, wait, wait!"

Every one's a funny fellow; every one's a little mellow:
Follow, follow, follow, follow, o'er the hill and in the hollow!
Merrily, merrily, there they his; now they rise and now they
fly:
They cross and turn, and in and out, and down in the middle,
and wheel about,—
With a "Phew, shew, Wadolincon! listen to me, Bobolincos!—
Happy's the wooing that's speedily doing, that's speedily doing,
That's merry and over with the bloom of the clover!
Bobolincos, Wadolincons, Winterseebles, follow, follow me!"

Many persons, I presume, have admired Wordsworth's poem on the cuckoo, without recognizing its truthfulness, or how thoroughly the description applies to our own species. If the poem had been written in New England or New York, it could not have suited our case better.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers:
And unto me thou bring'st a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

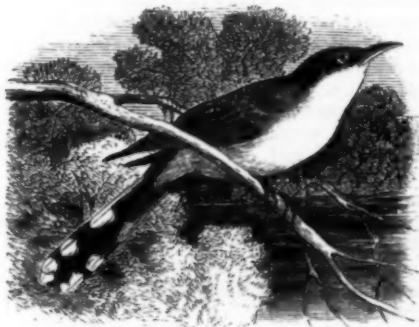
The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to: the cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green:
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still loog'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet:
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!

The European cuckoo is a larger bird than ours and differently colored, and has different habits; but from Wordsworth's poem I judge it is the same solitary wanderer repeating its loud, guttural call in the depths of the forest, and well calculated to arrest the



YELLOW-BILLED CUCKOO (*COCCYZUS AMERICANUS*).

attention of a poet who was himself a kind of cuckoo, a solitary voice, syllabing the loneliness that broods over streams and woods:

"At once far off and near."

Our cuckoo is not a spring bird, being seldom seen or heard in the north before June. He is a great devourer of canker-worms, and when these pests appear he

comes out of his forest seclusion and makes excursions through the orchard stealthily and quietly, regaling himself upon those pulpy, fuzzy tidbits. His coat of deep brown has a silky gloss and is very beautiful. His note or call is not especially musical, but is loud, and has in a remarkable degree the quality of remoteness and introvertedness. It is like a vocal legend, and to the farmer bodes rain.

It is worthy of note, and illustrates some things said further back, that birds not strictly denominated songsters but cryers, like the cuckoo, have been quite as great favorites with the poets and received as affectionate treatment at their hands as the song-birds. One readily recalls Emerson's "Titmouse," Trowbridge's "Pewee," Celia Thaxter's "Sandpiper," and others of a like character.

So far as external appearances are concerned—form, plumage, grace of manner, etc., no one ever had a less promising subject than had Trowbridge in the "Pewee." This bird, if not the plainest dressed, is the most unshapely in the woods. It is stiff and abrupt in its manners and sedentary in its habits, sitting around all day, in the dark recesses of the woods, on the dry twigs and branches, uttering now and then its plaintive cry, and "with many a flirt and flutter" snapping up its insect-game.

The pewee belongs to quite a large family of birds, all of whom have strong family traits, and who are not the most peaceable and harmonious of the sylvan folk. They are pugnacious, harsh voiced, angular in form and movement, with flexible tails and broad, flat, bristling beaks that stand to the face at the angle of a turn-up nose. Their heads are large, neck and legs short, and elbows sharp. The wild Irishman of them all is the great crested flycatcher, a large leather-colored or sandy-complexioned bird that prowls through the woods, uttering its harsh, uncanny note and waging fierce warfare upon its fellows.

The exquisite of the species, and the braggart of the orchard, is the kingbird, a bully that loves to strip the feathers off its more timid neighbors like the bluebird, that feeds on the stingless bees of the hive, the drones, and earns the reputation of great boldness by teasing large hawks, while it gives a wide berth to little ones.

The best-beloved of them all is the phoebe-bird, one of the firstlings of the spring, of whom so many of our poets have made affectionate mention.

The wood-pewee is the sweetest voiced, and notwithstanding the ungracious things I have said of it, and of its relations, merits to the

full all Trowbridge's pleasant fancies. His poem is indeed a very careful study of the bird and its haunts, and is good poetry as well as good ornithology.

The listening Dryads hushed the woods ;
The boughs were thick, and thin and few
The golden ribbons fluttered through ;
Their sun-embroidered leafy hoods
The lindens lifted to the blue ;
Only a little forest-brook
The farthest hem of silence shook ;
When in the hollow shades I heard,—
Was it a spirit or a bird ?
Or, strayed from Eden, desolate,
Some Peri calling to her mate,
Whom nevermore her mate would cheer ?
"Pe-ri ! pe-ri ! peer !"

To trace it in its green retreat
I sought among the boughs in vain ;
And followed still the wandering strain,
So melancholy and so sweet.
The dim-eyed violets yearned with pain.
'Twas now a sorrow in the air,
Some nymph's immortalized despair
Haunting the woods and waterfalls ;
And now, at long, sad intervals,
Sitting unseen in dusky shade,
His plaintive pipe some fairy played,
With long-drawn cadence thin and clear,—
"Pe-wee ! pe-wee ! peer !"

Long-drawn and clear its closes were—
As if the hand of Music through
The sombre robe of Silence drew
A thread of golden gossamer ;
So pure a flute the fairy blew.
Like beggared princes of the wood,
In silver rags the birches stood ;
The hemlocks, lordly counselors,
Were dumb ; the sturdy servitors,
In beechen jackets patched and gray,
Seemed waiting spellbound all the day
That low, entrancing note to hear,—
"Pe-wee ! pe-wee ! peer !"



PEWEE (CONTOPUS BOREALIS).

I quit the search, and sat me down
Beside the brook, irresolute,
And watched a little bird in suit
Of sombre olive, soft and brown,
Perched in the maple-branches, mute ;

With greenish gold its vest was fringed,
Its tiny cap was ebony-tinged,
With ivory pale its wings were barred,
And its dark eyes were tender-starred.
"Dear bird," I said, "what is thy name ?"
And thrice the mournful answer came,
So faint and far, and yet so near,—
"Pe-wee ! pe-wee ! peer !"

For so I found my forest-bird,—
The peewee of the loneliest woods,
Sole singer in these solitudes,
Which never robin's whistle stirred,
Where never bluebird's plume intrudes,
Quick darting through the dewy morn,
The redstart thrilled his twittering horn
And vanished in thick boughs ; at even
Like liquid pearls fresh showered from heaven,
The high notes of the lone wood-thrush
Fell on the forest's holy hush :
But thou all day complainest here,—
"Pe-wee ! pe-wee ! peer !"

Emerson's best natural-history poem is the "Humblebee"—a poem as good in its way as Burns's poem on the mouse ; but his later poem, "The Titmouse," has many of the same qualities, and cannot fail to be acceptable to both poet and naturalist.

The chickadee is indeed a truly Emersonian bird, and the poet shows him to be both a hero and a philosopher. Hardy, active, social, a winter-bird no less than a summer, a defier of both frost and heat, lover of the pine-tree, and diligent searcher after truth in the shape of eggs and larvæ of insects, pre-eminently a New England bird, clad in black and ashen gray, with a note the most cheering and reassuring to be heard in our January woods,—I know of none other of our birds so well calculated to captivate the Emersonian muse.

Emerson himself is a northern hyperborean genius—a winter-bird with a clear, saucy, cheery call, and not a passionate summer songster. His lines have little melody to the ear, but they have the vigor and distinctness of all pure and compact things. They are like the needles of the pine—"the snow-loving pine"—more than the emotional foliage of the deciduous trees, and the titmouse becomes them well.

"Up and away for life ! be fleet !—
The frost-king ties my flumming feet,
Sings in my ears, my hands are stones,
Curdles the blood to the marble bones,
Tugs at the heart-strings, numbs the sense,
And hems in life with narrowing fence.
Well, in this broad bed lie and sleep,
The punctual stars will vigil keep,
Embalmed by purifying cold,
The wind shall sing their dead-march odd,
The snow is no ignoble shroud,
The moon thy mourner, and the cloud.

"Softly,—but this way fate was pointing,
 'Twas coming fast to such anointing.
 When piped a tiny voice hard by,
 Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
Chic-chicadeedee! saucy note,
 Out of sound heart and merry throat,
 As if it said 'Good day, good sir!
 Fine afternoon, old passenger!
 Happy to meet you in these places,
 Where January brings few faces.'

"This poet, though he lived apart,
 Moved by his hospitable heart,
 Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,
 To do the honors of his court,
 As fits a feathered lord of land:
 Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,
 Hopped on the bough, then darting low,
 Prints his small impress on the snow,
 Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
 Head downward, clinging to the spray.

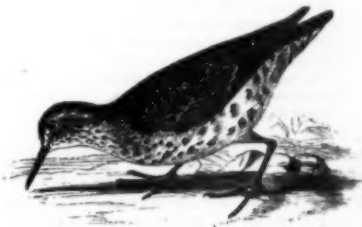
"Here was this atom in full breath,
 Hurling defiance at vast death;
 This scrap of valor just for play
 Fronts the north-wind in waistcoat gray,
 As if to shame my weak behavior:
 I greeted loud my little savior,
 'You pet! what dost here? and what for?
 In these woods, thy small Labrador,
 At this pinch, wee San Salvador!
 What fire burns in that little chest,
 So frolic, stout and self-possessed?
 Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine:
 Ashes and jet all hues outshine.
 Why are not diamonds black and gray?
 And I affirm the spacious north
 Exists to draw thy virtue forth.
 I think no virtue goes with size:
 The reason of all cowardice
 Is, that men are overgrown,
 And to be valiant, must come down
 To the timouse dimension.'

"I think old Cæsar must have heard
 In northern Gaul my dauntless bird,
 And, echoed in some frosty wold,
 Borrowed thy battle-numbers bold.
 And I will write our annals new,
 And thank thee for a better clew,
 I, who dreamed not when I came here
 To find the antidote of fear,
 Now hear thee say in Roman key,
Pean! Veni, vidi, vici."

One of the latest bird-poems I have met with, and one of the best, is Celia Thaxter's "Sandpiper," which recalls Bryant's "Water-fowl" in its successful rendering of the spirit and atmosphere of the scene and the distinctness with which the lone bird, flitting along the beach, is brought before the mind. It is a woman's, or a feminine, poem, as Bryant's is characteristically a man's.

The sentiment or feeling awakened by any of the aquatic fowls is preëminently one of loneliness. The wood-duck which your approach starts from the pond or the marsh, the loon neighing down out of the April sky, the wild goose, the curlew, the stork, the bit-

tern, the sandpiper, etc., awaken quite a different train of emotions from those awakened by the land-birds. They all have hanging about them some reminiscence and suggestion of the sea. Their cries echo its wildness and desolation; their wings are the shape of its billows.



SPOTTED SANDPIPER (*TRINGOIDES MACULARIUS*).

Of the sandpipers there are many varieties, found upon the coast and penetrating inland along the rivers and water-courses, the smallest of the species, commonly called the "tip-up," going up all the mountain-brooks and breeding in the sand along their banks; but the characteristics are the same in all, and the eye detects little difference except in size.

The walker on the beach sees him running or flitting before him, following up the breakers and picking up the aquatic insects left on the sands; and the trout-fisher along the farthest inland stream likewise intrudes upon its privacy. Flitting along from stone to stone seeking its food, the hind part of its body "teetering" up and down, its soft, gray color blending it with the pebbles and the rocks; or else skimming up or down the stream on its long convex wings, uttering its shrill cry, the sandpiper is not a bird of the sea merely; and Mrs. Thaxter's poem is as much for the dweller inland as the dweller upon the coast.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I;
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
 The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
 As up and down the beach we flit,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud black and swift across the sky;
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white light-houses high.
 Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong.
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood-fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Others of our birds have been game for the poetic muse, as the oriole, the humming-bird, the robin, the sparrow, the bluebird, etc., but I recall no other cases in which the poets have hit their marks so fairly. Halleck did not succeed in putting in verse the charm of the bluebird, nor has Lowell caught anything characteristic of the hawk in "The Falcon." The swallow has eluded all the poets I know of who have sought to capture him, and the humming-bird escapes through the finest meshes of rhyme. One of our minor poets, however, came near securing him in a poem of which the following are the first two stanzas:—

Little green hunter in meadows of air!
Busy, blithe buzzer 'mid odorous bowers!
Are you a bird, say, or something more rare,
Kin to the butterfly?—flirting with flowers,
Kissing, caressing them,
Hulling them, dressing them,
All the day long through the blue balmy hours!
Bright little, light little, slight little hummer,
Lover of sunshine and lover of Summer!

Never a song to the flowers do you sing,
Only you murmur them mysteries sweet;
Then as if angered, away do you spring
Swift as a sunbeam—your pinions are fleet!
Strangely capricious bird,
Darling, delicious bird,
Passions how mixed, in your bosom must meet!
Bright little, light little, slight little hummer,
Lover of sunshine and lover of Summer!

If the canary were a native of our tree-tops, instead of the imported parlor ornament and nuisance he so frequently is, I should be tempted to treat the readers of this Magazine again to Mr. Stedman's midsummer carol, "The Songster," which appeared in these pages two years ago. The poem is certainly a great success in the face of what has al-

ready been achieved in bird-poems. I can only wish that this poet's muse would woo with like fervor and attraction some wild unpetted thing of our own fields or woods.

The most melodious of our songsters, the wood-thrush and hermit-thrush—birds whose strains, more than any others, express harmony and serenity—have not, as I am aware of, yet had reared to them their merited poetic monument—unless indeed the already-named poet of the mocking-bird has done this service for the hermit-thrush in his "President Lincoln's Burial Hymn." Here the threnody is blent of three chords, the blossoming lilac, the evening star, and the hermit-thrush, the latter playing the most prominent part throughout the composition. It is the exalting and spiritual utterance of the "solitary singer" that calms and consoles the poet, when the powerful shock of the President's assassination comes upon him, and he flees from the stifling atmosphere and offensive lights and conversation of the house,

"forth to hiding, receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the
dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still,"

Numerous others of our birds would seem to challenge attention by their calls and notes. There is the Maryland yellow-throat, for instance, standing in the door of his bushy tent, and calling out as you approach, "*which way, sir!*" "*which way, sir!*" If he says this to the ear of common folk, what would he not say to the poet? One of the pewees says "*stay there!*" with great emphasis. The cardinal grosbeak calls out "*what cheer,*" "*what cheer;*" the bluebird says "*purity,*" "*purity,*" "*purity;*" the brown-thrasher, or ferruginous thrush, according to Thoreau, calls out to the farmer planting his corn, "*drop it,*" "*drop it,*" "*cover it up,*" "*cover it up.*" The yellow-breasted chat says "*who,*" "*who,*" and "*tea-boy.*" What the robin says, caroling that simple strain from the top of the tall maple, or the crow with his hardy *caw-caw*, or the pedestrian meadow-lark sounding his piercing and long-drawn note in the spring meadows, the poets ought to be able to tell us. I only know the birds all have a language which is very expressive, and which is easily translatable into the human tongue.

A HEART-SONG.

HAST thou a song, O singer of mine,
 A little song to cheer the heart;
 Like well-wrung drops of the choicest wine,
 Pressed in a vineyard far apart?

One that was caught in flying by—
 A little song to cheer the heart;
 Like the voice of a bird, on branches high,
 Deep in a forest, far apart.

One that has come like morning air—
 A little song to cheer the heart;
 Like the breath of a kiss on the brow of care,
 Blessing a life that dwells apart.

Sing me that song, O singer of mine,
 That little song to cheer the heart:
 Whisper it light as a word divine
 Unto a watcher far apart.

A MIDSUMMER IDYL.

WITHIN the shade by willows made,
 In softest summer weather,
 We sat beside the rippling tide—
 My love and I together.

Through clouds of white, with softened light,
 The harvest moonbeams shimmered;
 And on the stream a silvery beam
 With diamond luster glimmered.

The summer breeze, from fragrant trees,
 Delicious odors brought us;
 While sounds from o'er the farther shore
 In blended sweetness sought us.

And so we, too,—as in us grew
 The sense of peace so gentle—
 Attuned our song to Nature's throng,
 Beneath the evening's mantle.

We talked not much, but the soft touch
 Of hands, and eyes oft meeting,
 Told more by far than words declare,
 As heart to heart gave greeting.

Then, midnight come, we loitered home,—
 Like brother now and sister,
 "To cheat surprise and prying eyes"—
 Till at the gate I kissed her.

AN EPISODE OF FIDDLETOWN.

II.

BY BRET HARTE.



"WHY, IT'S JOHN! MAMMA—IT'S OUR OLD JOHN!"

WHEN it was fairly known that Mrs. Tretherick had run away, taking Mr. Tretherick's own child with her, there was some excitement and much diversity of opinion in Fiddletown. *The Dutch Flat Intelligencer* openly alluded to the "forcible abduction" of the child with the same freedom, and it is to be feared the same prejudice, with which it had criticised the abductor's poetry. All of Mrs. Tretherick's own sex, and perhaps a few of the opposite sex whose distinctive quality was not, however, very strongly indicated, fully coincided in the views of the *Intelligencer*. The majority, however, evaded

the moral issue; that Mrs. Tretherick had shaken the red dust of Fiddletown from her dainty slippers was enough for them to know. They mourned the loss of the fair abductor more than her offense. They promptly rejected Tretherick as an injured husband and disconsolate father, and even went so far as to openly cast discredit upon the sincerity of his grief. They reserved an ironical condolence for Colonel Starbottle, overbearing that excellent man with untimely and demonstrative sympathy in bar-rooms, saloons and other localities not generally deemed favorable to the display of sentiment. "She was alliz a skittish thing, Kernel," said one sympathizer with a fine affectation of gloomy concern and great readiness of illustration, "and it's kinder nat'r'il thet she'd get away some day and stampede that theer colt, but she should shake *you*, Kernel, thet she should just shake *you*—is what gits me. And they do say thet you jist hung around thet hotel all night, and pay-rolled them corridors and histed yourself up and down them stairs, and meandered in and out o' thet piazzas, and all for nothing?" It was another generous and tenderly commiserating spirit that poured additional oil and wine on the Colonel's wounds. "The boys yer let on thet Mrs. Tretherick prevailed on ye to pack her trunk and a baby over from the house to the stage offis, and that the chap ez *did* go off with her thanked you and offered you two short bits and sed ez how he liked your looks and ud employ you agin—and now you say it aint so? Well—I'll tell the

boys it aint so, and I'm glad I met you for stories *do* get round."

Happily for Mrs. Tretherick's reputation, however, the Chinaman in Tretherick's employment, who was the only eye-witness of her flight, stated that she was unaccompanied except by the child. He further deposed that obeying her orders he had stopped the Sacramento coach and secured a passage for herself and child to San Francisco. It was true that Ah Fe's testimony was of no legal value. But nobody doubted it. Even those who were skeptical of the Pagan's ability to recognize the sacredness of the truth admitted his passionless, unprejudiced unconcern. But it would appear from an hitherto unrecorded passage of this veracious chronicler that herein they were mistaken.

It was about six months after the disappearance of Mrs. Tretherick that Ah Fe, while working in Tretherick's lot, was hailed by two passing Chinamen. They were the ordinary mining coolies, equipped with long poles and baskets for their usual pilgrimages. An animated conversation at once ensued between Ah Fe and his brother Mongolians—a conversation characterized by that usual shrill volubility and apparent animosity which was at once the delight and scorn of the intelligent Caucasian who did not understand a word of it. Such at least was the feeling with which Mr. Tretherick on his veranda and Col. Starbottle, who was passing, regarded their heathenish jargon. The gallant Colonel simply kicked them out of his way; the irate Tretherick with an oath threw a stone at the group and dispersed them. But not before one or two slips of yellow rice paper marked with hieroglyphics were exchanged, and a small parcel put into Ah Fe's hands. When Ah Fe opened this, in the dim solitude of his kitchen, he found a little girl's apron, freshly washed, ironed and folded. On the corner of the hem were the initials "C. T." Ah Fe tucked it away in a corner of his blouse, and proceeded to wash his dishes in the sink with a smile of guileless satisfaction.

Two days after this Ah Fe confronted his master. "Me no likee Fiddletown. Me belly sick. Me go now." Mr. Tretherick violently suggested a profane locality. Ah Fe gazed at him placidly and withdrew.

Before leaving Fiddletown, however, he accidentally met Col. Starbottle and dropped a few incoherent phrases which apparently interested that gentleman. When he concluded, the Col. handed him a letter and a twenty-dollar gold piece. "If you bring me

an answer I'll double that—Sabe, John?" Ah Fe nodded. An interview equally accidental, with precisely the same result, took place between Ah Fe and another gentleman, whom I suspect to have been the youthful editor of the *Avalanche*. Yet I regret to state that, after proceeding some distance on his journey, Ah Fe calmly broke the seals of both letters, and after trying to read them upside down and sideways, finally divided them into accurate squares, and in this condition disposed of them to a brother Celestial whom he met on the road for a trifling gratuity. The agony of Col. Starbottle on finding his wash-bill made out on the unwritten side of one of these squares, and delivered to him with his weekly clean clothes, and the subsequent discovery that the remaining portions of his letter were circulated by the same method from the Chinese laundry of one Fung Ti of Fiddletown has been described to me as peculiarly affecting. Yet I am satisfied that a higher nature, rising above the levity induced by the mere contemplation of the insignificant details of this breach of trust, would find ample retributive justice in the difficulties that subsequently attended Ah Fe's pilgrimage.

On the road to Sacramento he was twice playfully thrown from the top of the stage-coach by an intelligent but deeply intoxicated Caucasian, whose moral nature was shocked at riding with one addicted to opium smoking. At Hangtown he was beaten by a passing stranger—purely an act of Christian supererogation. At Dutch Flat he was robbed by well-known hands from unknown motives. At Sacramento he was arrested on suspicion of being something or other and discharged with a severe reprimand—possibly for not being it, and so delaying the course of justice. At San Francisco he was freely stoned by children of the public schools, but by carefully avoiding these monuments of enlightened progress he at last reached in comparative safety the Chinese quarters, where his abuse was confined to the police and limited by the strong arm of the law.

The next day he entered the wash-house of Chy Fook as an assistant, and on the following Friday was sent with a basket of clean clothes to Chy Fook's several clients.

It was the usual foggy afternoon as he climbed the long wind-swept hill of California street—one of those bleak gray intervals that made the summer a misnomer to any but the liveliest San Franciscan fancy. There was no warmth or color in earth or sky; no light nor shade within or without, only one monotonous

universal neutral tint over everything. There was a fierce unrest in the wind-whipped streets, there was a dreary vacant quiet in the gray houses. When Ah Fe reached the top of the hill the Mission ridge was already hidden, and the chill sea-breeze made him shiver. As he put down his basket to rest himself, it is possible that to his defective intelligence and heathen experience this "God's own climate," as it was called, seemed to possess but scant tenderness, softness or mercy. But it is possible that Ah Fe illogically confounded this season with his old persecutors, the school children, who, being released from studious confinement, at this hour were generally most aggressive. So he hastened on, and, turning a corner, at last stopped before a small house.

It was the usual San Franciscan urban cottage. There was the little strip of cold green shrubbery before it; the chilly bare veranda, and above this again the grim balcony on which no one sat. Ah Fe rang the bell; a servant appeared, glanced at his basket, and reluctantly admitted him as if he were some necessary domestic animal. Ah Fe silently mounted the stairs, and, entering the open door of the front chamber, put down the basket and stood passively on the threshold.

A woman who was sitting in the cold gray light of the window, with a child in her lap, rose listlessly and came toward him. Ah Fe instantly recognized Mrs. Tretherick, but not a muscle of his immobile face changed, nor did his slant eyes lighten as he met her own placidly. She evidently did not recognize him as she began to count the clothes. But the child, curiously examining him, suddenly uttered a short glad cry,

"Why it's John! Mamma—it's our old John what we had in Fiddletown."

For an instant Ah Fe's eyes and teeth electrically lightened. The child clapped her hands and caught at his blouse. Then he said, shortly, "Me John—Ah Fe—allee same. Me know you. How do?"

Mrs. Tretherick dropped the clothes nervously and looked hard at Ah Fe. Wanting the quick-witted instinct of affection that sharpened Carrie's perception, she even then could not distinguish him above his fellows. With a recollection of past pain and an obscure suspicion of impending danger she asked him when he had left Fiddletown.

"Longee time. No likee Fiddletown, no likee Tlevelick. Likee San Flisco. Likee washee. Likee Tally."

Ah Fe's laconics pleased Mrs. Tretherick. She did not stop to consider how much an imperfect knowledge of English added to his

curt directness and sincerity. But she said, "Don't tell anybody you have seen me," and took out her pocket-book.

Ah Fe, without looking at it, saw that it was nearly empty. Ah Fe, without examining the apartment, saw that it was scantily furnished. Ah Fe, without removing his eyes from bland vacancy, saw that both Mrs. Tretherick and Carrie were poorly dressed. Yet it is my duty to state that Ah Fe's long fingers closed promptly and firmly over the half-dollar which Mrs. Tretherick extended to him.

Then he began to fumble in his blouse with a series of extraordinary contortions. After a few moments he extracted from apparently no particular place a child's apron, which he laid upon the basket with the remark,

"One piecee washman flagittee."

Then he began anew his fumbings and contortions. At last his efforts were rewarded by his producing, apparently from his right ear, a many-folded piece of tissue paper. Unwrapping this carefully, he at last disclosed two twenty-dollar gold pieces, which he handed to Mrs. Tretherick.

"You leavee money top side of blulow, Fiddletown, me findee money. Me fetchee money to you. All lightee."

"But I left no money on the top of the bureau, John," said Mrs. Tretherick earnestly. "There must be some mistake. It belongs to some other person. Take it back, John."

Ah Fe's brow darkened. He drew away from Mrs. Tretherick's extended hand and began hastily to gather up his basket.

"Me no takee back. No, no. Bimeby plesman he catchee me! He say 'God damn thief—catchee flowty dollar—come to jaillee.' Me no takee back. You leavee money top side blulow, Fiddletown. Me fetchee money you. Me no takee back."

Mrs. Tretherick hesitated. In the confusion of her flight she *might* have left the money in the manner he had said. In any event she had no right to jeopardize this honest Chinaman's safety by refusing it. So she said, "Very well, John, I will keep it. But you must come again and see me"—here Mrs. T. hesitated with a new and sudden revelation of the fact that any man could wish to see any other than herself,—and, and—Carry!"

Ah Fe's face lightened. He even uttered a short ventriloquistic laugh without moving his mouth. Then shouldering his basket he shut the door carefully and slid quietly down stairs. In the lower hall he however found an unexpected difficulty in opening the front door, and after fumbling vainly at the lock

for a moment, looked around for some help or instruction. But the Irish handmaid who had let him in was contemptuously oblivious of his needs and did not appear.

There occurred a mysterious and painful incident which I shall simply record without attempting to explain. On the hall table a scarf, evidently the property of the servant before alluded to, was lying. As Ah Fe tried the lock with one hand, the other rested lightly on the table. Suddenly, and apparently of its own volition, the scarf began to creep slowly towards Ah Fe's hand. From Ah Fe's hand it began to creep up his sleeve, slowly and with an insinuating, snake-like motion, and then disappeared somewhere in the recesses of his blouse. Without betraying the least interest or concern in this phenomenon, Ah Fe still repeated his experiments upon the lock. A moment later the table-cloth of red damask, moved by apparently the same mysterious impulse, slowly gathered itself under Ah Fe's fingers and sinuously disappeared by the same hidden channel. What further mystery might have followed, I cannot say, for at this moment Ah Fe discovered the secret of the lock, and was enabled to open the door coincident with the sound of footsteps upon the kitchen stairs. Ah Fe did not hasten his movements, but patiently shouldering his basket, closed the door carefully behind him again, and stepped forth into the thick encompassing fog that now shrouded earth and sky.

From her high casement window Mrs. Tretherick watched Ah Fe's figure until it disappeared in the gray cloud. In her present loneliness she felt a keen sense of gratitude toward him, and may have ascribed to the higher emotions and the consciousness of a good deed that certain expansiveness of the chest and swelling of the bosom that was really due to the hidden presence of the scarf and tablecloth under his blouse. For Mrs. Tretherick was still poetically sensitive. As the gray fog deepened into night she drew Carrie closer towards her and above the prattle of the child pursued a vein of sentimental and egotistic recollection at once bitter and dangerous. The sudden apparition of Ah Fe linked her again with her past life at Fiddletown. Over the dreary interval between she was now wandering—a journey so piteous, willful, thorny and useless, that it was no wonder that at last Carrie stopped suddenly in the midst of her voluble confidences to throw her small arms around the woman's neck and bid her not to cry.

Heaven forefend that I should use a pen that should be ever dedicated to an exposi-

tion of unalterable moral principle to transcribe Mrs. Tretherick's own theory of this interval and episode, with its feeble palliations, its illogical deductions, its fond excuses and weak apologies. It would seem, however, that her experience had been hard. Her slender stock of money was soon exhausted. At Sacramento she found that the composition of verse, although appealing to the highest emotions of the human heart, and compelling the editorial breast to the noblest commendation in the editorial pages, was singularly inadequate to defray the expenses of herself and Carrie. Then she tried the stage, but failed signally. Possibly her conception of the passions was different from that which obtained with a Sacramento audience, but it was certain that her charming presence, so effective at short range, was not sufficiently pronounced for the footlights. She had admirers enough in the green-room, but awakened no abiding affection among the audience. In this strait it occurred to her that she had a voice—a contralto of no very great compass or cultivation, but singularly sweet and touching, and she finally obtained position in a church choir. She held it for three months, greatly to her pecuniary advantage, and, it is said, much to the satisfaction of the gentlemen in the back pews who faced toward her during the singing of the last hymn.

I remember her quite distinctly at this time. The light that slanted through the oriel of St. Dives choir was wont to fall very tenderly on her beautiful head with its stacked masses of deerskin-colored hair, on the low black arches of her brows, and to deepen the pretty fringes that shaded her eyes of Genoa velvet. Very pleasant it was to watch the opening and shutting of that small straight mouth, with its quick revelation of little white teeth, and to see the foolish blood faintly deepen her satin cheek as you watched. For Mrs. Tretherick was very sweetly conscious of admiration, and, like most pretty women, gathered herself under your eye like a racer under the spur.

And then of course there came trouble. I have it from the soprano—a little lady who possessed even more than the usual unprejudiced judgment of her sex—that Mrs. Tretherick's conduct was simply shameful; that her conceit was unbearable; that if she considered the rest of the choir as slaves, she, the soprano, would like to know it; that her conduct on Easter Sunday with the basso had attracted the attention of the whole congregation, and that she herself had noticed Doctor Cope twice look up during the service.

That her, the soprano's, friends had objected to her singing in the choir with a person who had been on the stage, but she had waived this. Yet she had it from the best authority that Mrs. Tretherick had run away from her husband, and that this red-haired child who sometimes came in the choir was not her own. The tenor confided to me, behind the organ, that Mrs. Tretherick had a way of sustaining a note at the end of a line, in order that her voice might linger longer with the congregation—an act that could be attributed only to a defective moral nature. That as a man—he was a very popular dry-goods clerk on week-days, and sang a good deal from apparently behind his eyebrows on the Sabbath—that as a man, sir, he would put up with it no longer. The basso alone—a short German with a heavy voice, for which he seemed reluctantly responsible, and rather grieved at its possession—stood up for Mrs. Tretherick and averred that they were jealous of her because she was “bretty.” The climax was at last reached in an open quarrel, wherein Mrs. Tretherick used her tongue with such precision of statement and epithet that the soprano burst into hysterical tears, and had to be supported from the choir by her husband and the tenor. This act was marked intentionally to the congregation by the omission of the usual soprano solo. Mrs. Tretherick went home flushed with triumph, but on reaching her room frantically told Carrie that they were beggars henceforward; that she—her mother—had just taken the very bread out of her darling's mouth, and ended by bursting into a flood of penitent tears. They did not come so quickly as in her old poetical days, but when they came they stung deeply. She was roused by a formal visit from a vestryman—one of the Music Committee. Mrs. Tretherick dried her long lashes, put on a new neck ribbon, and went down to the parlor. She stayed there two hours—a fact that might have occasioned some remark but that the vestryman was married and had a family of grown-up daughters. When Mrs. Tretherick returned to her room, she sang to herself in the glass and scolded Carrie. But she retained her place in the choir.

It was not long, however. In due course of time her enemies received a powerful addition to their forces in the committeeman's wife. That lady called upon several of the church members and on Dr. Cope's family. The result was that at a later meeting of the Music Committee Mrs. Tretherick's voice was declared inadequate to the size of the build-

ing and she was invited to resign. She did so. She had been out of a situation for two months and her scant means were almost exhausted when Ah Fe's unexpected treasure was tossed into her lap.

The gray fog deepened into night, and the street lamps started into shivering life as, absorbed in these unprofitable memories, Mrs. Tretherick still sat drearily at her window. Even Carrie had slipped away unnoticed, and her abrupt entrance with the damp evening paper in her hand roused Mrs. Tretherick and brought her back to an active realization of the present. For Mrs. Tretherick was wont to scan the advertisements in the faint hope of finding some avenue of employment—she knew not what—open to her needs, and Carrie had noted this habit.

Mrs. Tretherick mechanically closed the shutters, lit the lights and opened the paper. Her eye fell instinctively on the following paragraph in the telegraphic column:—

“Fiddletown, 7th. Mr. James Tretherick, an old resident of this place, died last night of delirium tremens. Mr. Tretherick was addicted to intemperate habits, said to have been induced by domestic trouble.”

Mrs. Tretherick did not start. She quietly turned over another page of the paper and glanced at Carrie. The child was absorbed in a book. Mrs. Tretherick uttered no word, but during the remainder of the evening was unusually silent and cold. When Carrie was undressed and in bed, Mrs. Tretherick suddenly dropped on her knees beside the bed, and taking Carrie's flaming head between her hands, said,

“Should you like to have another papa, Carrie, darling?”

“No,” said Carrie, after a moment's thought.

“But a papa to help mamma take care of you—to love you, to give you nice clothes, to make a lady of you when you grow up?”

Carrie turned her sleepy eyes toward the questioner. “Should you, mamma?”

Mrs. Tretherick suddenly flushed to the roots of her hair. “Go to sleep,” she said sharply, and turned away.

But at midnight the child felt two white arms close tightly around her, and was drawn down into a bosom that heaved, fluttered and at last was broken up by sobs.

“Don't ky, mamma,” whispered Carrie, with a vague retrospect of their recent conversation. “Don't ky. I fink I *should* like a new papa if he loved you very much—very, very much!”

A month afterward, to everybody's astonishment, Mrs. Tretherick was married. The happy bridegroom was one Col. Starbottle, recently elected to represent Calaveras County in the legislative councils of the State. As I cannot record the event in finer language than that used by the correspondent of the *Sacramento Globe*, I venture to quote some of his graceful periods. "The relentless shafts of the sly god have been lately busy among our gallant Solons. We quote 'one more unfortunate.' The latest victim is the Hon. A. Starbottle of Calaveras. The fair enchantress in the case is a beautiful widow—a former votary of Thespis and lately a fascinating St. Cecilia of one of the most fashionable churches of San Francisco, where she commanded a high salary."

The *Dutch Flat Intelligencer* saw fit, however, to comment upon the fact with that humorous freedom characteristic of an unfettered press. "The new Democratic war-horse from Calaveras has lately advented in the Legislature with a little bill to change the name of Tretherick to Starbottle. They call it a marriage certificate down there. Mr. Tretherick has been dead just one month, but we presume the gallant Col. is not afraid of ghosts." It is but just to Mrs. Tretherick to state that the Colonel's victory was by no means an easy one. To a natural degree of coyness on the part of the lady was added the impediment of a rival—a prosperous undertaker from Sacramento, who had first seen and loved Mrs. Tretherick at the theater and church; his professional habits debarring him from ordinary social intercourse and indeed any other than the most formal public contact with the sex. As this gentleman had made a snug fortune during the felicitous prevalence of a severe epidemic, the Colonel regarded him as a dangerous rival. Fortunately, however, the undertaker was called in professionally to lay out a brother Senator who had unhappily fallen by the Colonel's pistol in an affair of honor, and either deterred by physical considerations from rivalry, or wisely concluding that the Colonel was professionally valuable, he withdrew from the field.

The honeymoon was brief, and brought to a close by an untoward incident. During their bridal trip Carrie had been placed in the charge of Col. Starbottle's sister. On their return to the city, immediately on reaching their lodgings, Mrs. Starbottle announced her intention of at once proceeding to Mrs. Culpepper's to bring the child home. Col. Starbottle, who had been exhibiting for some

time a certain uneasiness which he had endeavored to overcome by repeated stimulation, finally buttoned his coat tightly across his breast, and after walking unsteadily once or twice up and down the room, suddenly faced his wife with his most imposing manner.

"I have deferred," said the Colonel, with an exaggeration of port that increased with his inward fear, and a growing thickness of speech, "I have deferr—I may say postponed statement o' fack thash my duty ter dishclose ter ye. I did no wish to mar su-shine mushal happ'ness—to bligh bud o' promise, to darken conjugar sky by unpleasht revelashun. Musht be done—by G—d, m'm, musht do it now. The chile is gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Mrs. Starbottle.

There was something in the tone of her voice—in the sudden drawing together of the pupils of her eyes, that for a moment nearly sobered the Colonel and partly collapsed his chest.

"I'll splain all in a minit," he said with a deprecating wave of the hand, "everything shall be splained. The-the-melancholly event wish preshipitate our happ'ness—the myster'us prov'nice wish releash you—releash chile! hunerstan?—releash chile. The mom't Tretherick die—all claim you have in chile through him—die too. Thash law. Whose chile b'long to? Tretherick? Tretherick dead. Chile can't b'long dead man. Damn nonsense b'long dead man. I'sh your chile? no! who's chile then? Chile b'long to 'ts mother. Unnerstan?"

"Where is she?" said Mrs. Starbottle, with a very white face and a very low voice.

"I'll 'splain all. Chile b'long to 'ts mother. Thash law. I'm lawyer, leshlator, and American sis'n. Ish my duty as lawyer, as leshlator, and 'merikan sis'n to reshtore chile to suff'rin mother at any coss—any coss."

"Where is she?" repeated Mrs. Starbottle with her eyes still fixed on the Colonel's face.

"Gone to 'ts m'o'r. Gone East on Shteamer yesserday. Waffed by fav'rin gales to suff'rin p'rent. Thash so!"

Mrs. Starbottle did not move. The Colonel felt his chest slowly collapsing but steadied himself against a chair, and endeavored to beam with chivalrous gallantry not unmingled with magisterial firmness upon her as she sat.

"Your feelin's, m'm, do honor to yer sex, but consider situashun. Consider m'o'rs feelings—consider my feelin's." The Colonel paused, and flourishing a white handkerchief placed it negligently in his breast, and then

smiled tenderly above it, as over laces and ruffles, on the woman before him. "Why should dark shedder cass bligh on two sholes with single beat? Chile's fine chile, good chile, but summonelse chile! chile's gone, Clar'; but all ish'n't gone, Clar'. Conshider dearesht, you all's have me!"

Mrs. Starbottle started to her feet. "*You!*" she cried, bringing out a chest note that made the chandeliers ring, "You that I married to give my darling food and clothes. *You!* a dog that I whistled to my side to keep the men off me! *You!*"

She choked up, and then dashed past him into the inner room which had been Carrie's; then she swept by him again into her own bed-room, and then suddenly reappeared before him erect, menacing, with a burning fire over her cheek-bones, a quick straightening of her arched brows and mouth, a squaring of jaw and opfidian flattening of the head.

"Listen!" she said, in a hoarse half-grown boy's voice. "Hear me! If you ever expect to set eyes on me again you must find the child. If you ever expect to speak to me again—to touch me—you must bring her back. For where she goes, I go—you hear me!—where she has gone, look for me!"

She struck out past him again, with a quick feminine throwing out of her arms from the elbows down, as if freeing herself from some imaginary bonds, and dashing into her chamber slammed and locked the door. Colonel Starbottle, although no coward, stood in superstitious fear of an angry woman, and recoiling as she swept by, lost his unsteady foothold and rolled helplessly on the sofa. Here, after one or two unsuccessful attempts to regain his foothold, he remained, uttering from time to time profane but not entirely coherent or intelligible protests until at last he succumbed to the exhausting quality of his emotions, and the narcotic quantity of his potatoes.

Meantime, within, Mrs. Starbottle was ex-

citedly gathering her valuables and packing her trunk, even as she had done once before in the course of this remarkable history. Perhaps some recollection of this was in her mind, for she stopped to lean her burning cheeks upon her hand, as if she saw again the figure of the child standing in the doorway, and heard once more a childish voice asking, "Is it mamma?" But the epithet now stung her to the quick, and with a quick, passionate gesture she dashed it away with a tear that had gathered in her eye. And then it chanced that in turning over some clothes she came upon the child's slipper with a broken sandal string. She uttered a great cry here—the first she had uttered—and caught it to her breast, kissing it passionately again and again, and rocking from side to side with a motion peculiar to her sex. And then she took it to the window, the better to see it through her now streaming eyes. Here she was taken with a sudden fit of coughing that she could not stifle with the handkerchief she put to her feverish lips. And then she suddenly grew very faint, the window seemed to recede before her, the floor to sink beneath her feet, and staggering to the bed, she fell prone upon it with the sandal and handkerchief pressed to her breast. Her face was quite pale, the orbit of her eyes dark, and there was a spot upon her lip, another on her handkerchief and still another on the white counterpane of the bed.

The wind had risen, rattling the window sashes, and swaying the white curtains in a ghostly way. Later, a gray fog stole softly over the roofs, soothing the wind-roughened surfaces, and enwrapping all things in an uncertain light and a measureless peace. She lay there very quiet,—for all her troubles, still a very pretty bride. And on the other side of the bolted door the gallant bridegroom, from his temporary couch, snored peacefully.

(To be continued.)

MODERN SKEPTICISM.

SECOND PAPER.

WHAT OUR THEOLOGIAN'S CAN DO ABOUT IT.

It will be remembered, then, that by modern skepticism, as defined in our preceding paper, we mean specifically not only that negative disbelief in Christianity, but also that

positive belief in some form of religious faith or another hostile to Christianity, now so alarmingly prevalent in all the transatlantic Christian countries. It will be remembered

also that we have pointed out at length the startling fact that—thanks to the seeds already so generously sown for years among us by such leading European skeptics as Strauss, Rénan, Darwin, Huxley, Seeley, Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, and the like—not only are our reading and thinking masses most thoroughly prepared for the more or less full reception of the cardinal antichristian tenets of these skeptics, but also that these masses have already very widely embraced those tenets.

Nor is this the worst; both these skeptics in person, and also their disciples, are busy night and day, and that by the formal volume, by the lecture, by the essay, by the poem, and by the very novel, to spread the flames of unbelief already fairly started. And while the Christian faith and system have not indeed thus far been so fearfully ravaged here in America, as they have already been ravaged in Germany and France and England, still if the Christian faith and system are not within the coming decade or two to be most fearfully ravaged here in America, then, as we have already intimated, intelligent, prompt and efficient action must be taken by both the Christian laity and clergy to prevent so deplorable an issue.

In undertaking intelligently to deal with modern skepticism, the American clergy should first of all endeavor most carefully to avoid all those more disastrous mistakes which were doubtless originally made by nearly all the clergy on the other side.

For example: "The learned prelates talk," said Froude in 1863, "of the presumptuousness of human reason; they tell us that doubts arise from the consciousness of sin, and the pride of the unregenerate heart." "They treat intellectual difficulties as if they deserved rather to be condemned and punished than considered and weighed." "And they affect, therefore, to drown in foolish ridicule whatever troubles or displeases them."

But those Christian men of thoughtfulness and culture who, throughout Europe, even so early as 1863, had been more or less unsettled in their religious faith by the leading modern skeptics, were in no mood or temper to submit to such a course of treatment. "Inasmuch as the clergy tell them," retorted Froude, "that the safety of their souls depends on the correctness of their opinions, they [the laity] dare not close their eyes to the questions which are being asked in louder and even louder tones." "The time is past for repression, . . . and the only remedy is a full and fair investigation." "The conservative theologians of England

have carried silence to the point of indiscretion."

Forced thus to make some specific recognition of "the sincere perplexities of honest minds," now everywhere prevailing among Christians concerning many of the most fundamental features of Christianity, the next blunder of the English clergy was the proclamation that all this so-called modern skepticism was but a resurrection, in a slightly altered form and guise, of the dead and buried issues of the heresy-teeming past. "The Archbishop of Canterbury refers us," says Froude again, "to Usher as our guide. . . . The objections of the present generations of 'infidels' he says, are the same which have been refuted again and again, and are such as a child might answer."

"The Church authorities still refuse to look their difficulties in the face; they prescribe for mental troubles the established doses of Paley and Pearson. . . . But it will not avail. Their pupils grow to manhood and fight the battle for themselves, unaided by those who ought to have stood by them in trial, and could not, or would not; and the bitterness of those conflicts, and the end of most of them in heart-broken uncertainty, or careless indifference, is too notorious to all who care to know about such things."

The truth is, that, so far from being but a resurrection in a slightly altered form and guise of the dead and buried issues of the heresy-teeming past, modern skepticism is preëminently a matter of the present, as distinguished from the past. Even in some of its most antiquated phases, e.g., as it is presented to us in the original *Life of Jesus*, by Dr. Strauss, modern skepticism is not yet forty years old; and it is only within the past year that the veteran Strauss himself has given to the Christian world, in the *Old and New Faith*,—an American edition of which is just announced,—the final outcome of his religious system. Darwinism is not yet through with its first heated stages of controversy with Christianity; and it will not be perhaps before the next generation that its final issues, especially with the Christian views of Scripture, will come accurately to be comprehended. Rénan's *Vie de Jésus*, despite its almost universal circulation and reviewing, is yet so far in advance of its age, that very few have perhaps thus far even suspected what perfectly tremendous questions concerning Christ and Christianity it raises for the ultimate religious thinker hereafter to settle at his leisure. *Ecce Homo* presents us with still another aspect of antichristian specula-

tion, thus far so little known to be an anti-christian aspect, that we very much question whether the Christian clergy have altogether ceased its proclamation from the pulpit as a sort of better giving of the Christian gospels, or the learned Christian reviewers altogether discontinued its laudation as a truly Christian contribution to our modern stores of thought. Herbert Spencer and his disciples, also, are at this very moment crowding the presses of both Europe and America with the gradual development of that entire antichristian system. Christian clergymen, in short, who in these days talk of modern skepticism as but a sort of resurrection of the dead and buried unbelief of other days, should also, and in the same breath, learn to speak of the steam-engine as but a sort of resurrected stage-coach, and of the telegraph as only a sort of altered post-boy. And not only so, but as will hereafter more and more appear, you might precisely as well administer your "established doses of Paley and Pearson," and the other obsolete apologists, to a very lamp-post, as administer them to any man whatever who has been once honestly and thoroughly made sick with the deep religious doubts peculiar to the present epoch.

But no sooner had the English clergy begun dimly to discover this, than they made another fatal blunder. If—for thus they seem to have reasoned—if the "established doses of Paley and Pearson" will not answer, more of the creed and more of the catechism surely will. But what was the result of the experiment? "While," says the Duke of Somerset, by way of answer, "our clergy are insisting on dogmatic theology, skepticism pervades the whole atmosphere of thought, leads the most learned societies, colors the religious literature of the day, and even mounts into the pulpits of the Church."

And worthy of record also, in this connection, is the cognate mistake made by the Archbishop of Canterbury, as quoted by Froude above, in his implied supposition that there is some mysterious logical force now carried against the religious teachings of the leading modern skeptics merely by saying, or even showing, that these skeptics are but "the present generation of infidels." Times were, indeed, when Christendom over, it was accepted almost in lieu of a valid refutation of an opinion to say it was heretical, or of a volume to say its author was an infidel. But those days are not these. So far otherwise: "Skepticism," says the Duke of Somerset again, "has been naturalized in modern society, and will not be repressed by denuncia-

tions against infidelity, or by the lamentations of sentimental piety." Professor Seeley informs us, for example, that being "dissatisfied with the current conceptions of Christ," he felt "obliged to reconsider the whole subject from the beginning, . . . and accept those conclusions about him, not which Church doctors or even apostles have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant." In other words, it has very widely ceased to be of even the slightest interest to those disturbed in their religious faith, whether an opinion is orthodox or infidel. These terms imply that the opinion is to be tested by a certain religious standard, as by a given creed, or catechism, or sacred book. But what the men referred to now want to know is not what a creed, or a catechism, or even a Bible teaches, but merely what is true. To tell these men what "Church doctors or even apostles have sealed with their authority," *per se*, amounts to nothing. To tell them what the very Bible has to say about a mooted matter, *per se*, amounts to nothing also. For, to waive the question of the Old Testament and the epistolary portions of the New, altogether, Froude plumply told us in a passage cited in our opening paper, that "the truth of the gospel history is now more widely doubted in Europe than at any time since the conversion of Constantine." And so it doubtless is, not in Europe only, but also throughout the Christian world. That is to say, there is now no longer set up in the minds of the men at large who are the most deeply and the most hopelessly plunged into doubts and disbeliefs about the Christian faith and system, any fixed standard whatever by which to test the truth or falsity of any given view. If the very gospels denounce to such men a given view as heretical or false, the gospels must remember that they are themselves now on trial before these very men on the score of their own veracity.

In undertaking to deal intelligently, therefore, with the deep religious doubts now awakened in multitudes of Christian minds by the leading modern skeptics, the American clergy, avoiding some of the earlier and more disastrous mistakes made by nearly all the European clergy, will remember that these doubts can neither be set aside as puerile or trifling, nor yet can be referred either to the presumptuousness of human reason, or to the consciousness of sin, or to the pride of the unregenerate heart, but must, on the other hand, be promptly recognized as earnest and honest intellectual difficulties of

deeply thoughtful men. These doubts must accordingly be considered and weighed, not threatened with punishment or drowned in foolish ridicule. Nor must it be assumed that they appertain merely to objections against Christianity, which have already been refuted again and again, and which are only such as a child might answer, whereas the fact is that many of those objections are not so much as accurately comprehended by one out of a thousand of the professional theologians; while every one of them is the product of the most profound thinkers and the most accomplished scholars. And while, on the one hand, it is furthermore remembered how utterly impossible it is that those who have been made soul-sick with these modern religious doubts and fears should be cured of their spiritual ailment by "the established doses of Paley and Pearson," and the other obsolete apologists, it must not, on the other hand, be forgotten that, the whole pharmacopœia of dogmatic theology having been exhausted upon them, their case would still be quite as bad, or even worse than ever. Nor is it what these poor souls are longing after merely to be told, or even shown, whether this or that opinion is heretical or orthodox, but what they wish alone to know is whether it is true or false. And in determining this question it is utterly in vain to cite them, whether to the creed, or to the catechism, or even to the Scriptures, as a test or standard. All the traditional religious tests and standards of truth extant in Christendom are now, and that without exception, themselves on trial to see if they are true or false.

But, in addition to avoiding the mistakes already specified of the European clergy in dealing with the mooted matters started by the leading modern skeptics, a positive preparation is demanded before any old-school theologian whatever, or any theologian developed under the influences of the old-school theology, can cope for a single instant with the new schools of antichristian thought, either intelligently or successfully. The European clergy seem to have started out upon the assumption that they could extemporize their extinction of the influence over Christians of "the present generation of infidels." Just here indeed was doubtless the most fruitful source,—the very fountain-head, in fact,—of all their early blunders; and not merely of those blunders already instanced, but of many more beside. Thus, says Froude: "They do not meet the real difficulties; they mistake them, misrepresent them, claim victories over adversaries with whom they have

never even crossed swords, and leap to conclusions with a precipitancy at which we can only smile." "We find only when we turn to their writings that loud promises end in no performance; that the chief object which they set before themselves is to avoid difficult ground; and that the points on which we most cry out for satisfaction, are passed over in silence, or are disposed of with ineffectual commonplaces."

But why was this? Assuredly not because the English clergy had the slightest suspicion that they were disposing of the modern skeptics, even in the estimation of the intelligent Christian partisan, only after such a very foolish and superficial fashion. They simply did not know either what their work was, or how they were to set about it. Born and bred, as they had been, enlisted, trained, disciplined and equipped, as they had been, for quite another kind of warfare, what could they do? Ready to go forth, that is to say, and clash and clatter their valiant weapons for the thousandth time against the anathematized dead-bones in the great valley of the past heresies, when called upon suddenly to take the field against the living schools of antichristian thought—they could but strike about them little more than wildly. But the result of course was, as Froude observes, that they "resolved no single difficulty, and they convinced no one not convinced already."

If the American clergy, therefore, do not desire merely to repeat *this* early *faux pas*, also, of the English clergy in their opposition to the modern skeptics, then the American clergy must resist these modern skeptics not without a special preparation.

The first thing, of course, for them to do is to single out, and study out, in all their essential features, these transatlantic foes to Christ, so that they always accurately and unerringly know them when they meet them, and that too under whatsoever American disguises they may be wearing. This is by no means to intimate either that there do not exist among us any purely indigenous forms of skepticism; or that these forms of skepticism do not demand from us a specific, intelligent and prompt attention. But what we mean to say and emphasize is this, that the really indigenous forms of skepticism now extant among us are not the transatlantic forms. It hence results that if any American clergyman means to hit these latter forms specifically, and does not expect at the same time to be firing away his shot always more or less at random among an hundred other forms, then that American clergyman must single out

and study out the trans-atlantic forms themselves, until he never can by any possibility mistake his man whenever, and wherever, and under whatsoever American disguises he meets him in the field of battle. Let the reader, for example, compare the lectures delivered in Boston in 1870 and 1871, by a number of the most eminent clergymen of New England, on *Christianity and Skepticism* with the lectures delivered by President McCosh in New York in 1870, on *Christianity and Positivism*. The former lectures will be found to be a sort of general, and almost indiscriminate broadside discharged against all sorts and kinds of skepticism now extant among us,—foreign, indigenous and mixed,—with sundry scattering shots to spare also for those other sorts and kinds not still extant among us, but long since dead both here and everywhere beside in living, thinking minds. The lectures of President McCosh, on the other hand, are aimed much more specifically at some of the more prominent and the more momentous forms of transatlantic antichristian thought. Excepting now and then a side shell, and chiefly at the Bostoners, almost his entire discharge is steadily thundered away only at the leading European skeptics.

But to him who undertakes, in anything like a masterly way, to put himself in a position accurately to know, and intelligently to grapple with, the leading antichristian writers from the other side, no foolish thought of child's play must for a single instant be indulged in. So far otherwise, listen for a moment to Rénan's account of his production of the *Vie de Jésus*. "By day and by night," says he, "I have reflected on these questions." "I believe I have neglected among ancient authorities no source of information." "To the reading of the text I have been able to add a fresh source of light, an examination of the places in which the events occurred. . . . Since my return I have labored incessantly to verify and to test in detail the sketch which I had written in haste in a Maronite hut, with five or six volumes around me." More recently he remarks: "During the four years elapsing since the book originally appeared, I have labored incessantly to improve it. The numerous criticisms to which it has given rise have rendered in certain respects the task an easy one. I have read all having the least importance. I think I can conscientiously affirm that in no case have the outrage and calumny mingled with them prevented me from deriving advantage from every good suggestion which

these strictures have contained. I have weighed all, tested all."

It is in this truly scholarly and laborious spirit, therefore, that Rénan, originally bringing to bear upon his task one of the most brilliant and accomplished minds in Europe, has likewise fairly toiled upon his *Vie de Jésus*: reflecting upon his subject day and night; neglecting no source of information in the whole range of literature, ancient or modern; exploring, in addition, the entire evangelical province, before giving his volume to the world; and after that, even, steadily searching for four entire years together through an immense and wearisome mass of criticisms, however outrageous and calumnious, for valuable suggestions, in view of which to give his work its final casting.

And what is thus true of Rénan's *Vie de Jésus*, is more or less equally true of Seeley's *Ecce Homo*, of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, of Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, and of all other antichristian volumes, whether of these or other European authors, which have produced a powerful, wide-spread and permanent impression upon the minds of thoughtful men throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. These works have had not merely first-class genius, but long time, and deep thought, and thorough research, and the most painstaking labor, put upon them. And however thorough a master any American clergyman may be in all that makes up the triumphant Christian champion, when he has merely to deal either with the infidels of by-gone epochs, or even with the various forms of still living skepticism indigenous to our own country, when he comes instead to stand confronted with any first-class antichristian leader from the other side,—at that instant, we say, only first-class genius, long time, deep thought, thorough research, and the most painstaking labor, can place that American clergyman at all upon an equal footing with the foeman in the fray. To competent judges,—even to the competent judge who is a Christian partisan,—such stalwart antichristian thinkers as the American clergyman is now supposed to measure weapons with, always cut about them with an equal ease and triumph among the mere theological empty-heads and fluent talkers. These foemen of the Christian faith must accordingly not merely be met by this latter class of theologians,—who will, however, be of course among the very first to take the field and fill it with their worse than idle clamor,—but they must also be met, and, if possible, overmatched, and so over-mastered, by those

other theologians among us who are at once our very ablest thinkers, and at the same time our very finest scholars.

But when these last-mentioned theologians once fairly undertake their task of preparation to meet the modern skeptics, great indeed must be the patient toil they calmly seat themselves to undergo, and that for a season in a perfect silence.

During this season of initial toil and silence, vast and varied schemes of antichristian speculation, as presented in the formal volume, must first of all be calmly under-thought, and, if possible, out-thought. After that, and as the second stage of preparation, all these schemes of thought referred to must likewise be traced out in all their more essential forms, and through all their countless ramifications, in every department of the higher realms of European culture, as well as literature. Truly—*hoc opus hic labor est!* Fortunate is he, indeed, who, after many a quiet month, and even many a quiet year of hidden and voiceless study, begins at length to feel that he can not merely speak, but *so* speak, that, while his religious partisans will of course reward him with their plaudits, the modern skeptics will themselves attend to what he says, and that because he forces their attention.

From this very special, this very prolonged, and this very patient preparation, thus demanded by the American clergy, intelligently and successfully to cope with the leading forms of transatlantic antichristian thought, it first of all results that those of the clergy in question who are actively engaged in the ordinary duties of their calling, have little more to do than merely to keep the whole matter altogether from the pulpit. The requisite time to make the preparation instanced, it is simply impossible for them to secure by the mere snatches at study which alone are open to them amidst their constant prior calls and cares; whereas the common twaddle of those who,—utterly unprepared, utterly unable, in fact, to give an accurate distinction whether between a Strauss and Rénan, or between a Darwin and a Herbert Spencer, or even between a Seeley and a Christian author,—the common twaddle of all such theologians, we say, is worse than idle nonsense. It may, indeed, earn for them the cheap praise of the ignorant religious zealot who passes under the name of Christian; but it can only pain the really well informed among the friends of Christ, while it but disgusts the honest and thoughtful skeptic. "No doubt," as Mr. Fowle observes, "it is a tempting thing to mount a big pulpit, and then and there, with

much intellectual pomp, to slay the absent infidel—absent [that is] . . . from the preacher's argument." But, for the reasons suggested, it is to be most devoutly hoped that our average American practical pastors will hereafter leave all that sort of empty gasconading to the average practical pastors of other Christian countries.

Indeed, even in those comparatively exceptional cases where the preacher is unquestionably more or less fully competent to handle his questions like a master, silence, or comparative silence, in the pulpit would still seem, on the whole, to be the better practice. For, to begin with, no masterly handling whatever of any given vital question now at issue between Christianity and modern skepticism, can be at all successfully carried forward before a merely popular audience, such as composes the common Christian congregation. What it has cost the silent scholar many a long month, and perhaps many a long year, of the profoundest thinking and the most exhaustive researches to produce, cannot possibly be comprehended even by the most cultured Sabbath hearer at a single sitting; whereas, to the average Sabbath hearer, it will be of course the merest mass of mental chaos. Besides, Froude, as it appears to us, would plainly make far too little of "the creditable reluctance to disturb by discussion the minds of the uneducated, or half educated." It is very true, indeed, as he alleges, that "the uncertainty which once affected only the more instructed, extends now to all classes." But while the masses are doubtless thus unsettled more or less in their religious faith by the leading modern skeptics, they are the reading and thinking masses, as distinguished from those other masses congregated in our churches on the Sabbath. Nor should the practical preacher furthermore forget that other, and that very considerable proportion of his hearers, to whom all thoughts of question as it concerns their personal religious belief is positively painful: much more, to whom all discussion of the grounds of that belief is almost beyond endurance. Why should these latter parishioners be forced to sit and hear what to them is little short of torture?

Exceptional preachers, and exceptional parishes, therefore, excluded from the calculation, not in the pulpit, but rather through the press as distinguished from the pulpit, these matters should, as the guiding rule, be settled. Able discussions thrown out through the press, can not only be studied and mastered by the

cultured Christian scholar at his perfect leisure; they can also be freely circulated among those very reading and thinking Christian masses who are unsettled by the modern skeptics; while, at the same time, they are not rudely and almost cruelly inflicted upon those other Christian masses who are neither thus themselves unsettled, nor yet could hear without a pious shudder that such a thing is possible even in the case of others.

Moreover, as a mere matter of moral obligation, the active clergy have always the right to remember the fact developed in our prior paper, namely, that, speaking in the outline, it is not by the pulpit, but rather by the press, that all these recent fundamental troubles in religion have been both originated and disseminated throughout the Christian world.

Upon those American clergymen chiefly, therefore, who are connected, not primarily with the pulpit, but, whether as editors or as authors, with the press of this country, there devolves at once a very grave responsibility. With a strong tide of transatlantic antichristian thought already rushing like a mental mill-race through every possible or conceivable channel of American literature, and a perfect tidal-wave of that same antichristian thought already visible to the discerning eye in the not distant horizon, and steadily surging onward to our shores; either as strong a Christian counter-tide of thought, either as massive and mighty a Christian counter-wave of argument, must be promptly set running in those self-same channels, or else there is soon to be a terrible on-sweeping and out-sweeping of Christian faith and hope from among the reading and thinking masses of this nation, as well as on the other side.

Thus far, however, with exceptions almost as rare as angels' visits, the American clergy connected with the world of letters have been offering rather a babbling rush of irrelevant talking than a strong and steady counter-current of solid and honest thinking, rather a brilliant and flashing crest of half-angry foaming than a deep and calm and massive counter-tidal argument, to the leading modern skeptics. When will not only this end, but better things begin?

No one, indeed, is in all this thus far in the least reprehensible; for thus far, with here and there most honorable exceptions, almost no American clergyman connected with the world of letters has at all adequately suspected in the midst of what life-and-death issues connected with the Christian faith and system his lot and life are cast. But though the

American clergymen in question, as a class, may have been ever so innocently sleeping, up to the present moment, in the midst of all those issues, nevertheless the very fact that they still thus are sleeping, constitutes the very reason why some faithful Christian watchman ought at once to take them by the shoulder, and rudely shake them till they rouse, and hasten to their instant post of duty.

Next to those American clergymen connected in one way or another with the press of the country, those other American clergymen connected in one way or another with the educational institutions of the country, are palpably the most responsible for doing all that in them lies to stem and turn back the mighty inflow of antichristian thought which is steadily setting in upon our shores from the foreign Christian countries.

Prof. Seeley very truly tells us that "*education* is certainly a far more powerful agent than preaching, inasmuch as, in the first place, it acts upon the human being at an age when he is more susceptible of all influences, and particularly of moral ones, than he afterwards becomes; and in the second place, [because] it acts upon him incessantly, intensely, and by countless different methods for a series of years, whereas preaching acts upon him intermittently, for the most part faintly, and by one uniform method." Indeed, the position of power occupied by the teacher with relation to the moral and religious character, as well as to the merely mental character of his pupil, is perhaps the most absolute of any possessed by a human being—that of the mother alone possibly excepted.

And under these circumstances, it would at first sight appear to be but little less than monstrous that Premier Gladstone—a Christian statesman—should have been permitted to feel it his personal duty, in his recent speech at Liverpool College (which speech was partly cited in our former paper), specifically to warn the graduating students against those "extremest forms of unbelief," which, even during that very academic year just then closing, had been but little less than rampant throughout the length and breadth of England. Among the many clerical instructors doubtless connected with that college, had there not been a single teacher not only to warn those students, but also, and by a careful handling of those extremest forms of unbelief before his pupils, to put them far beyond the stage of needed warning?

Or, to bring the matter nearer home,

and the immense number of clergymen who are among our leading educators being duly borne in mind, it would again appear to be but little less than monstrous that doubtless during the coming year there will not, all told, be graduated from a dozen exceptional American educational institutions, and the theological seminaries not excepted, so many as a single score of students, who either accurately know precisely what modern skepticism is, or how they are to meet it; whereas there will just as doubtlessly be graduated the coming year, from all the educational institutions of this country combined, students by the thousand who are more or less unsettled in their traditional Christian views by Darwin, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, not to instance others.

Is not this but little less than monstrous? Are not the clergymen in question guilty, in short, of a glaring dereliction, as it regards the Christian care and culture of our Christian children? By no means. This modern skepticism is not by any means so soon as this an antiquated matter, but scarcely in its manhood. The Christian clergymen, whether of this country or even of England, who have any present commanding position and influence, whether here or there, as educators, were probably, and that almost without exception, firmly fixed, and even firmly fossilized, in all religious matters long before either the *Origin of Species*, or the *Vie de Jésus*, or the *First Principles*, or any other recent antichristian volume, even saw the light, much more, almost revolutionized the entire basis of religious thought, and methods of religious thinking. So far as the mere past, or even the mere present is concerned, therefore, in nothing could we be either more unjust or more ungenerous than to cast the very slightest imputation upon the Christian teachers mentioned. And not only so, but, looking forward to the future, their time of life, and all other things considered, equally unjust and equally ungenerous would it be to demand specifically of these instructors that they should now at length betake themselves to a thorough preparation to send forth their pupils, hereafter graduated, not only most thoroughly informed, but also most thoroughly armed, against all the more momentous forms of modern unbelief. Not for the veteran American clergymen among our educators, that is to say, are the trumpet-voiced perils of the Christian faith and system sounding at the present epoch. But while all this is so, it is equally true that no American clergyman who, on the other hand, is but just entering upon his career at any given

mental center as an educator, can either fail to hear, or hearing fail to heed, these warning voices, without a grave degree of open Christian recreancy. For not only are the American student-classes of necessity, more than all other classes combined, preëminently exposed to the incoming currents of transatlantic antichristian thought. These classes must of necessity soon go forth themselves to be, in their turn, either a most potential part and parcel of this very antichristian current, or else its most powerful Christian counterpoise. And in view of this, let every Christian clergyman now immediately in question begin to teach himself almost to tremble at the very name of modern skepticism, until, by reason of the requisite acquaintance with the subject, he can, so far as such a thing is possible, stand before his pupils confessedly its master.

Nor, as an additional mode of contending against the special antichristian foes referred to, should the American clergy, conjointly with the laity, perhaps, delay to institute and put into practical operation, at all our leading mental centers, something corresponding to the "Christian Evidence Society," recently established in London. "It was not started," says the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, "as has been sometimes said with a little irony, for the purpose of restoring a belief in Christianity. It had long been felt by earnest and thoughtful persons, both Churchmen and Non-conformists, that some combined attempt ought to be made to meet in fair argument the skepticism and unbelief which, for the last few years, have been distinctly traceable in all classes of society."

The society's mode of carrying out this design has been, according to the Lord Bishop, "first, by means of lectures addressed to the educated; secondly, by the formation of classes under competent class-leaders for the instruction of those in lower grades of society . . . ; thirdly, . . . by the circulation of useful tracts, and by the offer of prizes to such as may be willing that their private study should be tested by competitive examination. . . . Popular attention has naturally been directed more especially to the lectures to the educated, but . . . the formation of classes has answered even beyond expectation, and [judging] from the amount of competition for the prizes that have been offered, examination in Christian evidences will form a large and most interesting portion of the future work of the society."

Nor, as a still further, and, in fact, a most potential method of aiding to counteract the

influence among us of the leading modern skeptics, should the American clergyman delay to put himself in a thorough state of preparation to improve those almost innumerable opportunities which are constantly occurring to him in his comparatively private, and more or less strictly personal, intercourse with men. Here, rather than in the pulpit, the practical pastor especially, who is at once nothing more than tolerably well informed about the modern skeptics, and at the same time in a thorough state of sympathy with the reading and thinking masses, may find an almost unlimited sphere for the vindication of the Christian faith and system against those specific assaults peculiar to the present age and hour. Now it will be the lawyer, now it will be the physician, now it will be the man of letters, now it will be the humble tradesman, into whose depths of doubt and darkness such a clergyman will either penetrate himself, or be in confidence admitted. Very true is it, indeed, that the average practical pastor of the average congregation,—for reasons already suggested in part, and for others manifold and obvious,—will never of course be able to put himself in a position, even in his private conversations, to cope with any very considerable, much less with any commanding, intelligence against the modern skeptics. But while this is true, it is also true that even the practical pastor in question can daily, and as his other duties admit, devote himself more or less specifically to this object until he at length attains to something like a general understanding of all the more essential features of modern unbelief. And having done this, he will thereby be enabled at least to avoid alike all that class of blundering remark, and all that apparently cold dismissal of those who come to him with their religious doubts and fears, whereby the clergy only too often drive the doubter into disbelief, and the disbeliever into an open rupture with his early Christian faith. And while no more than this can indeed rightfully be expected of the average pastor of the average congregation, it is still most rapidly becoming, on the other hand, a much more than open question, how long the current ignorance of the American ministry at large on the leading outlines of the modern forms of disbelief, ought not to be at once, and in itself, alike considered and treated as a perfectly fatal objection to their assuming either the pastoral care, or the pastoral instruction, of any congregation whatever, where the currents of the disbelief referred to are flowing freely through the deeply troubled minds of men.

In whichever of the ways above suggested, however, or in whatever other way beside, the American clergy propose attempting to counteract the influence of the leading modern skeptics over the religious faith and hope and destiny of our reading and thinking masses, the absolute necessity of a very special, a very prolonged, and a very patient preparation, is in either case the underlying thought for each to bear in mind.

But for the clergyman in question actually to make this preparation, will of course be practically impossible, saving only in the instance of a very few. The vast majority will, on the other hand, be most rigorously interdicted from the undertaking, some by their prior obligations, others by their lack of the requisite mental qualifications, others by their more or less utter destitution of the proper capacity for a prolonged and silent course of study, and the like. And yet, for this very reason, the duty of making the preparation instanced all the more urgently, and all the more imperatively, devolves itself upon that comparatively few among the persons mentioned, to whom alone the task is feasible as well as possible.

Thus far, it has been presupposed that the problem before the clergy was to counteract the influences of the leading modern skeptics over our reading and thinking Christian masses. Let it now be supposed that the problem becomes, instead, how they are to proceed in dealing directly, whether with these skeptics in person, or with their avowed disciples.

Any effort to reconvert these persons to Christianity, in order at once to be fundamental, and at the same time to promise the least success, must, at its very basis, bear in mind that whereas they began with being Christians, they have somehow or another ended with not being Christians, but antichristians.

Now this transition from Christianity, to some form of religious faith or another hostile to Christianity, has not taken place on their part without a sufficient reason. No more will there ever be a counter-religious transition on their part so that they shall end where they began, namely, with being Christians, without a sufficient reason for that transition also.

How came these persons, therefore, on the one hand to renounce Christianity, and on the other hand to espouse some form of religious faith or another hostile to Christianity?

For their doing this, the early blunders of the theologians in dealing with the perfectly sincere religious doubts and difficulties pecu-

liar to modern times, which blunders are in part above referred to, are doubtless more or less responsible.

Now, it is indeed true that, despite these blunders of the theologians, some of the victims of these doubts and difficulties could, nevertheless, do as Froude observes, that is, could either "thrust the subject aside and take refuge in practical work," or else could at least pause when they had merely landed "in heart-broken uncertainty, or careless indifference." But others who were beset with these peculiar doubts and difficulties, and at the same time subjected to the treatment of the clergy instanced, were thereby goaded forward, as by a sort of mental necessity, into the utter rejection of Christianity. Nor was this all, for being positive in nature, being from their entire mental constitution unable to find repose in a mere religious negation, they were likewise thereby goaded onward and onward, whether into the projection, or into the mere adoption, of some one or another of the positive antichristian faiths now current in the Christian countries.

If a practical illustration of the facile fashion which the clergy used to have of turning questioners into doubters, and doubters into disbelievers, and disbelievers into positive antichristians, be desired, the case of Rénan affords a striking instance. The first blunder was made by the faculty of the Theological Seminary of St. Sulpice, when Rénan, then a mere stripling, presented himself at the annual examination as a candidate for the deaconship, and submitted a number of questions which perplexed his mind, but without receiving a satisfactory answer to which he could not hope to enter into holy orders. Instead of even attempting to answer his questions, the faculty not only positively refused so much as to examine into them, but peremptorily commanded Rénan to leave their priestly presence.

A second theological misstep in dealing with Rénan was made by the clergy, after his elevation to the Professorship of Oriental Languages and Literature in the College of France, when, because of the religious offensiveness of his inaugural address, they raised such an ecclesiastical outcry against him, that the government felt obliged to suspend his course of lectures indefinitely.

A third theological blunder on the part of the clergy was the perfect tempest of calumny and accusation with which they greeted Rénan's *Vie de Jésus* on its first appearance.

"How," as Rénan had himself observed prior to his formal religious outlawry, "how

can one cherish a half-belief in that for which he is proscribed? . . . The joy of suffering for faith is so great that more than once passionate natures have embraced opinions for the luxury of dying for them. In this sense persecution . . . has a marvelous effect in fixing ideas and banishing doubts. . . . We [skeptics] are timid, undecided; we scarcely believe our own ideas; perhaps if it were our lot to be persecuted for them, we should end by believing in them."

And, thanks to the theologians, therefore, how could M. Rénan well help ending as he did end, namely, by most firmly believing in precisely those most pronounced antichristian views, which he had only begun by holding in the form of timid and undecided doubts and queries?

Fortunately, however, the scene of a pack of theologians out upon the track of the mere religious doubter, hounding him onward and onward into an open rupture with Christianity, is now becoming rarer and rarer year by year. Indeed, the time has come when even the open skeptic can freely walk abroad, comparatively in peace, and side by side with Christians. Strauss speaks of a period when, "as if it had been an Erymanthian boar, prowling round the country, every one who could carry a gun, or even spring a rattle, was up in arms against the mythical theory of the gospels." But to-day a Tyndall says: "It is my privilege to enjoy the friendship of a select number of religious men, with whom I converse frankly upon theological subjects, expressing without disguise the notions and opinions I entertain regarding their tenets, and hearing in return these notions and opinions subjected to criticism. I have thus far found them liberal and loving men, patient in hearing, tolerant in reply, who know how to reconcile the duties of courtesy with the earnestness of debate."

Indeed, that entire class of theological blundering which formerly arose, and still to some extent arises, from confounding honest intellectual difficulties about the current views of Christianity with either intellectual arrogance, or else with moral turpitude, or else with both, has not only been very widely discovered, but likewise almost universally discarded, among the more liberal-minded and advanced theologians of the present day. May a tree that has hitherto borne only evil and bitter fruit for souls in deep religious doubt and trouble, be withered more and more by the hottest scorn of every Christian scholar!

Here, then, is at least one powerful cur-

rent, which has hitherto been doing little more than drifting immense multitudes of honest and thoughtful questioners about Christianity away into positively antichristian forms of faith, now fairly turning, and, like a swinging tide, endeavoring to redrift these antichristians back again to their original Christian starting-point.

But will either the leading modern skeptics, or their avowed disciples, for this reason alone, be drifted back again to Christian ground? Let us beware of thinking so.

And in order to get at the underlying reasons for this let us begin by considering still farther the special case of Rénan. And, first of all, let it be supposed that, instead of rigidly repressing and forcibly ejecting him merely because of his submitting to them certain religious questions which perplexed his mind, when he stood before them as the thoughtful Christian candidate for the deaconship, the faculty of the Theological Seminary of St. Sulpice had, on the other hand, adopted the counter-course of being "liberal and loving men, patient in hearing, tolerant in reply." Even then it is very probable indeed that M. Rénan would not have at once received that satisfactory solution to his religious questioning which he devoutly sought for, but without receiving which he could not hope to enter into holy orders. Having, however, been once taken kindly and sympathetically into the seminary, as at least a student on probation, and given the constant privilege of frankly conversing with his professors on the points that most perplexed him, it is scarcely to be doubted,—at all events, it is supposable,—that, instead of ever standing, as he does stand before the Christian world to-day, confessedly one of the most formidable foes ever thus far raised up against Christianity, M. Rénan would, on the contrary, have quietly passed forth from his pupilage at St. Sulpice, one of the most devout and devoted of the Romish priesthood. But imagine such a thing as M. Rénan's now being transformed into one of the most devout and devoted of the Romish priesthood by the simple expedient of being received into some Romish theological institution by liberal and loving men, patient in hearing and tolerant in reply, and having accorded to him the constant privilege of frankly conversing with its professors until his graduation!

No: since the day when he was so rigidly repressed, and so rigorously rejected from St. Sulpice, M. Rénan, among other things, has undergone a thousand most radical revolu-

tions in his entire method of religious thinking; has come to regard Christianity with a positively hostile, instead of a positively friendly, bias; and has furthermore become accustomed to reject as the sheerest sophistry almost everything in view of which he was in those early days prepared to say that the current Christian views at least possessed a valid claim upon his credence. And for these, as well as other kindred reasons, the M. Rénan who was at one period in his religious history the thoughtful and reverent Christian candidate for the Romish deaconship, and the M. Rénan who is to-day the antichristian author of the *Vie de Jésus*, are two very different men indeed, for the theologians to try their kindness, their forbearance, and all their most persuasive priestly methods of conviction with.

And what is thus true of M. Rénan, in particular, is more or less equally true of all the modern skeptics.

And, first, these skeptics always approach the discussion of any cardinal religious question with a positively antichristian bias.

The root-bias of these skeptics against Christianity is a most pronounced repugnance to the supernatural. As early as 1835, Strauss, in behalf of the leading German thinkers, gave expression to a very prevalent impression when he said: "The totality of finite things forms a vast circle, which, except that it owes its existence and laws to a Superior Power, suffers no intrusion from without." When this was said by Strauss, in 1835, however, it probably would not have found a very full response outside of Germany, excepting only here and there in widely isolated minds. But now, in all the Christian countries, there are tens of thousands to whom the above language of Strauss would seem timid and conservative by way of denial of the supernatural. So far from conceding that the totality of finite things even owes its existence and laws to the specific intrusion from without of a Superior Power, the persons in question would rather side with Tyndall when he says: "Nothing has occurred to indicate that the operation of the law [of the permanence of force] has for a moment been suspended; nothing has ever intimated that nature has been crossed by spontaneous action."

But not only has this modern tendency to the utter negation of the supernatural become a broadcast matter in all the Christian countries. It is also a most deeply-rooted, and a most prejudicial bias, among the skeptics, in the conduct of all investigations, where the

supernatural comes in question. One of the extremest illustrations of this is given by Strauss, in his final *Vie de Jésus*, when he plumply says: "No single gospel, nor all the gospels together, can claim that degree of historical reliability which would be required in order to make us debase our reason to the point of believing miracles." Another illustration of the same thing is given by Rénan when he says: "It would be departing from right historic methods to listen too much in this to our repugnances, and, in order to evade objections which might be raised against the character of Jesus, to suppress facts which in the eyes of his contemporaries were of the very first order." For Rénan means by this that, in order to escape the conclusion that Jesus was a real wonder-worker, we must not either hesitate or scruple, as the *dernier ressort* of those most doggedly determined to have nothing to do with miracles, to adopt the hypothesis that Jesus, like all other wonder-workers, performed his prodigies by conscious trickery and fraud. So very repugnant as this to the modern skeptics is the supernatural. That the gospels are a myth, that Jesus is a common thaumaturgic trickster, this, or anything beside, is much sooner to be conceived of, than it is to be conceded that the belief in the miraculous becomes a modern *savant*.

After the theologian has discontinued repressing, proscribing and persecuting "the present generation of infidels," therefore, and after he has furthermore become a liberal and loving man, patient in hearing, and tolerant in reply, he must not be surprised to find that the calm and candid arguments with which he fondly hopes to reconvert these "infidels" to Christianity, produce absolutely no impression. Those arguments are, at least in their underlying thought and principle, every one of them more or less distinctively postulated upon the presupposition that they will be received and estimated by persons having a positive bias toward the supernatural. They are all adapted, that is to say, to that condition of religious thought peculiar to "the present generation of infidels," before they had ceased being Christians; but they are by no means adapted to that other condition of religious thought in which those skeptics now live and move and have their mental being.

It hence results that, even after coming to close quarters in calm and careful argument with the leading modern skeptics and their avowed disciples, either the theologians will never make the slightest headway in their

efforts to reconvert their opponents to Christianity, or else the theologians must, at the very threshold of their undertaking, utterly abandon, as a fundamental dependence in the effort instanced, every one of the traditional arguments in favor of Christianity. For it is not merely true, as has already been said, that these arguments, every one of them more or less distinctively, presuppose that there exists, in the mind of the party to be convinced, a positive bias toward a belief in the supernatural; but it is likewise true that these arguments are every one of them perfectly familiar to the intelligent modern skeptic, and that they have been, as perfectly familiar arguments, long ago rejected by him, as being not convincing. He has become, that is to say, in some form or another, an anti-Christian in his religious belief, despite all those traditional arguments in favor of Christianity. And what was thus utterly inadequate to arrest his becoming a skeptic, while he yet retained at least some traces of his early Christian bias toward believing in the supernatural, most certainly cannot now be adequate to reconvert him to Christianity, when all his leanings are most utterly repugnant to the slightest credence in the supernatural. For instance: take a person in the attitude of mind whether of a Tyndall, who places "witchcraft, and magic, and miracles and special providences," all upon a perfect parity; or of a Rénan, who says: "We do not believe in miracles, as we do not believe in ghosts, . . . in sorcery, in astrology." Imagine the usual theological arguments, however remodeled, and however modernized, having any, even the very slightest perceptible tendency to reinstate either a Tyndall, or a Rénan, in his early Christian credence, whether in miracles, or in special providences! The mature Christian of average intelligence can as easily conceive it possible that he could himself now go back again to the credulous days of early childhood, and once more become a believer in hobgoblins, centaurs and hippogriffs, merely because such things traditionally figure in the rhymes and tales of chambermaids and nurses.

That we neither mistake the truth here, nor even state the case too strongly, is readily demonstrable. For why does the mature Christian of average intelligence now almost indignantly refuse even so much as seriously to hear about such a thing as a hobgoblin, or a centaur, or a hippogriff; whereas, at a prior period of his development, he could actually be convinced, whether by the ditty or the story of the ignorant and superstitious, of

their veritable existence? One reason for this, doubtless, is the fact already suggested, namely, that the mature Christian of average intelligence now has, unlike the child, no mental bias toward believing in such purely imaginary beings as hobgoblins, centaurs and hippogriffs, but rather the reverse. But if you ask such a Christian why he now has no such mental bias, but rather the reverse, he will at once tell you that it is for two principal reasons: first, because he is now much higher up in the scale of mental development than any child can boast of being; and, secondly, because he now possesses a much larger experience in, and knowledge of, the actual world of facts and laws, as distinguished from the visionary world of fancies and caprices, than any child possesses.

Precisely the same thing is true, in principle, of the leading modern skeptics, and their avowed disciples. Thus: "The savage sees," says Tyndall, "in the fall of a cataract, the leap of a spirit; and the echoed thunder-peal was to him the hammer-clang of an exasperated God. But observation tends to chasten the emotions, and to check those structural efforts of the intellect which have emotion for their base. One by one natural phenomena have been associated with their proximate causes, and the idea of direct personal volition mixing itself in the economy of nature, is retreating more and more." "Before these methods were adopted, the unbridled imagination roamed through nature, putting in the place of laws the figments of superstitious dread. For thousands of years witchcraft, and magic, and miracles, and special providences . . . had the world to themselves. . . . Mr. Mozley concedes that it would be no great result for miracles to be accepted by the ignorant and the superstitious. . . . But he does consider it a great result that they have been accepted by the *educated*. In what sense educated? . . . Like nine-tenths of the clergy of the present day, they [Mr. Mozley's educated people] were versed in the literature of Greece, Rome and Judea, but as regards a knowledge of nature, which is here the one thing needful, they were 'noble savages,' and nothing more."

If the Christian should now accordingly go over for a moment to the mental stand-point of the antichristian of the present day, as it concerns the supernatural, the Christian then would at once perceive that, when he comes thus to personate the antichristian, he is, for the time being, merely rejecting miracles, and special providences, and all

the other supernatural features of Christianity, for precisely the same reason, considered only in its underlying thought and principle, which formerly had induced him, in his proper character of Christian, unhesitatingly to reject, whether hobgoblins, centaurs, or hippogriffs; that reason being, as it now appears to him in his present assumed character of modern skeptic, the two-fold reason pointed out above, namely, first, that he now possesses a much higher order of mental development, and, secondly, that he now possesses a much larger experience in, and knowledge of, the actual world of facts and laws, as distinguished from the visionary world of fancies and caprices, than comports with the possibility of his present belief, whether in miracles, special providences, hobgoblins, centaurs, hippogriffs, or in any other conceivable figment of the mere emotions and imagination, or special aspect of the supernatural.

How, therefore, shall the partisans of Christianity now proceed in the effort to lay before the modern skeptics and their avowed disciples some satisfactory proof that the supernatural features of Christianity demand acceptance?

"The alterations in the minds of men which the tendency of modern thought has effected in respect of evidence," says the Rev. Mr. Fowle, "may be summed up under two heads: First, the nature of the evidence required is altogether altered, and a great many arguments that would in former days have gone to the jury, are now summarily suppressed. Fact can only be proved by facts. . . . And, secondly, the minds of the jury are subject to *à priori*, and, on the whole, perfectly reasonable prepossessions before the trial begins. The existence of changeless law; the regular, the natural and orderly march of life; the numerous cases in which what seemed to be the effect of chance, or miracle, have been brought within the limits of ascertained causation; all these things predispose the mind against pleadings for the supernatural."

"The lines of a long, and perhaps never-ending, conflict between the spirit of Religion and . . . the spirit of Rationalism," continues Mr. Fowle, "are here defined. Neither of the two being able by mere argument to convince the other, they must rely upon gradually leavening the minds of men with prepossessions in the direction which each respectively favors. . . . The predisposition will be created solely by moral means. . . . Rationalism will approach mankind

rather on the side of the virtues of intellect. . . . Religion will appeal to man's hopes and wishes [and the like]. . . . All attempts to confute the 'skeptic' by purely intellectual methods are worse than useless."

Now, if these remarks of Mr. Fowle—originally appearing in the *Cotemporary Review*, and being thence transcribed into the pages of *The Popular Science Monthly*—are indeed well founded, then they are of a very evil omen for the future prospects of the Christian faith in every Christian country. For, in the first place, as Mr. Fowle himself observes: "It is as clear as day that, as science is getting a more and more practical hold upon men's minds by a thousand avenues, and mastering them by a series of brilliant successes, this temper [this spirit of Rationalism] is rapidly passing from the few into the popular mind. . . . Sooner or later we shall have to face a disposition in the minds of men to accept nothing as fact but what facts can prove, or the senses bear witness to." And thus does it become at once apparent that, if the method of dealing with the modern skeptics proposed by Mr. Fowle is indeed the one to be adopted, as the *dernier ressort* of the partisans of Christianity, then these partisans must be prepared hereafter to see Christianity more and more declining in its influence over the reading and thinking masses; and that precisely in proportion as the spirit of Rationalism becomes more and more extended, and more and more a "part of the furniture of the human intellect."

Besides, having once fairly entered upon the career of endeavoring to reinstate a belief in Christianity among the leading modern skeptics, and their avowed disciples, merely in the manner mentioned, where shall the matter stop?—with miracles and special providences? But suppose the spirit of Religion should become too greedy of the supernatural to be content with that? Suppose that, over-riding all the virtues of the intellect, and ignoring all the world of facts, the spirit of Religion should, under the full whip and spur of the mere religious hopes and wishes, and the like, carry back the minds of men again into believing, not merely in miracles and special providences, but also in witchcraft and magic and hobgoblins and centaurs and hippogriffs?

No, not in the manner suggested by Mr. Fowle, but after quite another method, must the partisans of Christianity now rally to the rescue of their religious faith; and that other method is precisely the one which Mr. Fowle above rejects as worse than useless, namely,

the purely intellectual, or at least the mainly intellectual. In an age when men of the foremost intelligence are everywhere freely classing witchcraft and magic and miracles and special providences together, even Christians cannot go half-way. If they say that witchcraft and magic have been obliged to flee the world of facts and strictly intellectual scrutiny, they must not merely say that miracles and special providences are still to be believed in merely, or even as an ultimate reason, because of certain predisposing hopes and wishes of, the mere religious order.

Conversely, the only proper thing for miracles, and special providences, and all the other supernatural features of Christianity just now to do, is simply this, that is, frankly and fearlessly to place themselves before the bar of modern thought and culture for a calm and careful testing. If, as matters laying claim to a proper name and place in the world of real facts and figures, they can give no more valid reason for their continued hold upon the faith of men of modern thoughtfulness and culture, as belonging to the world of fact and figures, than witchcraft and magic can give, then those men of modern thoughtfulness and culture can, in their turn, give no more valid reason for putting their faith in the features of Christianity referred to, as belonging to the world of fact and figures, than they can give for putting their faith in witchcraft and magic, as belonging to the world in question.

In taking up the problem of the supernatural features of Christianity from a purely intellectual stand-point, we are indeed never to forget that, germinally considered, the German philosophers, especially from Kant downward, doubtless did well-nigh everything to produce that almost inveterate predisposition not to believe in the supernatural which has in these days become so very widely rooted among the reading and thinking masses. But Rénan doubtless represents those masses at the present epoch in saying: "It is not, therefore, in the name of this or that philosophy, but in the name of constant experience, that we banish miracle from history. We do not say a miracle is impossible; we say that there has been hitherto no miracle proved." "None of the miracles with which ancient histories are filled occurred under scientific conditions." "And by scientific data I do not merely mean," says Huxley, "the truths of physical, mathematical, or logical science. . . . For, by science, I understand all knowledge which rests upon evidence and reasoning of a like character to that

which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions. And if any one is able to make good the assertion that his theology rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that such theology must take its place as a part of science."

Here, therefore, is the gauntlet which the leading modern skeptics, and their avowed disciples, have almost defiantly thrown down at the feet of the partisans of Christianity, at the present moment. Putting aside all mooted matters of philosophy, they say: Either place the supernatural features of Christianity upon a basis of evidence and reasoning of a like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions, or else we can have nothing whatever to do with those features of Christianity.

Who, then, among the modern partisans of Christianity will take up this gauntlet?

Why, the professional theologians, of course, will take it up. So it would seem. But, upon mature examination, the fact may on the other hand turn out to be that, before the problem now presented to them of placing the Christian faith and system upon a truly scientific basis, the professional theologians not only stand to-day, but must forever stand, but little more than powerless.

And if this be so, then either the Christian laity must take up the gauntlet instanced, or else the partisans of Christianity must in a body confess that they have no truly scientific basis on which to rest their credence in any supernatural feature of their religious system,—a subject which we must, however, reserve for a special treatment in our concluding paper.

BAUM, THE CORNET-PLAYER.

IN the old University Theater of B— there was once an orchestra of surpassing strength and brilliancy. Its principal performer and its strongest stay was an old-fashioned white-haired gentleman, who was fastidiously ancient in his dress and deportment. He was a pianist, and he was blind. He was also a part proprietor of the theater. His name was Krömer. He always wore a blue coat with large brass buttons, a wide collar which half enveloped his closely-cropped head, and an amplitude of flowing skirts which when the wind was high made a sail of such persuasive power that his thin legs could hardly hold their own against it. His neck-cloth was always large and purely white. Golden seals depended from his yellow vest, and he carried a cane which bore a silken tassel and a serpent in carnelian.

In his younger days people had told him that he resembled Burr, for his face was excellent, his chin sharp, and his complexion beautifully clear. He often sighed that custom forbade him a wig, and as a compensation he brushed his thick hair straight up from his forehead, and even in his sixtieth year steadfastly continued to be a dandy. He occupied choice apartments with his daughter, the bright remnant of a large family, and upon the whole lived a happy life until the thought of a son-in-law arose to disturb his peace of mind and to plague his ambition.

His sad infirmity had early demanded that he should have a companion in the busy streets through which he was obliged to pass on his way to the theater, and the skillful cornet-player, Frederic Baum, at once offered his perpetual services, for he lodged in the same house. These services were gratefully accepted, and for several years the two men tramped backwards and forwards between their homes and their places of work, walking arm-in-arm; Frederic tenderly supporting his cornet-case, and Krömer constantly tapping the walk in front with the iron ferule of his cane.

Baum was an ugly man. His eyes were gray, his nose was large and red, and the constant blowing upon his difficult instrument had raised puffs of muscles and flesh which resembled the effects of drink, though a more abstemious man than Baum never lived.

All the unhandsome attributes of Baum's person were, however, thickly gilded; one soon forgot his unhappy eye and dismal face, and learned to sum him up from what they heard rather than from what they saw; and the result was generally favorable to Baum, for he had a rich voice and a graceful tongue.

Krömer's daughter gradually became a beautiful woman, and it began to dawn upon the father that he now had another duty to perform besides thrumming upon his piano in the orchestra.

Baum, being in full possession of his sight, had marked the advance of Krömer's daughter upon the stage, and had formed the natural plan of marrying her, though as yet he kept his hopes tight within his own bosom. He was by no means sure that his path to Margaret's affections would be the clearest that man had traveled, and he contented himself at the outset with treating her with the most scrupulous respect.

With Krömer, however, he kept on with better success. Baum was a careful man, and he therefore set himself to the task of discovering the true state of his friend's affairs before he made any real onslaught upon the wayward affections of the daughter.

The revelations were pleasing in the highest degree. The old gentleman had made excellent profits out of his music, and had fingered the keys of his mighty piano to some substantial good. Baum was delighted, and the sole subject of conversation between the two men now became lands and bonds, and the pleasures of the orchestra faded into the background.

But Krömer's mind often reverted to his daughter; she was now twenty-one, and was fit to be married. She cared little or nothing for company, and seemed happiest when she could find some new pleasure or comfort for her father. Krömer knew that this was a mistake, and so he began to cast about him for a candidate for his treasure. He determined to call in the aid of that keen reasoner and clear seer, his friend Baum.

Therefore, in consequence of an arrangement made between them, Baum presented himself in the apartments of Krömer on a pleasant evening after the performance at the theater. It was moonlight, and the lofty parlor which constituted the main apartment of Krömer's suite had no other illumination. Upon a table in an embrasure of a long window stood a large decanter and a pair of long-stemmed glasses.

Krömer felt the brilliant glow upon his face and was silent, while Baum quietly contemplated a picture made by a beautiful church-spire opposite.

Presently Baum reached for one of the glasses and began to turn it around and around in his fingers, for he began to reflect upon the subject of his visit. Nervousness filled him to the brim as he asked himself what right he had to expect that Krömer would pitch upon him, and still he could bring no one else to his mind who had ever met the notice of either the old gentleman or his daughter. Now his hope arose and now it sank.

He observed the calm face of Krömer from the corners of his eyes. The old gentleman sat with folded hands in the soft moonlight, smiling gently at his own conceit.

"My dearest friend Baum," said he finally in a deliberate whisper, but with the buoyancy of a man who has a treasured secret in reserve, "I trust you have a high idea of what we are about to decide. It is the welfare and happiness of my most lovely daughter. Reach me your hand over the table."

Baum did so reluctantly, for he felt that it was damp with perspiration, and that it was tremulous in spite of himself.

"Now let us go on rapidly," continued Krömer, readjusting himself. "I will mention several promising men, and you will be kind enough to say anything which strikes you concerning them; that is, if you know them; if not, you will say nothing. I have the peace of my daughter so nearly at heart that I will listen as closely to what you say as if you were an oracle."

"May I light a cigar before we commence?" asked Baum.

"Certainly," replied Krömer.

By this artifice Baum got his hand to himself and kept it. He also retired a few inches from the table in order to be able to tremble without chance of discovery; that is, supposing Krömer should agitate him by what he was about to say.

Krömer began by calling the name of a certain rich cabinet-maker who lived over the way. Baum laughed immoderately at this mention, and another smile flitted even over the serious face of Krömer.

"I hardly wonder that you laugh, now that I think of it," said he. "It would indeed be an ill-judged thing to ask Margaret to be strictly light-hearted with a man who has the shape of an elephant and the soul of a fox. He is very rich, but he is also very ugly. No, the cabinet-maker will not do. What do you say to that young Frenchman who makes those ingenious artificial flowers?"

"He makes too many artificial flowers," replied Baum; "and he makes them too well. He is infatuated with his art, and labors at it incessantly. He would only use a wife to decorate as a milliner does a lay-figure. She would share his affection with his linen-roses and his foliage of Paris-green. That would not do."

"No indeed," responded Krömer promptly; "I thought of that myself. To be the best of husbands one must not think wholly of business. What do you say of that stout young Englishman who imports linen?"

"Oh, he thinks too little of business. He is constantly off playing cricket on summer afternoons, and he will soon be poor."

"That's very true. To be a good husband one must not forget to work. Love requires as much money as misery does. Now I incline a little towards that popular romancist who writes so charmingly."

"Then you make an error, friend Krömer. He is not methodical. He believes in inspiration, and consequently he is generally out at the elbows. Besides that, he is lean."

"Yes, that is an objection," responded Krömer slowly. "A woman dislikes a lean man; and besides that, they are inclined to have poor tempers, and their love is as thin as their bodies. This reminds me of the malt-dealer in the next street. He knows Margaret, and I know she attracted him. I do not recall a bad quality there."

"Then you must be singularly misinformed," said Baum with anxiety; "for he is very stout, and he belongs to one of those third or fourth generations spoken of in the Bible."

"Good Heavens," exclaimed the other, "what do you tell me! Is there, then, no one of those I have mentioned who would be a fit husband for my daughter?"

"Not one," said Baum decidedly.

Krömer seemed to reflect for a while, and then he mentioned two other personages; but it happened that Baum had never heard of them, and so he was obliged to allow their names to pass without remark. His spirits rose. He felt sure that his own claims must have occurred to Krömer long before any of these, and he fancied the old gentleman was merely holding the announcement of his name in reserve as a shrewd mother secretes a toy from her child until his desire is aroused to such a pitch that he will enjoy the gift as it deserves.

What Krömer next said tended to increase his hope to a point which was nearly equivalent to certainty.

"We must not stray so far away, friend Baum. How often it is that mankind hunt abroad for rare virtues which have always lain under their noses at home. Now all we want is a sterling heart, a cheerful hand, and a clean conscience; and no one can persuade me that we cannot find them at hand if we look hard."

"I quite agree with you," replied Baum; "no doubt all these virtues, with the additional ones of a comfortable income and a fair amount of talent, not to say genius, are to be had for the mere asking."

"Ay, who knows," responded Krömer thoughtfully. "And besides, how much better it is to select one who has been for a long time under your notice, a friend of some years' standing, and in whose character you cannot pick a flaw."

"True," said Baum with a gasp; "very true."

"What is wealth or beauty," continued Krömer in a flush of generous enthusiasm; "what is wealth or beauty to the sublime qualities of a high ambition which never flags, an ardor which never fails, and a sincerity which never entertained the slightest savor of untruthfulness or double-dealing!"

"Ah, what indeed!" murmured Baum.

"I have met with one such case," said Krömer.

Baum looked out at the steeple with complacency but said nothing, because he felt it would hardly be suitable for him to do so under the circumstances. He was delighted. Here was comfort and joy about to fall into his hands, and his ready imagination made hosts of glowing pictures concerning his future life and the adorable Margaret's. He looked reverentially upon Krömer. He became possessed with a sincere interest in his white hair, and he gazed tenderly upon his handsome face. Who would not be proud of such a gentlemanly father?

Krömer finally resumed. His lip quivered.

"My dear Baum, it will be hard for you to understand the joy which fills me as my reflections confirm the justice of my decision. I know my daughter will ratify it, for she is devoted to me and she has a great faith in my discretion. She would marry the devil if I advised her to do so."

"I am sure she would," whispered Baum.

"But when I point out a true and generous man, I know she will love him with devotion." Krömer's voice trembled with agitation, and the other could not speak, for his mouth was as dry as a corn-husk. "Baum, my dear friend Baum," cried Krömer, "give me your hand again across the table, and congratulate me. You are acquainted with Reinhold Mayer?"

Baum glared like a tiger.

"Then," said Krömer, without waiting for a reply, "that is the man."

The fragile glass which Baum still held shivered to fragments in his fingers, and clattered loudly upon the table and the floor. His hand had closed upon it, and the flesh of his palm was pierced in several places. The pain distracted him for a moment, and while he employed himself in stopping the flow of

blood he forgot all about Krömer's daughter and her fate. When, however, he was able once more to turn his mind upon her, he found himself tolerably calm, though in a rage at the deceit he had practiced upon himself.

He by no means abated his intent. Here was an obstacle, but it presented itself in no stronger light.

So, as a necessary preliminary to his future conduct, which he felt must be subtle, he contrived to restrain the smallest exhibition of anger or disappointment. He explained the catastrophe of the goblet with a ready invention, and appeased his startled friend.

"But why did you fix your mind upon the strange character you have named?" he asked.

"Because he is a man after my own heart. I am told that he is handsome, and that is an advantage. He has played the first violin in my orchestra for five years, and has never missed a performance or a rehearsal. I hear his kind voice now and then appeasing the infamous quarrels which arise, but I always notice his delightful playing. It is magnificent. He never misconstrues the writer, he never is unfaithful and slack, and he never insults his master by adding flourishes of his own. Such a man will make a good husband, and I know he is ambitious, for he told me he hoped to succeed Kauntz as leader when he dies, and you know the old man is enfeebling himself very fast by overeating."

Baum remained silent, ruminating over this phrase of his affairs and wondering how he might best go on. This thought suddenly occurred to him:

"Why, friend Krömer, this boy does not yet know your daughter."

"There," hastily responded the other, "that is it; that is the very thing I was coming to. No, he does not know her, and it is somewhat important that he should if he is ever to become her husband. Now, I have thought of a merry little plan to bring them together naturally and socially. To-morrow we shall have no music to play, for, thank Heaven, it will be Sunday. Now, in the afternoon we four can go out together for a day in the Park; and as you and I will be well content to sit under the green trees and listen to the singing-birds with our pipes in our mouths, the other couple will be left entirely free to stroll off wherever they choose, and chatter and ogle as much as they please. They can't help but feeling an interest in each other at once, for they will be stimulated by all the exhilarating charms of nature; the calm and sparkling water, the fragrant summer winds, the

blue sky and rustling foliage. Come, Baum, I tell you that is a skillful plan. We shall enjoy ourselves by watching them walk to and fro, and by marking their strengthening acquaintance as they pass before us at various times. Eh! what do you say?"

"I am afraid it will be dry work for us," replied Baum.

"O no, it cannot be dry, for it will be amusing. We will sit and chat, and if conversation flags, we can both drop off into a nap. It will be shady, and they have the very best beer that can be had in the country. We shall enjoy ourselves."

Finally, the plan was agreed upon, and Baum carried an invitation to Mayer, who lived frugally in a garret with a little brother, whom he was teaching to play the violoncello as a primary step to that most divine of instruments, the violin.

Mayer accepted the invitation with profuse thanks, which were as evident in his animated eyes as in the words of gratitude which he showered upon his visitor.

Baum went home full of chagrin.

He felt that the labor he was about to enter upon, namely, to induce Krömer to consider him instead of Mayer, must be elaborate and ingenious. At the moment he felt no particular amount of jealousy towards Mayer, for he was too much absorbed in anger at Krömer, whose oversight of him appeared malicious.

As the night passed on, however, he began to look at matters in a more rational light. He began to imagine that he had been overlooked by Krömer simply because he had been too close a friend and companion to him; that is, Krömer regarded him as merely a very good brother, and therefore ineligible as a son-in-law.

This was comprehensible, and eventually Baum entertained the idea to the exclusion of all others. But the effect was not a happy one, for he no sooner began to excuse Krömer than he began to hate Mayer.

This passion was about as well suited to Baum's temperament as any other on the list. It grew apace, and he cherished it carefully, as a morbid person does a bodily ailment.

His lack of power to recall a blemish in the life and character of Mayer only added fuel to the already noisome flame; and when he was obliged to acknowledge to himself that the young man was a far better and a more aspiring musician than himself, his mortification and rage were hardly restrainable.

But still he went to the picnic with a placid countenance and a voice of uncommon suavity.

The day was a brilliant one.

They traveled to the Park by a small boat, which also conveyed a troop of pleasure-hunters like themselves. There was a flageolet-player in the bow, who would cease playing now and then in order to point out the beauties of the scenery as they went along. Occasionally a quartette of very heavy men would sing love-songs, which would echo from one side of the river to the other, and then die away among a hundred distant crags. The sun was bright, and every one seemed happy.

Krömer and his daughter stood together with his arm drawn through hers, and both inhaling the cool air with great delight. The buttons of his coat were refulgent, his neck-cloth unusually white, and his carriage was even gay. But his daughter was in her glory; she reveled in the music, in the joy of a cloud-like dress, and in the knowledge that the crowd gazed upon her admiringly. She smiled, and blushed, and chatted, and looked askance upon Mayer with significance.

He sat talking to the observant Baum, who was full of poetry and gall, only the first of which, however, being apparent.

Mayer was handsome but grave. He tried hard to prefer the seductions of Baum's wit and conversation to those of Margaret's glowing eye and airy form, but he failed. She achieved a signal victory, and when they landed they both dissolved their old partnerships and walked off together, leaving Krömer and Baum to go on in company towards a preconcerted rendezvous under the shadow of a pinewood at the water-side.

"Tell me," said Krömer in a whisper; "tell me how matters are going. Have they both struck fire? How do they get on together?"

"Devilish well," responded Baum, staring hard after them.

"Good. That is really gratifying," said the old gentleman. "She whispered to me in confidence that she knew she must respect him after a short acquaintance. Come, Baum, let us sit down in the shade. Here comes a waiter who will bring us some beer, and I trust you have your pipe."

They did sit down, and before they arose again Krömer was a miserable man.

Baum's circumstances were something like these. He was poor; but he had an elder brother at home who had received the favor of the government for some fine acts of bravery and skill in a certain war, and who had been shrewd enough to turn his position and honors to considerable profit; enough, indeed,

to bring into great prominence a score of loving relatives who had hitherto kept themselves secluded. But the brother retained an affection for but one of his family, and had turned his back upon all the rest; this person was our Baum. Baum having quitted his country to try his fortunes in this one, had shown a spirit of independence which only enhanced his brother's respect for him, and therefore Baum's chance of inheritance increased rapidly. It would be a flagrant untruth to say that Baum was at all oblivious of the delights of wealth, or that he was in the least careless of the reports of the effects of age and unaccustomed ease upon his brother's chances for long life. He watched; for Baum was uncommonly hungry for money.

It has been told that he had discovered Krömer's prosperous condition. He had seen that thirty years of unremitting labor and twenty years of parsimony had produced a good state of comfort for the old man and his daughter, and now, having become enamored of Margaret, it was merely necessary to enamor her father of him in order to carry his point. To do this, he began systematically to excite his cupidity.

This, then, was his task when he sat down beside Krömer upon the bench by the river-side on that sunny day.

The stream before them was wide and peaceful, the air was soft, birds sang in the trees, children strolled by over the patches of grass, and Krömer was fain to throw open his blue coat, if not to take it off altogether.

Everything was calm. Young men and young women sauntered by in the broad paths, holding each other's hands; gay colors abounded, and the distance was thick with groups of lovers.

Presently Margaret and Mayer appeared. She with downcast eyes, and he swinging his cane as though he was an ancient with a sling.

"Ho, ho," said Baum; "here they come. He is whispering to her some of that poetry, no doubt. He is full of poetry."

"And does she listen?" hastily demanded Krömer.

"O yes, yes. She drinks it in, as it were. It's poison, dear Krömer, deadly poison. But I tell you it's a pretty sight to see them. She leans upon him, she looks into his face; he softly gesticulates and looks into hers; it's a great pity that they do not own the grounds or one something like them. What delicious pleasure it would be to stroll in one's own garden!"

"Ah yes, indeed," sighed Krömer.

Baum permitted him to meditate upon this until the couple reappeared in another bend of the serpentine walk.

"Now I see them again, friend Krömer. How delightful it is! Now he stops and steps to a flower-bed. The happy dog. Now he has picked a rose, and he gives it to her. I can see her cheeks burn from here. But wait—here comes a man in a gray coat with black buttons; he motions towards the bush from which the flower was taken. Mayer is in difficulty. Margaret is ready to cry. Stop—now Mayer slips some money into the man's hand; there—now the man goes away. Doubtless that rose has cost poor Mayer a whole day's earnings. It will pinch him terribly."

"Poor boy," said Krömer. "It is dreadful to live from hand to mouth."

Baum smiled and said nothing. He was pleased to see his friend allow his face to grow grave and his pipe to go out.

Presently the pair came again into view, but this time they were walking away, and their backs were therefore presented to Baum and his companion.

"What a very decent figure Mayer has?" said Baum.

"Has he?" asked Krömer somewhat coldly.

"O yes, very tolerable, though he dresses it badly; his trowsers bag at the knees, his hat is very old, and his coat is misused by time. But Margaret is charming. There is a grace of carriage about her which is intoxicating. Look at the art of her dress, the set of her head. Ah, Krömer, one would imagine you must be a king from the bearing of the daughter."

Weak and foolish Krömer actually aroused himself from his comfortable position and thrust up his head, and in the course of a few moments began acting the king by crossing his arms and keeping his chin in the air. Baum pretended that his attention was drawn to a flower on the edge of the pathway, and he began to deduce from it:

"How often one sees a man or a woman separated from their kinds and planted immovably in the dirt and mire! Some gentle heart or tender soul struggling like this poor daisy in rasping gravel; isolated, bruised, trodden upon and fading for want of company. Love cannot survive when comfort is straitened. Conscience demands compliance, but the soul revolts, the affection grows thin, and all the beauties die away." Baum stopped for a moment, meanwhile observing that

Krömer was listening to him with great attention, and then he added with a much lighter manner: "Daughters are flowers of the tenderest description, my friend. To transplant them is one of the great responsibilities of life. Humor their old happinesses and don't put them in a scrimping soil." Baum encircled his head in a thick wreath of smoke and hummed an air, while Krömer, leaning upon his cane, began to think he had made a mistake.

A part of the conversation of the other two was interesting, not the whole of it by any means, for the talk of lovers has as defined a taste as milk, and about as much substance. For a single moment both were decently formal, as new acquaintances should be. Then having got out of earshot, said Margaret blithely:—

"O, what a load of wickedness is swept from my overburdened soul by being able to talk with you openly!"

She beamed upon Reinhold, who looked amused.

"And my worn-out brain," said he, "is now relieved from the invention of more subterfuges. We now have no need of that wretched letter-writing, which aggravates rather than assuages. I am sure he never dreamed of what was passing under his eyes."

"Eyes?" said Margaret pathetically; "you know he has no eyes."

"Well, then, his nose."

"No; I am sure he trusted me implicitly."

"Let me think," pondered Reinhold; "we have been engaged now two months."

"Yes, two months; and have been acquainted ten weeks."

"Very true. Now upon the whole, I am very glad that matters have gone on as they have. We are free to love or hate as we choose; whereas, before, the delight of cheating somebody, which is human, compelled us to endure each other. But as for my part, I shall keep on as I have commenced, and love you extravagantly."

"And I shall do the same."

"What, Baum to the contrary?"

"Certainly! I detest Baum."

"You are quite right, for Baum is a scoundrel. I have his complete story from first hands, and a miserably bad story it is. To begin with, his name is not Baum, but Kirchoff. He is already married, and his ugly wife was at home in their native town three months ago. He fled from her because, between them, they soon spent all the money she brought, and she was not beautiful enough

to suit his fastidious taste. Besides that, she was a shrew of the most savage sort. Kirchoff has a brother who is a rich and newly-fledged baron with forty orders of merit and forty bodily complaints, which causes the gleam of prospective wealth to fall upon the path of our friend of the cornet. To his credit, my heart's-germ, he perceives your virtues, and at this moment he is doubtless bringing his own to the mind of your father, as they sit together upon the bench yonder. You should tremble when you realize that your beauty has persuaded a man to become a bigamist—if he can."

"Now this is disagreeable," said Margaret, with tears in her eyes. "You talk very rudely to-day; so put this man out of your mind and let us walk down by the water and imagine all this beautiful place to be our own."

"How Baum watches us."

"Then let us delight him by endeavoring to entrance each other."

"I am entranced already," said Mayer helplessly.

"Well," responded Margaret thoughtfully, "I think that I am too. You are a delightful man, Reinhold."

It was at this point that the conversation assumed its milk-like character; all vigor and sense departed, and for a third pair of ears it possessed no charms. They wandered hither and thither like two children. The music seemed to them to be the music of Heaven; the distant grassy hills, the bright flowers on every hand, the happy faces all about them, the sweet perfume of the air, appeared to be a part of Paradise. They chirruped like birds, and while counting the prospects of future troubles upon their fingers, they imagined untold thousands of perpetual joys. They were both ready to sing, but they contented themselves by merely flitting to and fro, chatting and smiling, and wishing the sun might never go down.

The politic Baum contrived to unsettle the peace of Krömer's mind before the time arrived for the party to return.

The pleasures of wealth were never presented so carelessly and yet so powerfully. The vanity of the old man burst out again, and he imagined himself surrounded by luxuries without qualification or stint. He fully regretted his selection of Mayer.

Baum reached his chamber burning with jealousy. No passion is so quick to nerve the languid wickedness of a bad man's heart as this. A man of brains is always harmless under its attacks, but a jealous fool is the

most dangerous of brutes. He entered his room pale with the excitement which he had repressed all day. He had been reared under the shadow of a German university, and had caught the spirit of its ruffianism without any of its profitable lessons; consequently, when he felt his antagonism to Mayer, his cowardly nature made him instantly dread a personal conflict.

He did not know how to fence, and as he had known disputes to be settled by swords in the German community in which he moved, he felt sure that any quarrel which might arise between him and his enemy would have the same appeal.

Therefore, before he could safely insult this rival, he must take some lessons.

On the succeeding day Mayer led the orchestra at the rehearsal in the morning. This was a new honor, and the young man acquitted himself nobly. Baum's hate was inflamed, and he ran home almost demented. In the afternoon he set out to hunt up a fencing-master, and was directed to one whose rooms were over a wheelwright's shop.

He passed up the stairs and entered. The apartment was hung with gloves, masks, and foils. Targets ornamented the walls, and several padded vests were hung upon hooks bearing their owner's names.

A boy presented himself to Baum and informed him that his master was out, but that the assistant-teacher would wait upon him. The assistant-teacher entered promptly, and Baum turned around to meet him.

It was Mayer.

Baum felt himself blush; but still he contrived to smile and put out his hand.

"What, are you fencing-master besides?"

"Yes, I play at night, rehearse at eleven in the morning, and come here at two in the afternoon. It keeps me employed, and I earn money. I shall get rich, as sure as your name is Baum."

Baum would like to have flown at him and torn him to pieces, but he wisely restrained himself and endeavored to discover his meaning by staring at him. Mayer, however, was imperturbable.

"Did you come to be taught fencing?" he asked.

"No," replied Baum; "I came to—to ask the rent of the vacant loft overhead. I think of loaning some money to a house-painter to start in business. But your master is not in?"

"No," responded Mayer with a bow; "he is not present."

Baum caught the emphasis, and with a sig-

nificant gesture he turned towards the door. Mayer followed him to the passage and laid a finger on his arm.

"I am sure you came to learn how to fight with me. I have watched your conduct. I knew the state of your mind when we returned from the park yesterday, and I assure you it is a dangerous one for you to indulge in. Do not make an enemy of me, for a man who has secrets such as yours are, should confine his attention to friends, not enemies. I advise you to relinquish all hopes of marrying Margaret."

"How do you dare——"

"Go down stairs, Kirchoff!"

Baum's knees knocked together, and, seizing the balustrade, he looked at Mayer, who stood above him.

"Go down," cried Mayer. Without thinking what he did, Baum did so. Presently he found himself in the street, bewildered. He wandered off, and by some instinct found his way to his lodging in a state of mind verging upon a stupor.

His long-hidden and unsounded name had fallen upon him like a blow, and hours passed before he began to recover.

He was awakened by a boy who brought him a letter. He threw it into a corner of the room and went out into the cool air of the evening.

That night Krömer hired an escort to the theater, and while there he heard a story about Baum which was floating about among the musicians, and which set him on fire. He blundered in his playing, and Mayer would have scowled upon him had he not the prospect of being his son. As for Krömer, he scowled upon Mayer, and declined his arm on the way home with a vehemence which frightened the young man, who could imagine no excuse for it.

Krömer found Baum awaiting him in his chamber, and Krömer's cordiality bordered upon affection. He put his arm over his shoulder and pressed his hand.

"My dear friend Baum," he said slowly, "one may make errors even about things which lay nearest the heart."

Baum pricked up his ears and a thrill of pleasure passed through him from top to toe.

"In the night you are likely to reflect upon what has been said in the day."

"Yes," added Baum with a trembling voice; "I remember that I said something on Sunday."

"That is what I mean," whispered Krömer.

"I believe in comfort," ventured the other.

"And so do I, Baum," cried Krömer with

rapture. A flush of delight overspread his face and he caught his friend in his arms. "I believe in you. You are a wise man, and I have just begun to find you out. Let me explain myself, for what I have already said is the result of reason and not whim. I have thought it all out, and I conclude in your favor."

In a moment he had the anxious Baum by the lappel.

"This life," said he softly, "all we practical men agree, is a life of business. Love has or should have its commercial aspects. I say to myself, here is a lovely daughter who must have a husband, and being her father I am bound to look about me to find the required party. One person presents himself to my mind, and I rather fancy him; he has certain quantities of even temper, musical ability, and worldly prospects; my daughter has certain quantities of money, education, beauty, and refinement. Do they balance? Do they weigh evenly in the scales? Tolerably, say I, and consequently I fix my mind upon him. But, my dear friend, I find I have made a mistake. I was actuated by no species of love for that young man; my conclusion was purely one of arithmetic, but still my calculation was wrong. One fine day I go out for an airing with an acute companion, a friend of several years' standing. This companion converses with me and argues. He is clear, forcible, and shrewd. He points out the desirabilities of wealth and position, and he evinces a respect for the substantial joys of money which my son-elect does not possess. I sum up as I lay my head upon my pillow in the dead of night, and I think, finally, that I had better make a change."

Krömer coughed a little behind his hand. Baum held his breath and was filled with joy.

"Am I a mercenary old man?" resumed Krömer pathetically; "do I trade my daughter? Does she hold the position of Joseph? No, I am a man of pure judgment; love is not for me, affection is for others. Baum, my dearest and oldest friend, can you doubt that it is you whom I mean?"

"Krömer," responded that worthy man in a broken voice, "I understand you." The two then wrung hands in silence.

Baum soon left the apartment and ascended the staircase, shaking his fist in the direction of Mayer, while Krömer went hurriedly to bed, conscious of having made a good transaction.

Baum entered his chamber in ecstasy. The prospect of triumph over the detested Mayer caused him to remain awake.

It was fully two hours before his eye rested upon the letter, which still lay in the corner of the room whither he had thrown it.

He went and picked it up. It was foreign, and bore the well-known seal of his brother's attorney. He turned white. A singular mixed expression crossed his face.

He opened the letter, read it hastily, and then permitted it to drop to the floor. He rested his hands upon his hips. "Hum," he murmured in ecstasy, "Baum the cornet-player now expires, and the wealthy Kirchoff, the brother of the late famous baron, comes into existence."—"The baron is dead!

He stood petrified for an hour, and then sinking into a chair, he sat and exulted the livelong night without removing an article of clothing. It was quite late in the morning before he came to his senses—that is, back to his actual position and surroundings. He was now worth a quarter of a million of thalers, and one could forgive him for reflecting on his wonderful possibilities. The first thing he did was to look down upon the floor towards Krömer's room and smilingly shake his head.

"Ah! you venerable calculator," said he, "you knew of all this when you cast off Mayer and adopted me. You heard it at the theater or in a wine-garden, and flew with a corrected judgment to make me commit myself in advance. No, no, Krömer; I regret, but Margaret has few charms for me now. I resign her to the fiddler."

At ten he drank some brandy, and, disheveled and excited, and haggard with the violent emotions of the night, he descended to Krömer's apartment to amuse himself with dallying with the old gentleman. He found the two together; the daughter standing beside the fireplace weeping silently, and the father sitting in his chair dressed to a nicety, with the most entrancing of smiles upon his face.

Baum was high-strung and entirely careless. He spoke to Margaret loudly; she turned aside. He spoke to Krömer, who rose and took his arm with a manner suggestive of fawning.

"I have had a night of happy dreams, friend Baum. Come and sit down and make one of us."

But Baum stood erect; his bearing, his look, and his tone were insolent.

"Krömer, my good pianist, I've been thinking over your proposal to me, and I am inclined to close with it; I—"

"Supposing we step into the window, dear Baum; this is business."

"No, no," responded the other, waving his

hand; "why run away? Let us do everything above-board, Krömer. It is merely a matter of arithmetic, as you once observed. Who need be afraid of figures?"

"But, my—"

"O, don't tease, my good man. Let us be commercial. I have qualities, your daughter has qualities. Suppose we just run over these once more together. If they balance, then all right; if they don't balance, why then I can't take the daughter."

Baum smiled, while Krömer's face exhibited the greatest trepidation; he endeavored to place himself between Margaret and Baum and in an agitated voice begged for silence. But in vain. Baum continued for some moments dealing out misery and discomfort on all sides with his pointed tongue, and yet he by no means discouraged Krömer, who danced hither and thither in an agony of suspense and doubt.

"No," said Baum finally, with a raised voice; "I should admire and relish a wife very well; I often regretted that I have not married earlier; but when one decides at my time of life to make a choice, he cannot be too particular. Now Margaret is a little too tall; I—"

"Kirchoff, I must again order you out of the way."

Kirchoff turned around and beheld Mayer beside him. His face at once became red with anger. Margaret advanced and stood behind Reinhold; while Krömer, speechless with surprise, remained silent.

"You have no right here, and your purpose in coming is simply to insult Margaret and her father. You comprehend me when I again repeat that you have no right. You are a married man, and fled to this country because you could not live in your own."

"That is a falsehood!" shrieked Kirchoff. "You don't know me; you are an impostor. What a scoundrel you are, to attack me so! Why do you tell such stupendous lies? Why do you call me Kirkoff—Kirchoholdt—Kirchoff!"

Mayer laughed, while Krömer's face assumed an expression of great indignation.

"Go out of the room," mildly said Mayer, raising his hand towards the door.

Kirchoff's red cheeks grew purple.

"Defend me, Krömer, or I shall pitch him out of the window. Look at him standing there. What an impertinence! what an outrage! what an insult!"

He began capering about the room with fury. Two or three times he seemed about to precipitate himself upon Mayer, who finally began to get angry himself.

"Let me put my hands upon you," screamed Kirchoff; "and I will show you how to dog and harass an innocent man."

He shook his fists in Mayer's face, who, getting out of patience, turned suddenly around and walked to the door and opened it.

There instantly walked in a short, fat, middle-aged woman, with a small red face and a small sharp eye. She carried her bare arms folded before her, and occasionally slapped them with her hands. Upon the top of her head were a pair of black flouncing feathers, which danced up and down at every step. She fixed her eye upon the ceiling at the further end of the room, and walked straight to the middle of the floor and stood still.

"Madame Kirchoff!" shouted her husband.

"The same," replied she in German, without removing her gaze from the ceiling.

"Now, Kirchoff," said Mayer, "here is the wife you ran away from. She came in the vessel which brought to you and all the Germans in the city the news of your good luck. They tell me that she ruled you at home, and she came to hunt you up and take you back in order to make you pay something for de-luding her into marriage with you. Is that true, Madame Kirchoff?"

"Every word," responded the woman.

"Then take him away," said Mayer.

Kirchoff's knees shook under him. All his courage had vanished, and he looked woe-begone. His wife advanced and seized him by the arm and began to march him off.

"Stop! is all this true?" demanded Krömer; "are you really married, and is this woman here your wife, friend Baum? And is

your true name Kirchoff; and are you being carried off?"

"Yes, I expect so," replied Kirchoff.

"Then you have deceived me," said Krömer; "but," he added reproachfully, "I hope God will bless you, after all."

"I hope he will," replied Kirchoff. Then he disappeared in the clutch of madame.

"Now," said Mayer to Krömer, "there is a difficulty removed, and now all is plain. Margaret and I have arranged matters between us; and as I know you look at affairs in their substantial lights, I have the pleasure to say that to-day I was selected as leader in the orchestra of the new Opera-House, at the best salary paid to any musical man in the country. My overture has been splendidly received, and I am to be President of the Conservatory."

Krömer listened attentively.

"I will think it over," said he; "come to-morrow."

The next day Mayer presented himself. Krömer's face was wreathed in smiles.

"Mayer, my friend, you have won my approbation. I have counted up your various incomes and emoluments, and I calculate they surpass Margaret's by a considerable amount. I will make it even at some future time, though I cannot say precisely when. We thus arrange our business. I am told that there are other features which are only attended to by the parties themselves. You can now proceed with those. Here is Margaret."

Margaret held a fan, for the day was warm, and Mayer advanced, and they both disappeared behind it, but came to light again in an instant, blushing.

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

A COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.*

I WISH, under favor of your patience, to depart a little from the accepted custom of the occasion. I venture to ask you, on this high-day of the Dartmouth year, to abandon scholastic themes for the hour, and pass to the broader plane of public affairs. The topic has not, indeed, been always thought grateful to academic ears. The scholar has

been assumed to dwell apart, and to consecrate himself to higher than every-day affairs. He was to do noble thinking; he was to rule in the realm of ideas; he was to adorn the learned professions. But I am emboldened to a more practical discussion of duties more vital, by an address delivered before these very societies, perhaps in this very building, by an American scholar and thinker, who, while yet flourishing among us in his green and honored old age, has been translated before his time, but not before his

* Delivered before the United Literary Societies of Dartmouth College. Also, in substance, before the Societies of Amherst College and the Alumni of Miami University.

desert, to our American Walhalla. "The scholar may lose himself," said Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, before the United Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, in 1838,— "the scholar may lose himself in schools, in words, and become a pedant; but when he comprehends his duties, he, above all men, is a realist, and converses with things." Fortified by that high teaching, I may, with less hesitation, invite you to consider the duty of the American Scholar to be a Politician, and his duty as a Politician.

The time is convenient. We are at the placid ebb of what, a year ago, was our angry flood-tide. There surged about us then too heavy a sea of passion. The recurrent national mania, the paroxysm of the Presidency, was upon us. Grant a tyrant, Greeley a traitor;—these were the crazy shibboleths of the hour. Believe either and lustily proclaim it, and you had a certain following and support. Calmly disbelieve both, and you would better have a care,—the people were not in this great crisis to be mocked by time-servers who concealed only to betray! Few serious, considerate words got a hearing. It was the quadrennial national craze.

Well,—it is all happily over. The vanquished live to fight another day, and meantime do not find their condition quite intolerable. The victors—perhaps it will not be considered partisan if I venture to suggest that as they contemplate the fruit of their labors, after all they do not feel quite so happy as they expected. It is a good time for victors and vanquished alike to turn aside from the personalities which necessarily transfuse yet infinitely degrade such contests, and consider their abstract duty as citizens.

Is it an exaggeration to assume that this duty is the very highest—those of religion alone excepted—of all that can possibly press upon you? I know very well the snobbish idea to the contrary,—every man knows it, who has ever passed a week within college walls. It has been the habit of the educated classes, the custom of colleges, an effect of the atmosphere, to foster only sentiments of pity, or worse, for the man of letters who so far forgot himself as to stoop to politics. In many a New England college it has at times been somehow felt as involving a loss of caste to display a marked tendency to political discussions; and more than one luckless undergraduate, whose fervid disputations about the Kansas-Nebraska bill or the rights of Freedom against Slavery in the Territories disturbed the scholastic air, never fully attained the standing of those wiser

students who confined their talk to Tennyson and society. The other day a man whose name is held in honor throughout the country, for his generous gifts to the higher education of our time, bemoaned his misfortune about his son. He had wanted to set the boy up in business as a banker; but the perverse fellow had gone into politics, and, when last heard from, had actually taken a seat in the Legislature. The good man looked upon that son of his hope as lost to him, and almost regarded the family name as disgraced!

To wrest statutes for the protection of rogues, and wield technicalities to aid the escape of assassins,—that is respectable, for is it not a part of the noble profession of the Law? To spend your time applying remedies whose value every year makes you more doubtful of, for diseases whose real nature every year makes you more uncertain about,—that is respectable, for it is a recognized feature, Dr. Holmes would say a main feature, of the foremost of the humane pursuits. To spend days and nights in stealthy scheming to persuade your neighbor to buy your Pacific Mail on the belief that its increasing value is not yet recognized, while you secretly know it to be worthless and are only anxious to unload it on him before the final crash comes,—that is eminently honorable, for it is one of the recognized methods of shrewd business management adopted as essential by well-nigh every speculator who does a thriving trade anywhere in the United States, or, for that matter, in Christendom. To devote like attention to the honest and economical administration of the affairs of the whole community, to strive for equal laws and exact justice among your fellows, to seek a public policy that shall promote alike the interests of the citizen and the greatness of the Nation,—it has long been one of the snobbish freaks of the most highly educated classes in our Democratic community to hold the pursuit whereof these are the legitimate ends a business too degrading for gentlemen and scholars.

Yet the same people have always reversed their judgments when they got far enough away from the politician to see him. They know little of the Philadelphia banker who periled his private fortune in carrying the Government through the war of the Revolution,—the very name of Robert Morris scarcely conveys a suggestion to-day to the average reader; but the fame of the politician whom he named for Secretary of the Treasury widens with the generations, till Alexander

Hamilton is recognized throughout the world as one of the few first-rate men of his century—as perhaps the one supremely great actor and thinker whom this continent in the eighteenth century produced. The men of respectable pursuits—the mere physicians, lawyers, bankers, gentlemen, and scholars of that time,—how do they rate now in the estimate of our fastidious friends who despise politics and politicians, by the side of the lad of eighteen who used to desert their worshipful company to write political pamphlets, or share in local political struggles? Illinois has had many shrewd, far-seeing men through the half-century of her history,—profound jurists, accomplished scholars, incomparable men of business,—the miraculous work of whose hands is to-day the wonder of the whole country. Thousands of them have rated through most of their lives, in the estimate of this politics-despising aristocracy, far above the lank, uncouth Springfield lawyer who couldn't mind his business and keep out of politics, and who was always getting beaten in politics. But how they all fade out of sight, in the splendid fame of the Martyr-President! Respectability mourned long and sore over the promising Cincinnati lawyer who threw himself away on fugitive-slave cases and futile attempts to organize political parties on humanitarian ideas, and could only get recognition from negroes for his pains; yet this same respectability mourns again, and just as sincerely as the whole country besides, at the open grave of the great Chief-Justice. We are all of us ready enough to honor the politician, like the prophet,—when we have got through stoning and come to know him.

And after all it is very natural, this low opinion of politics in the abstract. A pursuit is certain to be long judged by the average character of the men who follow it; and the average character of your ward politician cannot be drawn in attractive colors. He is nearly sure to be a demagogue. He is apt to take liberties with the truth. He is in great danger of taking liberties with the public purse—if he can get a chance. Good or bad himself, he is reasonably certain to be often figuring in what seem to be bad situations. There can be no question about the bad company he keeps—especially when he belongs to the opposition. Generally he is apt to seem a politician in that bad sense which, as one of our essayists has pointed out, has actually degraded the meaning of the word from which the name is derived, and led us to look upon a politic man as

merely a cunning man, largely endowed with caution instead of conscience. Of this average bar-room manager, this township wire-puller or ward demagogue, you shall use no word of disapproval which we cannot all heartily re-echo. It is precisely because the men whose duties and whose interests demand from them an active participation in political affairs have fastidiously ignored duty and interest alike, that, in the common mind, politician has come to mean "office-seeker;" and the "Man Inside Politics," whom *The Nation* is so fond of satirizing, is universally understood to be a man professing an anxiety for the good of the country or the good of the party—in his mind convertible terms—in order that he may the more conveniently fill his pockets.

It is at once the weakness of our form of government and the shame of our intelligent classes, that the demagogue, at the outset, has the advantage, and that the office-seekers mainly give the impulse to political movements. It is a bad impulse. They are a bad set who give it, and a not much better set who, in Congress, and especially in State legislatures and small elective offices in great cities, constitute the average outcome. The fastidious father who wants his college-bred son to keep out of politics is altogether right, if he means by politics only this vulgar struggle of vulgar men through vulgar means for petty offices and plethoric but questionable gains. Looking only at such agencies, and such results, we may well marvel at the national prosperity, and fall back in our bewilderment upon Heinrich Heine's witty adaptation of Boccaccio's wicked epigram for an explanation: "The same fact may be offered in support of a republic as of religion;—it exists, in spite of its ministers!"

Yet where is the government that does better? Where is the government that does so well? And no matter whether it does well or ill,—paint our politics as black as you will,—all the more I say you make it the duty of better men, in their own interest, to enter in and take possession.

What I wish then, first of all, to insist upon, is the essential worth, nobility, primacy indeed of the liberal pursuit of politics. It is simply the highest, the most dignified, the most important of all earthly objects of human study. Next to the relation of man to his Maker, there is nothing so deserving his best attention as his relation to his fellow men. The welfare of the community is always more important than the welfare of any individual, or number of individuals; and

the welfare of the community is the highest object of the science of politics. The course and current of men in masses,—that is the most exalted of human studies, and that is the study of the politician. To help individuals is the business of the learned professions. To do the same for communities is the business of politics. To aid in developing a single career may task the best efforts of the teacher. To shape the policy of a nation, to fix the fate of generations,—is this not as much higher as the heavens are high above the earth? Make the actual politician as despicable as you may, but the business of politics remains the highest of human concerns.

There is a special reason why, in our country and time, it should more than ever command the best abilities of our best men. That reason, in a word, is that the age of the sentimental in politics has passed. We have ceased to conduct campaigns on fine feelings. Emotional politics went out with the war. Instead of questions about God-given rights and bursts of pathos over the claim of every being God created to the free air of heaven, and thrills at the unfurling of the flag, we have serious reasoning as to the effect on national prosperity of putting a duty of a fourth of one per cent. *ad valorem* on imported pig-iron; or the power of compelling railroads to carry passengers for three cents a mile, and freight in proportion, without reference to the number of times you have to break bulk. All this is but a change that we see in all our institutions, that is in the times. Even the undergraduates about us have felt it. Ten or fifteen years ago, the staple subject here for reading and talk, outside study hours, was English poetry and fiction. Now it is English science. Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, have usurped the places of Tennyson and Browning, and Matthew Arnold and Dickens. The age itself has changed, and the politics change with it. We are no longer sentimental; we have mines to develop instead of fugitive slaves to fight over; Congressmen to watch instead of United States marshals; the percentage on our funded debt to calculate instead of a percentage for a draft; Pacific railroads to inspect instead of army corps.

Naturally the sentimentalists die hard. They have had an easy and a powerful sway over the national feeling, and they do not surrender it without a struggle. It was a great principle on which they rode into public esteem. Ever since they have been hunting

for hobbies which they might try to persuade the public were great principles too. One screams about the Chinese; another about the slavery of our mothers and sisters; another about the serfdom of labor in a country where every laborer may become, in a small way, a capitalist, in the second or third year of his continuous work. The great orator of the anti-slavery epoch, the greatest popular orator indeed of our time, has been floundering in such Serbonian bogs ever since the northward wave from Appomattox left him stranded in Boston, with his vocation gone.

The Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby solemnly observed to me, the other day, that he no longer took any interest in politics. He will do better, by and by—he is one of the improving kind; but in that he stands as a type for the whole race of the sentimentalists. And yet our politics seem to me to offer more now than ever before to fascinate the intellect and tax the best culture of the time. To hate slavery, to love the flag,—that, happily, required no scholarship. On issues like that the people needed no intellectual leadership. On questions that involve learning and study, the better educated may lead; where an honest conscience is sufficient, they will lead themselves, and lead—as for fifteen years they did—their leaders.

Nowadays the would-be leaders are bewailing the lack of "great issues." They seem to me to mistake the case. The issues are greater than ever—only now they demand thought instead of feeling. It is no longer a case of inspiring sentiment about the God-given right of the black man to the free air of heaven; it is the knottier problem of keeping the free black man from stealing the State of South Carolina bankrupt, or from uniting with his inferiors among the white men transiently resident in Louisiana, to fan into fresh flame the hates of the civil war, and thus prolong its ruin. The black man's right to his child—that was a claim if needed no ghost from college walls to enforce: the Congo as a legislator,—there is a problem to tax the coming Cavour or Bismarck of our country—a problem, indeed, that might well demand for its solution some new Plato, or Bacon, or Montesquieu.

Here then is the special claim of the country upon her scholars. Now more than ever before she has need for, and therefore the right to demand the best service of her best-trained men. Anybody could understand sentimental politics; it takes thought and training, and all the scholarship you can

get for it to master the more difficult issues of this more critical time. On mere questions of justice to the enslaved or loyalty to the flag, there was no fear of the people; with or without the active co-operation of their best-taught men, they were sure to take the right course. But the issues that are now upon us are as grave and more complicated. How to efface the scars of a civil war; how to preserve safe relations between slaves suddenly made citizens and masters suddenly made paupers; how to repair the financial waste of an inflated currency and an enormous debt; how best to adjust the burdens of an exhausted revenue to the needs of struggling industries; how to protect labor from capital, and how to control the corporations that absorb and dominate both,—these are problems worthy the best thought of our best-trained thinkers; and in handling them a government of the people has the right to the aid of the finest culture and highest intellectual power that people has been able to develop.

It is not an aid in the way of office-holding that is here meant—though that too may be a duty. Rather it is that continuous, thoughtful care which every man gives to his private affairs and the State has the right to claim for *its* affairs from every worthy citizen. And therefore it is that I have made bold to ask your attention to your duty, as scholars, to become politicians—a duty as explicit as any taught by these professors, as commanding as any enforced from the sacred desk,—a duty indeed as sacred, as absolute, as continuous as any enjoined in the decalogue.

We deplore the evils of politics. Our tastes are offended by their turmoil, our morals outraged by their deceit and dishonesty. They are coarse, they are vulgar, they are demoralizing, they are degrading. It is all true; and all the more it is your duty to go into politics! The man who complained of his termagant wife that there was no living with her or without her, was the exact type of the American scholar who stands outside the political arena, daintily sniffing at the odors of the struggle and wondering how he can get beyond their reach. That is just what he cannot do. He can shirk his part, and entail upon himself, his friends, and his descendants an added misfortune; but one of two things is imperative: he must bear the ills of politics yearly growing more corrupt and unbearable through his neglect, or he must take hold to make them better. He must suffer the errors of an ignorant policy, or he must help to shape a

wise policy. He must permit the less intelligent to govern, or he must bring intelligence to the affairs of government.

Prince Albert, in a moment of unprincipled frankness, said of his own country, "Representative government is on trial." There was tremendous uproar at the audacious arraignment: to this day men call it an unlucky speech. But was he wrong? How has representative government worked in New York? When you read of the Ring, and remembered that, year after year, it swept the city by majorities which, after all allowances for fraud, were still overwhelming, did you reckon representative government there much better than a riot, or the cholera? Consider the condition of Louisiana to-day, or of Arkansas, or of South Carolina. Is it the favored citizen of either of those favored examples of the beneficent working of representative government who can afford to throw stones at Prince Albert's modest suggestion that the system is on trial?

You know Carlyle's analysis of representative government: "If, of ten men, nine are recognized as fools, which is a common calculation, how in the name of wonder will you ever get a ballot box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of these ten men?" Of course the superficial answer to this extravagance is "Educate the other nine." But it is an unsatisfactory answer. You cannot always educate them. They are not always willing to take education if you have the power to give it. They have not always the ability to receive it, however willing they may be to take, and able you may be to give. At the best it is a remedy for the next generation, not for the one in which, for us and ours, representative government must succeed or fail. Mr. Herbert Spencer has a better answer, and it is one that deserves special note in a consideration of American politics by American scholars: "Those who elaborate new truths, and teach them to their fellows, are nowadays the real rulers, the unacknowledged legislators, the virtual kings. When the dicta of the thinker cannot get established in law until after a long battle of opinion—when they have to prove their fitness for the time by conquering time, we have a guarantee that no great changes which are ill-considered or premature can be brought about."

There, then, is our hope. With the scholars of the land rests the real control of its democratic representative government. If the thinkers are doing their duty, they are the real rulers. But they fail in their high place, and are false to the country that claims their

best service, as well as their own interests, if they keep daintily out of the actual strife. Their place is in the market and the court with Pericles, quite as much as under the plane trees with Socrates.

To all this two objections are sure to be urged. One will deny that, in the high sense, there *is* a class of scholars in America. The other will question whether, in a country where the most ignorant prides himself on being as good as you, or a little better, there can be any chance for scholars to exert a legitimate influence.

Well, as to American scholarship we shall gain nothing by playing the children's game of "Make believe we're grown folks now." Eton is doubtless nearly as good as Dartmouth—more's the pity; Harvard and Yale scarcely reach beyond Rugby or the best of the German gymnasia;—we have no approach to the real Cambridge or the real Oxford this side the Atlantic. And yet a country that, in the first century of its existence, can point to linguists like Hadley and Drisler, and Tyler and Whitney; to men of science like Henry and Agassiz and Draper; to colleges that nurture professors, like that one at Dartmouth, who develops and almost recreates the spectroscope, or that one in Amherst, who gave to natural science some of the finest cabinets on the continent; a country that has Lowell and Longfellow, that had Hawthorne, and has the promise of his lineal successor in Howells; that matches Carlyle with Emerson, and Froude with Motley; that has given to pure scholarship a series of translations of the great world poems, begun by Longfellow and Bryant, and nobly concluded by Bayard Taylor,—to be followed, in due time, by an English Theocritus from Wall street, well worthy to end the splendid series,—may ignore sneers at the incoherent nature of its scholastic apparatus, and dismiss the question as to whether there is such a thing as American scholarship.

But can it get a hearing in politics?

"The finding of your Able Man," says Carlyle, "is the business, well or ill-accomplished, of all social procedure whatever in this world." The power and real rule of the Able Man is to-day as absolute as ever. "The tools to him that can use them,"—more and more, as civilization grows complex, that becomes the inexorable, unvarying rule of every successful business in life. Only the character of the Able Man has changed. Carlyle found him generally a soldier. Now he is never such; or if by chance a mere soldier drifts into the Able Man's place, he is

an anachronism. But, year by year, in business, in law, in politics, in all other intellectual and social activities, more and more the man of the highest intellectual equipment and the best disciplined faculties comes to the front and takes command. The scholar does have his place, and can get his hearing, if he will.

Is it then worth while? Are there, in the daily business of this infinitely degrading politics of yours, questions that deserve the attention of scholars?

I have tried already to show how in a democratic government the base will rule if the better, who can, will not; and how the better must themselves suffer in consequence. Whether you shall take active part in politics is doubtless a question of conscience and duty; but it is also a question of a lower and more biting kind—it is one of self-interest; and it is always worth while, whether scholars or not, to take care of yourselves.) But more than ever before, the questions that rise on our political horizon do deserve the best attention of scholars. We have seen that the epoch of the sentimental in politics has gone by. Has it occurred to you to consider what unsentimentally perplexing problems, demanding your best thought, and the best aid you can get from the thinkers of all time, are looming upon us?

1. How are you going to punish crime? Or, specially, how are you going to punish murderers so as to discourage murder? In a great commercial metropolis, where every week, and sometimes every day, brings its new murder, the problem stands out in a lurid coloring. One day it is a truck-driver killing the man who casually gets in his way in a crowded street; the next, it is a bully, inflamed with drink, braining a man who objects to his insulting a woman; the next is an uncle shooting a dissolute niece to reform her; and the next, a son planting, one after another, four bullets in the body of his father, because the doomed man didn't live harmoniously with his mother. Sometimes in a paroxysm of justice we hang one or two. Oftener we dawdle for years over the trials, till the crimes are forgotten; or we apply the latest knavery of science, and discover emotional insanity; and then we sometimes make the murderer a United States Minister to a first-class foreign court. Steadily the crime increases. What are you going to do about it? Will you still pretend to hang, and practically turn loose; will you pretend to imprison for life, with the same result—since the average dura-

tion of imprisonments on life sentences under the farce of our system of pardons is scarcely ten years; will you take away the pardoning power; will you agree with the author and finisher of emotional insanity that, nevertheless, the best use you can put a crazy murderer to is to hang him;—what will or can you do?

2. How are you going to stop official stealing? Perhaps it is as well that we should not enter into particulars; since that might touch untenderly, and on all sides, partisan sores. But the general fact everybody knows. In New York, in Albany, in Washington, and nearly every great city, in the capitals of most of the larger and some of the smaller States, corruption and theft have been running rampant. It is not an affair of one party. Every party that has had a chance has taken its share in the plunder. Congress has been demoralized; State legislatures have been debauched; municipal governments have become co-operative thieving associations, with the police as their tools for controlling elections, and the judges (in New York and Philadelphia at least) as their tools for wresting the law to their purpose. With all this has come a demoralization of the entire civil service, which there is no time here to depict, but which, in a word, has made civil service reform at once the most crying necessity and the most pitiful burlesque of the day. What remedy has Mr. Carlyle's Able Man, or Mr. Herbert Spencer's unacknowledged legislator and virtual king, the Thinker, to propose?

3. How are you going to control your corporations? They have spread over the land with a growth like that of Jonah's gourd, but with a texture that no hot sun yet seen can wither. To them you largely owe the ruin of legislative virtue, and the dangerous tempting of judicial honor. Creatures of the State, they control and command the legislation of the State, the interpretation of its laws, and the election of its law-makers. Servants of the people, they are making themselves the masters—are threatening, indeed, under the forms of republicanism, to subvert entirely the government of the people for the people. Already the western masses are in revolt, and they promise, in their rage, to go to extremes quite as unwarranted as their antagonists have dared, and far more violent. In the heat of this passion there is little hope of a just solution of the great problem—for great problem it is, and one to which our best thinkers may well give their best thoughts—What shall we do with our corporations—the

railways, for instance? Shall we cripple them by invidious legislation, thus retarding the development of the country and repelling the investment of foreign capital, or shall the government go into the railroad business on its own account, as young Charles Francis Adams has proposed? How shall the rights of the people be protected without impairing their interests? How shall the power of the corporation be diminished without destroying its usefulness?

4. It is but another phase of the same great problem that is already pressing at the East: What shall be the relations between the man with labor, skilled or unskilled, to sell, and the man with money to buy it? What relations exist now you know. They are merely those of armed observation and truce. Every month or two the truce is somewhere broken, with varying fortune for the contestants, but generally with wasteful cost and no substantial profit to either. Year by year the hostility grows more marked, the conflicts are more frequent, the feeling is more bitter. In Great Britain, boards of arbitration serve to ameliorate the primitive barbarism of the contest; here we employ little save the brute strength that struggles to see which can hold out the longer. Very rarely do we yet see, on either side of the water, an application of that beneficent principle which Horace Greeley endured infinite abuse for first introducing to American attention, and in which, as the most of those who have carefully considered it believe, is yet to be found the true solution of the labor problem. I mean the principle which was long made odious to American ears by raising after it the mad-dog cry of Fourierism,—the one vital tenet of the philosophy of the half-crazy, half-inspired François Charles Fourier,—the doctrine of co-operation among laborers, who thus become their own capitalists. But meantime we have strikes, and combinations of capitalists, and riots by strikers, and great suffering, and demagogues rushing into politics to gain place, as the friends of the laboring-man. What is the true and just solution of the labor question?

5. We have started down an inclined plane on the question of suffrage. Are we going to stop before we get to the bottom? The land-greed of the Anglo-Saxon race is still at work. We have absorbed the best part of Mexico; but we have plenty of propagandists—mainly in the army, and with influential voice near the head of the government, clamorous for the rest. We have

taken a foothold in the West Indies; it will be of God's mercy if we do not find the whole West India archipelago crowded upon us, to tax an already overloaded national digestion. What are we to do with the turbulent, treacherous, ill-conditioned population? They have shown no faculty for self-government hitherto; are we to precipitate them in mass into the already sufficiently degraded elements of our national suffrage? We are trying the powers of Anglo-Saxon self-governing digestion upon three millions of slaves; are the gastric juices of the body politic equal to the addition of the Mexicans, the Santo Domingans, the Cubans, the "Conks" of the Bahamas, the Kanakas, and the rest of the inferior mixed races of our outlying tropical and semi-tropical dependencies? Having thus given the overwhelming preponderance to ignorance, will you, in the effort to preserve a balance, add intuitional, not to say emotional politics, by doubling the voting population in the interest of the women? Do you mean to stop at any point whatever short of the equal right of every human being over 21, or more probably over 18 years of age, of whatever race, sex, capacity or condition, educated or ignorant, pagan or Christian, virtuous or debased, the highest product of Yankee school-houses, or the spawn of the tropics, to an equal share in the direction and conduct of the government? The Union which Puritan ascetics and chivalric planters combined to form can endure much;—can it endure all this? Upon this generation, with such help as the scholars of the land may be able to give, is to rest the responsibility of the answer.

6. Will you prepare for this coming trial of our institutions by compulsory education? Are you willing to surrender the doctrine of individual liberty to the extent of admitting that the father shall *not* have the right of bringing up his children to the age of responsible citizenship in such ignorance that they cannot read the constitution, under which they are to vote, or the laws whose makers they are to vote for? It is a grave question; it involves points of constitutional right, as well as of public expediency. It is a problem too serious for any sudden answer, or for any answer to which the scholars of the land do not give the hearty assent, not merely of their wishes but of their judgment. And it presses upon us in the near future.

7. Closely allied with these is another question of our future politics no less grave. This is essentially an Anglo-Saxon govern-

ment. Are we willing, do we think it safe, to make what we consider inferior races to every extent, and to the end of time, free of its privileges and power? Are we willing, for instance, to harden the doctrine of our Declaration of Independence into national law and practice, by accepting the casual Chinese immigrant as a citizen and equal voter with ourselves. Shall we adopt the broad principle that immigrants of any race or condition, color, religion or character, convict or citizen, black, yellow, or white, shall to the end be impartially welcome as immigrants to equal citizenship and rights with ourselves? Nominally, we say so now; but labor unions, State legislatures, State courts, even the most extreme advocates of negro rights, revolt when admission is claimed for yellow as well as black. Are we ready to face the practical issue?

8. What shall be done with our Indians? We have about exhausted on them the possibilities of our national permutation of policies. We made treaties with, we made war upon, we granted peace to these incoherent, helpless, barbarous Indian wanderers within our own borders, just as we might have done with France, our traditional, or Great Britain, our natural friend and ally. A gang of breech-clouted stragglers stole horses and scalped an occasional captive along the frontier. If they had been white we should have thrown them into jail; as they were copper-colored we straightway opened diplomatic negotiations with them, sent ambassadors to them, entreated them with gifts, made a treaty with them. Presently, of course, they robbed or scalped somebody else, exactly as more intelligent and responsible criminals are wont to do when they get out of the clutches of the law. Then we made national war upon them, conquered them (sporadic Capt. Jacks meantime giving us many a hard struggle over it), and then negotiated fresh treaties with them, which we ratified with fresh gifts. And then the stragglers went upon their reservations, whence, when the grass for their horses was grown again, they emerged for fresh raids, to be followed by fresh fights, fresh treaties, fresh returns to the reservations, and thence again, and yet again, as the musicians say, *da capo*. Does any rational being doubt that all this was from the beginning, nearly a century ago, and is now the quintessence of civilized, organized, Christianized, Congressional and Presidential foolery? But what will you have? If these half-starved, irresponsible, worthless wanderers are not an independent

nation, mysteriously existing within the limits of another, yet retaining their autonomy and their independence, to be dealt with under the sanction of treaties and the law of nations, what are they? Are you ready to accept the obvious, as the wise, solution of the problem that has perplexed two centuries of Anglo-Saxon rule on this continent?—to wipe out with one stroke your historic policy of national treaties with wandering gangs of vagabonds, and the application of international law to casual thieves and murderers that belong in your police courts? In one word, are you ready to treat Indians who cannot support themselves like white men of like condition—the peaceable as paupers and the hostile as criminals?—to provide poor-houses for the one and penitentiaries for the other?—to bring both under the equal application of equal laws, to be adjudged by the nearest justice of the peace instead of the Secretary of War, or a major-general commanding a Department, or an Indian commission sent, for their sins, to afflict both?—and to remand the army peremptorily to its legitimate business of supporting the civil authorities when, and only when, legitimately called upon? That is the heroic treatment of the Indian question. Is it the wise one? Is it adapted to our conditions? Has it been found practicable by other nations in their dealings with similar trials? Is there in any case a larger opportunity for bringing culture and conscience, Christian humanity and common sense, into politics for the undoing of a national crime and the suppression of a national scandal?

9. How may we best appoint our civil officers? Do we in most cases get the best service and the best men by electing them? Is the ballot in the hands of ten thousand voters, who cannot possibly have any personal knowledge of the subject, for every hundred who have, the surest way of getting the very best man, say for Police Commissioner, or for Controller of the Treasury? Will you get the man out of all those at the bar of the five or six adjoining counties best fitted by profound knowledge of the law, by equable temper, balanced judgment, instinctive recognition and love of justice, to be the judge of the circuit, by asking the entire population of these counties—nine-tenths of them not knowing and having no means of knowing personally anything about any of the men named—to say at the next general election whom they would rather have? If an elective judiciary does not promise the best results—and surely its results at the

East have been sorry enough—what does? If, in general, the lottery of a miscellaneous election, with twenty or thirty names on a ticket, and no possibility of the average voter's knowing anything whatever about one in ten of them, has not proved the surest means of discovering and drafting into the public service the peculiar qualifications specially needed for peculiar and exacting posts, what better means can the scholar and thinker suggest?

And here we must pause. At such a transition stage in our national history it is well to look about us, and gather together a few of the greater questions that already rise, large and vague, through the mists of the near future. Are they, then, worthy the attention of scholars? Rather let us declare that scholar unworthy of his opportunities, untrue to himself, his class, or his time, who neglects them. Well may we revert to the declaration with which we began, and accept this business of our practical politics as simply the highest, the most dignified, and the most important of all earthly objects of human study.

What is the legitimate function of scholars in this business?

It is a notable tendency of the men of the highest and finest culture everywhere to antagonize existing institutions. Exceptional influences eliminated, the scholar is pretty sure to be opposed to the established. The universities of Germany contain the deadliest foes to the absolute authority of the Kaiser. The scholars of France prepared the way for the first Revolution, and were the most dangerous enemies of the imperial adventurer who betrayed the second. Charm he never so wisely, he could never charm the Latin Quarter; make what contributions to literature he would, he could never gain the suffrage of the Academy. While the prevailing parties in our own country were progressive and radical, the temper of our colleges was to the last degree conservative. As our politics settled into the conservative tack, a fresh wind began to blow about the college seats, and literary men, at last, furnished inspiration for the splendid movement that swept slavery from the statute-book, and made us a free nation. "The very freedom of literary pursuits," says a philosophical observer, "leads men to question the excellence of the ruling power; and thus despotism and democracy alike find enemies among the highly gifted of those who live under their sway." No higher service than this can be rendered the State. Of all things for a nation to dread is that passionless, un-

changing calm, which for cycles has brooded over and stifled the East. "Tell me," exclaims Walter Savage Landor, "whether mud is not said to be settled when it sinks to the bottom, and whether those who are about to sink a State do not, in like manner, talk of settling it?" The sentence with which the next great story-teller who followed Macaulay in his incursions upon English History, has concluded his splendid work, fitly and weightily teaches the same lesson. "The worst legacy," says Mr. Froude, as his conclusion of the whole matter, "which princes or statesmen could bequeath to their country, would be the resolution of all its perplexities, the establishment once and forever of a finished system, which would neither require nor tolerate improvement." While the scholars of a land do their duty no such system will be created. Wise unrest will always be their chief trait. We may set it down as, within certain needful and obvious limitations, the very foremost function of the scholar in politics, *To oppose the established.*

And the next is like unto it. Always, in a free government, we may expect parties, in their normal state, to stand to each other somewhat in the relation described by Mr. Emerson, as existing between the Democratic and Whig parties, both now happily extinct. The one, he said, had the best cause, the other the best men. Always we shall have, under some new name, and with new watchwords, the old Conservative party, dreading change, gathering to itself the respectability of experience and standing and success, having in its ranks most of the men whom the country has proved on the questions of yesterday, and therefore, by that halting conservative logic which is so natural, on one side so just, and yet so often delusive, prefers to trust on the wholly different questions of to-day and to-morrow. Always, again, we shall have the party of revolt from these philosophers of yesterdays,—the party that disputes the established, that demands change, that insists upon new measures for new emergencies, that refuses to recognize the rule of the past as the necessary rule for them. It is the party that gathers to itself all the restless, all the extravagant, all the crack-brained, all the men with hobbies and missions and spheres. Here, too, as of old unto David, gather themselves every one that is in distress, every one that is in debt, every one that is discontented. And so we have again, just as in the old Democratic days, just as in the old Free-Soil days, just as in the old Republican days, before Republicanism

too in its turn became powerful and conservative, the disreputable party of conglomerate material, repulsive appearance, and splendid possibilities, the perpetual antagonist of conservatism, the perpetual party of to-morrow. Need I say where it seems to me the American scholar belongs? He has too rarely been found there as yet. Mr. Bright's Cave of Adullam has not seemed an inviting retreat for the shy, scholastic recluse, or for the well-nurtured favorite of academic audiences. But Mr. Bright and our scholars have alike forgotten their history. The disreputable Adullamites came to rule Israel! As for the scholar, the laws of his intellectual development may be trusted to fix his place. Free thought is necessarily aggressive and critical. The scholar, like the healthy, red-blooded young man, is an inherent, an organic, an inevitable radical. It is his business to reverse the epigram of Emerson, and put the best men and the best cause together. And so we may set down, as a second function of the American scholar in politics, *An intellectual leadership of the radicals.*

No great continuous class can be always in the wrong; and even the time-honored class of the croakers have reason when they say that in our politics the former times were better than these. We do not have so many great men as formerly in public life. De Tocqueville explains the undeniable fact—far more conspicuous now, indeed, than in his time—by what he calls "the ever-increasing despotism of the majority in the United States." "This power of the majority," he continues, "is so absolute and irresistible that one must give up his rights as a citizen, and almost abjure his qualities as a man, if he intends to stray from the track which it prescribes." The declaration is extravagant, yet who that has seen the ostracism of our best men for views wherein they were only in advance of their times, will doubt that the tyranny of party and the intolerance of independent opinion among political associates constitute at once one of the most alarming symptoms of our politics and one of the evils of our society to be most strenuously resisted. We deify those who put what we think into fine phrases; we anathematize those who, thinking the opposite, put it into equally fine phrases; and we crucify those whom we have deified, when they presume to disagree with us. Is it needful on New England soil to look far for an illustration? The great New England senator, whose fame is a national honor, as his work is the national heritage, and who,

as a foremost example of American scholarship applied to American politics, may fairly count on generous regard from scholars, whatever their partisan predilections,—who needs to be reminded of what befell him, when without stain on his character or change in his principles, he came to honest difference in opinion from the generation he had educated and the party he had helped to create? Or take an earlier shame, and one that comes nearer to Dartmouth. Who has forgotten how the very party which had hailed him Prophet, turned to rend the first judicial officer of the nation, because, neither degrading his high place by apologies, nor yielding to partisan demands, he manfully did his duty in a great State trial? He never did a higher duty. No citizen can do a higher duty than to resist the majority when he believes it wrong; to assert the right of individual judgment and maintain it; to cherish liberty of thought and speech and action against the tyranny of his own or any party. Till that tyranny, yearly growing more burdensome, as the main object of an old party becomes more and more the retention or the regaining of power, instead of the success of the fresh, vivid principles on which new parties are always organized,—till that tyranny is in some measure broken, we shall get few questions considered on their merits, and fail, as we are failing, to bring the strongest men into the service of the State. Here then is another task in our politics, for which the scholar is peculiarly fitted by the liberality and independence to which he has been trained; and we may set it down as another of the functions whose discharge we have the right to expect at his hands, *To resist the tyranny of party and the intolerance of political opinion, and to maintain actual freedom as well as theoretical liberty of thought.*

A great difference between the man of culture and the man without it, is that the first knows the other side. A great curse of our present politics is that your heated partisan never does. He cannot understand how there should be any other side. It seems to him disloyal to have any other side. He is always in doubt about the final salvation of the man who takes the other side, and always sorry that there should be any doubt about it. We have good warrant to expect from the scholar a freedom from prejudice, an open hospitality to new ideas, and an habitual moderation of thought and feeling—in a word, what Mr. Whipple has felicitously called a temper neither stupidly conservative

nor malignantly radical, that shall make it among the most valuable of his functions to bring into our politics the element they now so sadly need: *Candid consideration of every question on its individual merits; fairness to antagonists and a willingness always to hear the other side.*

Perhaps it is only the ideal scholar, whom no Dartmouth, or Yale, or Harvard has yet graduated, who will faithfully discharge these various functions in our politics. I frankly confess that, all along, as I have been enumerating the details of his work, there kept rising to my ears the moan of the Irish tenant about his grass land. "That bit o' meadow," he said, "doesn't turn out so much as I expected; and I always knew it wouldn't!" But if he fails, it is the fault of the scholar himself. "No government can afford,"—it is a scholarly New Englander (Mr. Geo. S. Hillard), ill lost to New England politics, who gives us the word—"no government can afford the ill-will of the men who make the books its people read," who utter the speeches its people hear, who lead the progress its people make. Least of all will a government of the people afford it. Let us remember the pregnant warning given by as true a friend of free institutions as ever lifted pen in their behalf—the lamented John Stuart Mill. "The initiation of all wise or noble things comes, and must come, from individuals, generally at first from some one individual. No government by a democracy"—these are his words of warning to us—"either in its political acts, or in its opinions, qualities, and tone of mind which it fosters, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign Many have let themselves be guided (as in their best times they always have done) by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed Few."

To that "Few" I have ventured to address myself. It is an old platitude that the Republic cannot endure without the church and the school-house. I have proposed to myself little else than to emphasize and extend that platitude. Without a Christian scholarship actively concerned with the affairs of the State, this Republic can never rise above mediocrity, nor even survive the gathering evils that at times seem sufficient to engulf it.

Scholars ready thus to dedicate their attainments to the highest work that awaits scholarship in a democratic land—there is the primal, overmastering need of our time. One such, whose noble fame Dartmouth claims as her own, must rise to every memory. He brought to practical politics all that

Dartmouth could give, all the vigor and grasp of a singularly powerful intellect, all the persuasions of a massive and cogent eloquence, instinct with fine thought and finer purpose, an inflexible will, stainless character, and the loftiest aims. He had all the shyness of the scholar, all the inaptitude for the vulgar arts of the average politician, every scholastic disability. But he had learned, with Emerson, that the scholar should "grudge every opportunity of action passed by as a loss of power." And what a work he wrought! Foremost of American statesmen, he rescued the question of restricting and abolishing human slavery from the sentimentalists and the impracticables, planted it immovably in the domain of practical politics, laid such stress upon hostile parties, first Democratic, then Whig and Know-Nothing, that they were coerced into accepting it and him as its exponent, forced the organization of a new party about it, led that party in the West, till it attained national

dimensions and final triumph. Ever in the van, he led again in the fearful struggle that followed, took for himself (as was his custom) the heaviest burden, and so bore it that, in the judgment even of the enemy, to him more than to generals, or soldiers, or cabinets, or any but the great, brave, patient, nameless people themselves, are due the triumph and the safety we won.

But there is no time to pronounce his eulogy, and there is no need. He was the chief organizer of the party that freed the country; he was the chief support of the struggle that saved the country; he was the apostle of peace and good-will to our returning countrymen. The history of the Republic thus becomes his eulogy, a free nation his monument. Long may Dartmouth continue the work that breeds and nurtures such men! Soon may Dartmouth enrich a sorely-needing country with successors worthy of her, and of him, her son!

A FAN STUDY.

"HERE'S yer Japanee fans! Only ten cents!" The strident call is as common in each public conveyance and place of popular resort as that other monotonous song that hath for its burden the saline or sugary virtues of "pop-corn." All over the Great Republic are scattered these multitudinous leaves. They ripple and wave in every breeze, and their bright barbaric colors gleam in parlor, church, opera and bar-room; by the sea the Japanese fan flaunts "like a banner bathed in slaughter;" and we question if the moose-flies of the Adirondacks or the shy sandpipers of the Isles of Shoals know not the gay banner of Oriental progress in America. For, if these bright oriflammes be nothing else, they are the silent ambassadors which relate to us the wonders of the Far East, as well as the queer goings-on of the people. The continent is covered with these pictured pages, every one of which has its story if you will choose to hear it. One ship lately brought to San Francisco a million of these fans as a single item of her cargo. How many millions must now be agitating the air from the piney woods of Maine to the tepid bays of Florida!

Yet very few people probably ever took up and studied a sheaf of these humble leaves. Here is one, for example, which the young ruffian who just went howling through the sa-

loon-car left us for the modest sum of ten cents. What a very moderate wage must suffice the far-away fan-maker! The young ruffian aforesaid made his profit, for you shall buy the fellow to this for five cents, if you will go down to Nassau street and take a dozen of them. Then as the long procession of middle-men, commission-takers, freighters, forwarders, brokers, and other necessary nuisances of our sort of civilization, stretches away to the Sun Kingdom, each taking toll of your fragile paper fan, you see what a pitiful fee at last reaches the swart child of the sun who made it. Observe how deftly he has tossed together these slight materials. He selected a straight, clean bit of bamboo for the blade and handle. With a thin, sharp knife, he slit the bamboo lengthwise to the joint which rings the top of the handle of your fan; every sliver is just as thick as every other; and though there are more than fifty of them, each is a perfect fiber of cane. Next, the cunning workman has carefully spread out these fibrous splits, fan-like, and has woven a thread across them, connecting the curved ends of a bit of rattan which has been passed through a hole bored in the bamboo handle. Lift the lower paper edge of your fan and see how nicely he has done his work; he has made the skeleton of your fan. It looks like

the odd coral forms which are fished up about the Micronesian Islands. The brightly painted paper face of the fan is now laid down, its back covered with rice-paste; the skeleton is laid thereon; more rice-paste, and then the neutral-tinted back is slapped on—a firm pressure is given; the edge is trimmed with a keen blade; a bit of paper binding is pasted on the raw margin; and you have your "Japanee fan—only ten cents."

But you must not fancy that one man has done all this. To tickle your fancy, a score of artists, some of whom died a hundred years before you were born, have kneaded their brains for odd and curious designs. Even when the materials have been gathered, they passed through many hands before they were ready to send your fan to the young barbarian who hawks it through the saloon-cars on the Erie railway. Each fan has its little niceties of construction, too. The most carefully made have the fibers which form the skeleton, or blade, alternated one by one and turned flatwise as they lie; the cheaper sorts will show you these fibers or slits laid in groups of four or five.

Not only does each fan have its individual history, but it tells a little story. By them we learn something of the sights which meet the eyes of the dwellers in Japan; and, if we know something of the literature of the country, we catch here and there a gleam of their gentle humor or odd conceits. Here are flowers. These are purple morning-glories—convolvulus, some would call them. They are studies from Japanese nature; but you shall see just such as these growing in the watery sands of Cape Cod; and their counterfeit presentment done in sumptuous water-colors by Ann Ophelia, and hanging in great state in the "fore-room," is not half so well executed as this from Kioto. Here are carnations, fleurs-de-lis, daisies, asters, and even roses. If you study these carefully you may at least see what flowers of our own are common to far-off Japan. Of course, you already know that the waxy, soulless *camellia japonica* which Laura Matilda wears in her raven tresses, is a present from the Sun Land in which it was born. For the most part, however, you will observe that the Japanese fan faithfully substantiates the report of travelers that the flora of the country is almost identical with that of the north-eastern part of the United States. Here is one exception: Turning to the landscape fan, we notice several roofs decorated with the blue blossoms of a little plant. The Japanese belles use a delicate perfume extracted from this flower

for the glorification of their head toilettes, which are most elaborate. Ages ago, so they say, the paternal government of the country, seeing how much valuable soil was given up to the cultivation of this luxurious weed, made solemn decree that it should thenceforth be grown only in the scanty mould which feeds the moss and lichens on the thatched roofs. It was not fit that the much-needed fields should bear an article of luxury when so many millions must be fed and clothed with the products of the sacred earth. So, according to the edict, the lilies, emblems of woman's luxury, were sown "on the tops of houses, in a place impossible for other uses; and there, even as they beautify the hair of the women, they become the living crown of the paternal roof." And, to prove that I tell no lie, behold them waving on your ten-cent "Japanee fan."

We were looking at the fan landscapes. Notice that the artist invariably puts in a high horizon. By means of this little trick he has more scope for his work, which usually covers about three-fourths of his surface. If it is a city scene, observe how it is crowded with figures; the market-place is busy as a hive; the bridges are thronged with people and processions; the rivers are dotted with craft, and the city is mapped out, block beyond block, into the distant high range of hills which invariably skirts the horizon. If the artist had been less generous, he would have put his vanishing-point low down in the picture and the fan would be one-half sky.

Here is a characteristic landscape. This is evening; the sky is red, save where a long roll of mist is curling down from the top of the picture, dividing midway the verdurous mountain which fills the middle distance. In the foreground is an humble dwelling, in the rear of which is a shed; a cow persists in thrusting her hind-quarters out at the door; a man is awkwardly jamming her back with a wooden spade. A little way off is a spring sheltered by a bamboo roof; from this come two barefoot women bearing each two pails of water slung over their shoulders. Beyond is a bay, the blue waters of which break white and foamily on the beach. A considerable town is built on a tongue of land which shuts in the bay at the left; over this rises the fog-divided mountain; and the perspective melts away in several successive promontories, the last lying purple and harsh against the orange horizon. This, you see, is pastoral; it is evening; and there is a quiet tone and feeling in the picture, rude as it is, which impresses you. The quaint figure struggling

with the cow has its story; and the barelegged but brightly dressed girls might have been discovered in Illinois, so far as their occupation and thoughts go. They are barefoot; but they have taken fine care that their hair shall be "done up" in the height of fashion.

Now turn your fan and look at the reverse. These are always painted in lightly and with neutral tints. The back of this evening pastoral is a night-scene. A pale full moon in a patch of ashy blue tells you this is midnight. The wild tangle of reeds and the marshy ground show forth a solitude, in the midst of which an animal, brown-backed and white-bellied, is sitting on its haunches. Its mouth is open wide, eyes half-closed; one paw is raised in air; the other smites its side; you can see that this night-beast is baying the moon; and you may be sure that the artist who has given him so much character with these few rapid touches has laid awake o' nights in the distant town listening to the dismal ululation of this prowler.

Here is another landscape; the hour is later in the night, for the upper sky is purple and the horizon is crimson. The sea is indigo, and the sandy foreground is leaden and gray. As usual, the artist has placed his horizon so high that his picture rises two-thirds of the way up the fan. So we see the bay belted with interlacing promontories along which a few lone trees stand sadly against the twilight sky. Nearest us, the freight-boats are snugly moored and sails are furled; beyond, others are just at anchor with sails half-way down; and, further out to sea, two belated craft creep up with the dying breeze, making their welcome harbor. There is some little poetry in the picture; but not enough to move two Japanese girls, who, dressed in green and purple, hobble about the damp, sandy foreground on clumsy wooden clogs. They wear the universal smirk of the universal ideal woman of the Japanese fan. They are looking at the boats; but there is neither sentiment nor speculation in their eyes. The reverse of this fan is a characteristic street-scene; it might have been a quarrel of a tourist with a Niagara hack-driver; it is a dispute of two Japanese gentlemen with their cango-bearers. One of the bearers sits patiently on his vehicle, mopping his bald pate, while his partner wrangles with the fares. These gentlemen are walking off jauntily, one of them jerking his thumb over his shoulder as who should say: "What a dolt is this fellow to think he can extort more than his lawful fare from us!" His companion laughs assent with his dot of a mouth; but

the leer of his eye is inexpressibly funny. And all this character, even to the half-imploring, half-threatening shrug of the following cango-bearer, is dashed in, apparently, with a few strokes of a brush charged with warm brown color.

This, now, is a mid-day view on the water. It is near some foreign settlement; the light-house, gabled and whitewashed buildings, sea-wall and distant square-rigged ships are not Japanese. But the boat in the foreground is unmistakably native. See that brawny, ugly boatman standing in the stern. He is half naked, and his huge, sinewy leg, which holds firmly the rude treadle by which he works his oar, is uncomfortably near one of the two young ladies whom he is ferrying across the harbor. But the fair damsels look on unabashed, perhaps admiringly; they wear the conventional woman's expression. But one carries her paper sun-umbrella jauntily and the other holds on each side of the boat with a mild expression of feminine terror actually conveyed into her otherwise vacant face. The boatman is plainly a brute; his head is covered by the blue cotton cloth knotted over his forehead; and his big mouth in profile might have furnished a model for the regulation "Mick" of Mr. Thomas Nast. But the boat is pre-Raphaelite; you see the seams and joinings as in a photograph; and the undulating lines of the rippling waves are almost perfect.

Ever and ever the Japanese artist returns to his bird's-eye view. We have groups of figures, flowers, shops, interiors, soldiers and street-scenes, but the designer is most at home with the broad effects of light and color, the high horizon and the sometimes violent perspective. You will see, too, that he is curious of local color; and, though in these coarse prints the effects are necessarily heightened to exaggeration, there is no mistaking the quality of the atmosphere and the time of day. Here, for example, by successive printings, the artist has given you over all the landscape a somber purplish olive; the water is ashy blue, and the horizon is a dull purple. This, you say at once, is late evening. There is the conspicuous volcano of Fusi-yana in the distance. Those of you who have seen much of Japanese ware must recognize the familiar and beautiful cone of this mountain, sacred in the Shintu religion. That long, rocky neck of land connecting the mountain with the mainland on the right must be Inosima; and you know enough of Japanese geography to perceive that this map-like picture spread out below us is Wodo-

wara Bay. In the gathering twilight, suggested by the dull color, you see the bay actually below you; the illusion is admirable. Yet, the picture is probably as accurate as a chart; the bay, dotted with sails of differing size but one shape, is also studded with craggy islands; and the names of these latter are designated by minute Japanese characters; the far-off hills, through which you have a glimpse of the sea, are also thus carefully marked. Though the somber scene is only a bit of topographical art, the gentle humor of the artist gives us a touch of fun in the foreground. The aged bonze who is explaining the view to two young persons who have evidently come from afar (for they have their slender baggage in their hands) is gesticulating and pointing with his pipe. Overhead, and at so great a height that they appear dwarfed, are other figures. One youth has crawled to the shelving edge of the rocky crag which projects two-thirds of the way across the picture; he is vainly craning his neck that he may see what passes below. Another, smiting his forehead as he runs, is swiftly moving to warn the curious youth of the dangerous brim of the cliff. Here is nature and the natural touch of homely humor; you feel that the artist has very nearly expressed his thought; that he has seen what he has tried to express.

The fan-artist seldom ventures upon a foreign subject; but here is evidently a Chinese scene. It is a long, straight street, the linear perspective of which leads the eye to the vanishing-point directly in the center of the fan. The bazaars on either side are gay with various wares; the paved walk in the center of the avenue runs straight through a roofed gateway in the distance; the gravelly spaces on either side are dotted with purchasers. In the right middle distance rises from among the pink-flowering trees a porcelain tower, like that famous one of Nankin, destroyed by the Taiping rebels. You see in the foreground an odd mixture of Chinese and Japanese figures, their garments and hair-dressing readily distinguishing each race from the other; and in the crowd on the balcony of a tea-house on the left you may detect an unmistakable English or American "stove-pipe" hat; but the wearer is decked in a bright purple coat; the artist is not quite sure of his subject; that coat never saw London or New York.

This next is an out-door study. It is a garden; a lady of quality, shaded by a gayly-decorated canopy, which is carried by a female attendant, has been affronted by a

ronin, or rough. One of the attending women has promptly knocked him down, and, while she punches his head with her wand of office, she belabors him lustily with a bough from some flowering tree. Notice the "keeping" of the whole picture. The little umbrella-holder, in her excitement, is likely to drop her swaying burden; the noblewoman looks on the contest with dignified apprehension; another serving-woman is making ready her wand and bough to "sail in" if reinforcements are needed; the prostrate rowdy is struggling with his fate, vainly attempting to parry with both hands the resolute punching of the irate handmaiden. Even the little details of the picture are not forgotten. The blows have broken off the blooms from the girl's flowery whip, and they dot the air and the ground about the figures. The whole composition is refined in tone, though the subject is grotesque and comical. The picture seems crude in color, according to our Western ideas of art; but, as in all Japanese works, we must observe that something like the harmony of nature underlies it all. To the Japanese no combination of color is improbable or impossible. The brilliant contrasts and violent juxtaposition of the broken masses of flower-beds and field-flowers are repeated again and again. Here, for example, is a barbaric hurly-burly of color that at first seems like a wild maze of inharmoniousness. Miss Araminta doubtless says, ignorantly, that it is "perfectly horrid." Study it for a moment, and out of the confused jargon of blue, purple, scarlet, crimson, orange, yellow, green, black and white, emerges a group of six half-length figures which crowd every inch of space in the fan. This black-and-scarlet robed gentleman (*samurai*) on the left has been stabbed in the arm before he could draw one of his own two swords which you see hanging at his girdle. The blow was given by this motley rascal on the right, who is putting his weapon back into its sheath preparatory to a speedy exit. The wounded man twists his aperture of a mouth with pain as he runs his hand up his crimson sleeve to feel the gash. His shoulders writhe, and the fingers of the hand of the wounded arm are contorted; you see no cut, no blood, but you know by the position of the man's hand inside his garment just where the wound is. Looking in with sympathetic curiosity are several passers-by; one is a gayly dressed woman, who was reading from a scroll as she walked; a white-haired old man who is just drawing one of his swords, and two coolies carrying

burdens, complete the group. The picture is not confused any more than a street encounter would naturally be; and the wild blaze of color softens and blends as you study it.

Many of these fan-pictures are illustrations of national classics, fairy tales, and historic legends. On this neutral-tinted reverse, for instance, a curved line dashed across the disk is a slack-rope; on it is a nondescript dancing, and below a half-kneeling figure represents the juggler or showman. He is gesticulating wildly with his fan, his mouth is wide open with well-simulated astonishment at the antics of the creature on the slack-rope. This performer is like a badger; yet it resembles a tea-kettle. Its body is the kettle; one cunningly curved paw is the spout; another, which swings the inevitable umbrella, is the handle; and the tail and hind legs form the tripod on which the kettle sits. The story of *The Accomplished Tea-kettle* is very old, and numberless versions of it form a staple dramatic, poetic or artistic diversion of the Japanese. Briefly, it is related that a company of priests, who dwelt by themselves in a temple, were affrighted by their tea-kettle suddenly becoming covered with fur and walking about the room. It bothered them very much by its pranks, being part of the time a useful and sober culinary utensil and partly a mischievous badger. Catching it and shutting it up in a box, they sold it to a traveling tinker for a trifle, thinking themselves well rid of it. But the tinker, though sorely affrighted when he found what a bargain he had gotten, shrewdly put his bewitched tea-kettle to good account. He traveled far and wide exhibiting his wonderful beast, which diligently performed on the slack-rope. Princes and nobles came in throngs to see his show; and so he made himself very rich by his unique entertainment. The lucky tinker and his accomplished tea-kettle furnish forth adventures for the Japanese play-goer as numerous and various as those of our own Humpty Dumpty, dear to the heart of every English-speaking child. On the reverse of another fan you discover an illustration of fairy lore. A hare and a badger, grotesquely dressed in watermen's garb, are each paddling about in boats on a small sheet of water. They glare at each other defiantly, but the hare, notwithstanding he keeps his simple expression, seems to have the advantage of the other. The hare and the badger, in the story of *The Crackling Mountain*, were old foes, and had many a tussle, in which the hare usually got the better of his adver-

sary. Finally the hare, having built a wooden boat, set off on a voyage to the capital of the moon, inviting his enemy to accompany him. The wary badger refused, but building a boat of clay, he followed the hare. The waves washed the clay so that it began to dissolve; then the hare, paddling his craft full upon the luckless badger, crushed his sinking boat, and the wicked animal perished miserably in the waters. In these fanciful pictorial conceits the Japanese greatly excel. Hokusai, a Japanese artist, says an intelligent writer on Asiatic art, has modestly protested that it is more easy to draw things one has never seen than to represent objects with which everybody is familiar. But these fantastic creations of the imagination are all so carefully and characteristically limned that they deceive by their realism. You think that these odd creatures must have been studied from life. You pay an unconscious tribute to the artist's wise interpretation of nature; for his fundamental idea is natural.

In single groups the Japanese artists are very effective. Here you see a morning call; the ladies, brilliant in brave attire, sit or stand on a balcony that overlooks the sea. One is dressed in vermilion, orange, green and purple. With gentle satire, her curious garments are fashioned like a butterfly, the wings of which rise and fall on her shoulders, while the blue-and-purple barred body is formed from a sort of cape on her back. Another women's tea-party shows four separate and distinct styles of feminine dress; there are the tea-service, sweetmeat-jar and brazier for tea-making on the floor. A departing guest holds her entertainer's hand as she pauses for a few last words after having closed the low-latticed gate. Here is another, in which the three women, as they sip their tea in a bamboo-lined room, look out on the charming view framed in the wide-opening window. The picture is of a river, boats, bridges, hills, groves, and Fusi-yama in the distance, all compressed in a few inches of space. Another group is composed of a learned bonze seated on a cow, and reading diligently from a book while two young boys are leading the animal. A bare-legged boy by the roadside, his hands hanging carelessly behind him with his toy-cart, and curiously regarding the passing procession, is a genuine touch of nature. Here is an awkward Japanese whose misadventures subtly furnish a lesson to those who are too swift to adopt foreign customs. He has an English umbrella, as you may see from its curved handle and cloth cover; but not knowing how to

carry it, he has caught the ferule in the queue of a startled and struggling Chinaman and has thrown himself down. On the back of a gorgeous group of fleurs-de-lis, observe this characteristic scene. An inoffensive Chinaman, passing along, has been caught by the queue by an American or Englishman, who, half-kneeling, grins with coarse glee as poor John raises his hand to his head, unconscious of what is happening behind him. The long whiskers, ugly hat and pantaloons determine the non-Oriental type of the persecutor; and the light, firm touch of the artist has unobtrusively made its silent protest against the ignorant brutality of the conceited Westerner.

Time would fail us did we attempt to note many of the various classes of designs which adorn these humble fans. They illustrate the daily life, manners and surroundings of a most

interesting people. Here you shall see their furniture, domestic utensils, tools, ornaments and toys. With the introduction of foreigners into their country, they are beginning to catch glimpses of a new and strange form of civilization outside of theirs. And you may already see the good-natured caricature of the foreigner as he drifts across their vision with his long whiskers, strange clothing, multitude of traveling trunks and gear, and his restless curiosity. When we read these crabbed inscriptions we find fragments from the native classics, pithy sayings, scraps of local slang, religious proverbs, and always the name of the artist whose designs are honored by this infinity of reduplication. His humble name you may never hear; but, from his far-away workshop in the Land of the Sun, he sends these curious pictorial messages to you and me.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Outlook.

If any of our thoughtful readers have omitted the perusal of Mr. Blauvelt's article in the August number of *Scribner's*, on "Modern Skepticism," we beg them to recall the number, and read every word of that paper. They will there obtain a view of the infidelity of the day which will give them food for reflection, and suggestions for action. No paper published during the last five years has presented the extent and nature of modern skepticism with such faithfulness as this. It ought to attract universal attention to the two papers which follow it from the same pen, and summon the whole Christian host to battle under leaders who know something about the basis of Christianity besides the traditional "apologies." It is not a form of Christianity that is now in question. It is not a question between sects. It is a question which involves Christianity itself, and the authority of the Bible. Have we a divine religion at all? Is Christianity anything better than Buddhism, or of any higher authority? If the Christian optimist supposes that these questions are to be met and decided by the "pooh-pooh" of sectaries, or the dicta of professional teachers, or the resolutions of conferences and councils, he is very much mistaken. We are inclined to think that the pulpit and the distinctively religious press will have very little to do with the matter, and that the question will at last be settled where it has been unsettled. The pulpit can do very little in any direct struggle with infidelity, because—not to mention other reasons—infidelity does not come within its reach. The religious press can do very little, because infidelity does not and will not read it. Both these powers must be

content to preach Christianity as well as they can, and leave the struggle to be decided among those who have a common desire to get at the truth, whatever that may be.

It may as well be understood among Christian men and women that they are every day doing that which brings their religion under suspicion with the unbelieving world. The world does not see the fruits of that divine influence which is claimed for the Christian religion by its professors. Nothing is more notorious than that the educated men of France, Italy and Spain are infidel; and nothing has been better calculated to make them so than the whole policy of the Catholic Church in those countries. They have seen a populace kept in ignorance and poverty through many generations by a Christian Church. They have seen that populace fed with traditions, machine-miracles, shows, processions, humbugs, by a priesthood that is foolish if it knows no better, and knavish if it does know better; they have seen that priesthood taking side with tyranny against every popular struggle for liberty and liberal institutions; they have seen that priesthood grasping at wealth and power, and intriguing for temporal influence all over the world. This is the Christianity they have seen; it is all they have seen; and their conclusions, when made against the Catholic Church, are made against Christianity itself. Does anybody blame them? Not we.

The influences of the prevalent form of Christianity in England are very little better than in the nations mentioned. The world looks on and sees livings bought and sold like commissions in the army—places

made in the church for younger sons—wine-drinking, pleasure-loving men in the pulpit; and then, when it sees any action, it is with regard to candles, and vestments, and rites and ceremonies that have no more vital relation to the redemption of mankind and the service of God than they have to the policy of the Czar in Turkey. Is it supposed that men of common sense do not and cannot see through all this stuff and nonsense? Four hundred of these clergymen have just petitioned for what they call "sacramental confession." Drifting toward Romanism, grasping after new and old machinery, busied only with husks and human inventions, quarreling over baubles, excommunicating their own free thinkers and free speakers, obsequious to worldly grandeurs, mingling in politics, frowning upon non-conformists as social inferiors, the great majority of the English clergy are doing what they can to manufacture infidels out of all Englishmen who do their own thinking.

And here in America, how much better are we doing? We fritter away our energies and waste our substance in building costly churches for the rich, in multiplying sects and keeping up the differences between them, and in aping the wretched religious fooleries of the Old World. Our organization into a hundred religious sects amounts to the disorganization of Christianity. There are thousands of towns lying religiously dead to-day because there is not Christianity enough in them to unite in obtaining the services of a minister who has brains enough to teach them; and, as a rule, there are from three to six religious societies in all these towns—starveling churches—monuments only to the ambition of the sects which they represent. The world looks on and scoffs. The world looks on and recognizes the lack of power in Christianity, or of such Christianity as it sees, to unify the church in feeling and effort, and it learns only contempt for it. Every pulpit, as a rule, is a party pulpit. Every religious press is a party press—published in the interest of a sect and supported by it. So unusual is the spectacle of various bodies of Christians coming together for the accomplishment of a common Christian purpose, that it is noted as something remarkable, and pointed at with self-complacent boasting. We have fashionable churches, and churches made attractive by music that costs enough to support Christian teachers in half a dozen barren districts, and enough of the exhibition of a worldly spirit to show to keenly-observing outsiders that the Christian spirit of self-sacrifice and the Christian faith in the hereafter are not in us—are hardly in the best of us.

We would not be harsh, but we ask, in all candor, if there is not in every Christian country enough in the aspect of Christian people to make their religion seem a hollow pretense, a thing without vital power, a system not half believed in by those who profess it. Does not the world find us quarreling about non-essential things, striving for sectarian precedence, and practically ignoring the fact that the world needs to be

saved through simple faith in and following of Jesus Christ? Really, when the scientist and the naturalist come, with their scalpels and crucibles and blow-pipes, and tell us they will believe in nothing they cannot see and weigh and measure, there is but little left for them to do. Whose fault is it that they find their work so easy? Why is it that there is such a flutter when they speak, except that those who profess to be Christians do not half believe in Christianity, and have no rational comprehension of the basis of such belief as they possess?

Two things must come before skepticism will be overthrown, viz.: 1st. A perfect willingness to go into an examination of Christianity for the truth's sake alone. Any man who is interested as a partisan, either for Christianity or against it, is unfit for the investigation. So far as the claims of Christianity are to be settled by investigation, *they are to be settled by men whose supreme desire is to find the truth, wherever it may lead or land them.* 2d. Christianity must be better illustrated in life by those who profess it. When Christians everywhere are controlled by a love that takes in God and every human being; when "divine service" consists of ministry to the poor and the suffering and not of clothes and candles; when the Christian name is greater than all sectarian names and obliterates them all; when benevolence is law, and humblest service is highest honor, and life becomes divine, then skepticism will cease, and not till then.

The New York Board of Education.

WE trust that the friends of the New York Public Schools have not been alarmed in consequence of recent attacks upon the Board of Education by a prominent New York weekly. These attacks mean very little. They are only growls over the fact that the clerk of the preceding Board still holds his office, and that the outside political candidate for that office has not secured it. The talk about Catholic influence is all dust for the eyes of the public. It is a disappointment, of course, to the little cabal who were instrumental in procuring the displacement of the old Board and the institution of the new, not to get the offices they were after; but as nobody suffers but themselves, they ought not to expect very much of the popular sympathy. So far as the present clerk is concerned, we presume the Board is convinced that it cannot better itself by a change, and so refuses to elect one to displace him. There is probably no man outside of the schools, in the city of New York, who can fit himself in one year to be as competent a clerk as Mr. Kiernan is to-day; and his services to a newly constructed Board, even though a number of its members have already been connected with the schools as commissioners and trustees, are invaluable. A graduate of the public schools and of the public college, thoroughly sympathetic with the educational policy of the city, and eminently intelligent concerning all the educational legislation of the city and the

State, he has better qualifications for his place than any other man the Board can find. If he is willing, under the circumstances which surround him, to remain in his place, the Board of Education and the city are to be sincerely congratulated. It will be alike a misfortune and a shame if the Board shall feel compelled to throw him over at last, as "a sop to Cerberus."

In the article to which we have alluded, the Board is represented to be under mortal fear of the Romish priesthood, like their predecessors, and as unwilling to reform the policy of their predecessors. Now, justice to the old Board, as well as the new, demands that the truth be told concerning them and their relations to each other. We do not hesitate to say that New York was never served by a more honest and devoted Board of Commissioners than that which expired a few months ago, with the name of the Board of Public Instruction. They reformed the abuses of the previous Board—abuses so far in the past that it is useless to unveil them now, unless those at present engaged in bullying the Board of Education insist on having it done—and sacrificed years of precious time to the city, for which they never received so much as "Thank you." Judge Fancher knows whether it was an honest Board, for he was one of its members. Judge Van Voorst knows whether it was an honest Board, for he was a member also. Mr. William Wood, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Beardslee, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Smyth, Mr. Lewis—none of these names are to be handled lightly. We do not say that this Board made no mistakes, but we know that it stood in fear of no sect whatever, desired to serve no sect whatever; that it was honest and clean handed in the administration of its financial duties; that it loved the public schools, and gave them its best service at a high personal cost.

It was a misfortune of the old Board to be associated in administration with a number of local boards of trustees who were entirely unworthy of their position. Many of them were ignorant, some of them were brutal; some were liquor-dealers and some of them were the victims of liquor-dealers. There is no doubt that some of them were strongly in the Catholic interest. If to get rid of these local boards it was necessary to uproot the whole system, and inaugurate a new central commission, we have no fault to find. The old Board was not responsible for those trustees, and not responsible for the teachers with which they filled the schools; and there is no worthy member of the old Board who does not rejoice in the change which has been made in the local boards under the new order—a change which they had no power to make. The teachers of the city of New York know whether the old Board of Public Instruction were their friends, and whether they tried, in all possible ways, to help them and make their schools prosperous; and we venture to say that its administration will live pleasantly in their memories for many years.

So much in justice to a Board that has received but

shabby treatment for faithful service; and now a word about the new Board, for whose success we, in common with the whole city, entertain the heartiest good-wishes. It was their misfortune to come into office under the impression that great reforms were possible to them, and expected of them. They, or some of them, expected to find nothing but a Catholic intriguer in their clerk, and are pleased to learn that he is not only a competent and faithful officer, but a gentleman who minds his own business. Some of them expected, we suppose, to make notable retrenchment in the expenditures of the department, and are surprised to find retrenchment so difficult. Even the most anti-Catholic among them find it very difficult, we imagine—more difficult than they had supposed—to make the schools any more Protestant than they are, save by a crusade against Catholic teachers, which would convict them of a more bigoted, sectarian spirit than that now charged upon the Catholics themselves. The truth simply is, that a board of men, the majority of whom are honest and supremely desirous to do right, have taken the place of another board of precisely the same character and intentions; and their way will be very much simplified by honestly and respectfully studying the policy of their predecessors as one that sought the same end which they desire to reach. It is quite possible for them to improve upon it, for they have some advantages which their predecessors did not possess; but the sooner they relieve themselves of the idea that *they must do something* to justify the change which placed them in office, and satisfy the clamor of such journals as that to which we have alluded, the better for them, the better for the public, and the better for the schools.

Ownership in Women.

A MAN was recently hanged in Massachusetts for taking vengeance on one who had practically disputed his property in a girl. The man was a brute, of course, but he had an opinion that a girl who had given herself to him, in the completest surrender that a woman can make, was in some sense his—that her giving herself to another involved his dishonor—and that his property in her was to be defended to the extremity of death. A prominent newspaper, while recording the facts of the case, takes the occasion to say that this idea of ownership in women is the same barbarism out of which grow the evils and wrongs that the "woman movement" is intended to remove. If we were to respond that ownership in women, only blindly apprehended as it was by our brutal gallowbird, is the one thing that saves us from the wildest doctrines and practices of the free-lovers, and is one of the strongest conservative forces of society, it is quite likely that we should be misunderstood; but we shall run the risk, and make the assertion.

There is an instinct in the heart of every woman which tells her that she is his to whom she gives herself, and his alone,—an instinct which bids her cling

to him while she lives or he lives—which identifies her life with his—which makes of him and her twain, one flesh. When this gift is once made to a true man, he recognizes its significance. He is to provide for her that which she cannot provide for herself; he is to protect her to the extent of his power; she is to share his home, and to be his closest companion. His ownership in her covers his most sacred possession, and devolves upon him the gravest duties. If it were otherwise, why is it that a woman who gives herself away unworthily feels, when she finds herself deceived, that she is lost?—that she has parted with herself to one who does not recognize the nature of the gift, and that she who ought to be owned, and, by being owned, honored, is disowned and dishonored? There is no true, pure woman living who, when she gives herself away, does not rejoice in the ownership which makes her forever the property of one man. She is not his slave to be tasked and abused, because she is the gift of love and not the purchase of money; but she is his, in a sense in which she cannot be another man's without dishonor to him and damnation to herself.

Our gallows-bird was, in his brutal way, right. If he had been living in savage society, without laws, and with the necessity of guarding his own treasures, his act would have been looked upon as one of heroism by all the beauties and braves of his tribe. The weak point in his case was, that his ownership in what he was pleased to call "his girl" was not established according to the laws under which he lived. He was not legally married, and had acquired no rights under the law to be defended. What he was pleased to consider his rights were established contrary to law, and he could not appeal to law for their defense. He took the woman to himself contrary to law, he defended his property in her by murder, and he was hanged. He was served right. Hemp would grow on a rock for such as he anywhere in the world. There is no cure for the man who seduces and slays but a broken neck.

There is nothing more menacing in the aspect of social affairs in this country than the effort among a certain class of reformers to break up the identity of interest and feeling among men and women. Men are alluded to with sneers and blame, as being opposed to the interests of women, as using the power in their hands—a power usurped—to maintain their own predominance at the expense of woman's rights and woman's well-being. Marriage, under this kind of teaching, becomes a compact of convenience, into which men and women may enter, each party taking along the personal independence enjoyed in a single state, with separate business interests and separate pursuits. In other words, marriage is regarded simply as the legal companionship of two beings of opposite sexes, who have their own independent pursuits, with which the bond is not permitted to interfere. It contemplates no identification of life and destiny. The man holds no ownership in woman which gives him a right to a family of children, and a life devoted to the

sacred duties of motherhood. The man who expects such a sacrifice at the hands of his wife is regarded as a tyrant or a brute. Women are to vote, and trade, and practice law, and preach, and go to Congress, and do everything that a man does irrespective of the marriage bonds. Women are to be just as free to do anything outside of their homes as men are. They are to choose their careers and pursue them with just as little reference to the internal administration of their families as their husbands exercise. This is the aim and logical end of all the modern doctrines concerning woman's rights. The identification of woman with man, as the basis of the institution of the family, is scoffed at. Any ownership in woman, that comes of the gift of herself to him, and the assumption of the possession by him, with its life-long train of obligations and duties, is condemned. It is assumed that interests which are, and must forever remain, identical, are opposed to each other. Men and women are pitted against each other in a struggle for power.

Well, let it be understood, then, that men are opposed to these latter-day doctrines, and that they will remain so. They are determined that the identity of interest between men and women shall never be destroyed; that the sacred ownership in women, bestowed in all true marriage, shall never be surrendered; that the family shall be maintained, and that the untold millions of true women in the world who sympathize with them shall be protected from the false philosophies and destructive policies of their few misguided sisters, who seek to turn the world upside down. Political conventions may throw their sops to clamoring reformers, but they mean nothing by it. They never have redeemed a pledge to these reformers, and we presume they have never intended to do so. They expect the matter to blow over, and, if we do not mistake the signs of the times, it is rapidly blowing over, with more or less thunder and with very little rain. In the meantime, if the discussions that have grown out of these questions have tended to open a broader field to woman's womanly industry, or obliterated unjust laws from the statute-book, let every man rejoice. No good can come to woman that does not benefit him, and no harm that does not hurt him. Humanity is one, and man and woman rise or fall together.

"The Liberty of Protestantism."

AN article in our issue of July, bearing the above title, has attracted wide attention, excited much comment, and called forth a reply which appears in the present number. We are glad that the name of the author of that article did not appear, for, judging by the spirit which it has excited, it would ruin him to have the authorship known. How far this apprehension confirms his views of the tyranny of Protestantism, we leave our readers to judge. It seems, too, that the magazine which publishes such articles is to be placed under ban. The *Christian Advocate*,

a weekly religious paper published in New York, says, in speaking of American magazines, "None seem to us to meet the requirements of our evangelical Protestantism. For a time, we had some faint hopes that SCRIBNER'S might answer to this felt want, though we scarcely had the right to expect that the author of 'Bitter Sweet' could bring the needed relief. If we had entertained such a hope hitherto, it would vanish on reading the article named at the head of this paper," etc.

So it seems that the editor of this magazine, having taken the liberty to write something in a book that happened to be at variance with the common orthodox opinion, is unfitted for his office, or is under a damaging suspicion! And what has SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY done? It has vindicated the liberty of Protestantism by giving to a man who felt himself to be aggrieved the privilege of public protest! It vindicates the liberty of Protestantism again in this issue by publishing a reply to his protest! If *The Advocate* means anything, it means that a Christian magazine shall not be open to discussion, or to the statement of anything but orthodox views. What kind of liberty of Protestantism is that?

In the same number of the magazine that contained

the article with which *The Advocate* finds fault, was a careful, nay, a perfect, vindication of the Christian character of President Lincoln, which had been assailed by infidel pens, and had found no sufficient champion in the public press. Yet *The Advocate* can say, "It is with more regret than surprise that we find SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, which in many things has pleased us beyond all its rivals, made the vehicle of such sentiments as those which make up the totality of the article to which we have referred. It is indeed lamentable that a large share of the periodical press of the country, when treating of religious and theological subjects, so largely caters to the semi-infidelity of the times."

A paper so bigoted that it does not know its own friends is in a bad way; and when it accuses SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY of largely catering to the semi-infidelity of the times, it is guilty of a breach of Christian charity, not to say common courtesy, for which it ought publicly to ask pardon. SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has undertaken to be a Christian power in literature, and if, in its career, it must meet such coarse and cruel assaults as the above, from a press nominally Christian, it will only prove that it has a wider field and answers to a deeper need than it supposed.

THE OLD CABINET.

AMONG the different kinds of people that go to make up a queer world are the following:—

The people who get under other people's umbrellas. The ferry-boat is favorable to the development of the best specimens of this class. If you stand on the forward deck, toward the end of the voyage, of a drizzly afternoon, you will, no doubt, see several excellent examples of the species. I noticed a fine fellow this afternoon. He had two large brown paper bundles in each hand, which, together with his own person, were entirely protected from moisture by being jammed up against the form of a meek little gentleman, who was compelled to hold his blue silk umbrella uncomfortably high in order to accommodate his uninvited guest.

You see that is an invariable feature of the case; the calm security, I may say the magnificent repose, of the intruder is never more marked a phenomenon than the pathetic air of resignation that enwraps the always meek and always little gentleman thus imposed upon. It only imperfectly expresses the situation to say that the gentleman with the brown paper bundles gives evidence of a cheerful faith in the Providence of his neighbor's umbrella; and that the owner and bearer of the umbrella accepts his fate in the same religious spirit.

It is a very suggestive sight. I often wonder what is the right thing for the little gentleman to do—for

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you to do, supposing you to be the little gentleman: especially when the other man not only is a nuisance as to odor, and the weariment of the uplifted arm, and the inconvenient pressure upon the body; but becomes additionally obnoxious by stepping upon your toes. Are there not moments even in the lives of little gentlemen—no matter how meek by nature—when it is not only possible but praiseworthy and safe for them to kick? Are there not improvident, self-conceited, busybody vagabonds in this world to whom a sharp surprise of this kind may be the appointed means of saving grace?

But, ah me! I fear it is easier to be "mellow" than to be hard. I am afraid you (and I) will weakly suffer the scroinging rather than exert ourselves sufficiently to be eased of the thousand impositions of the life that now is.

Would it not be an odd bit of tragedy if some day we should find the brown paper bundles in our own hands, instead of the blue silk umbrella?

THE people who say that all they want is a chance—are you old enough to have found them out? Of all miserable souls these used to appeal most quickly to my sympathies. Of course there are plenty of genuine cases—I think I am expert enough now to detect them at a glance. But I am inclined to think that

the vast majority of chance-wanters are the people most active in throwing chances away. I never saw an earnest man long in want of a chance. The trouble is in the man, not in the situation. The individual of all others who has talked to me with the most persuasive pathos about the lack of fortunate circumstance, is the man whom I have found most ingenious in evading his opportunities. If the poor devil had pursued the art of action with the same inflexibility and industry that characterized his cultivation of that of inaction, the world might have mistaken him for a genius. I have seen him occupy days and weeks in the most remarkable series of moral, mental, and physical skirmishes with duty and opportunity, in which his inexhaustible fertility of resource, perseverance, and valor in a bad cause proved ever victorious.

In fact, a chance could never approach nearer than the outposts—he knew well the enemy's colors, and took him at long range.

... "Speak of the devil," and so forth. I was about to carry out the above striking military simile, when my young friend called to borrow a little matter of \$—, and to say that he had been looking all summer for a situation, that he was willing to do anything honorable, and that all he wanted in the world was a —

—Excuse me, sir,—here's some money for you, but I am busy and can't talk.

THERE are certain people with whom I used to think myself wonderfully congenial: we liked the same books, pictures, and what-not; had set ourselves to the accomplishment of much the same objects in life; never quarreled about the slightest thing,—and yet for some mysterious reason I could never endure their company more than half an hour at a time. There were my old chums whose mature tastes and aims were very different from mine, yet near whom I could spend days and weeks and years with the utmost serenity.

How to account for this difference I did not know,—until, at last, I found that the trouble lay in the fact that these congenial uncongenial friends were all in the same tone. It was like living in some monotonously gorgeous Yellowstone country, than which I could imagine nothing more wearing to the soul. You see, ordinary people like you and me cannot stand a constant strain upon the higher emotions,—I doubt whether anybody can. If there is not an abounding humor to make a variety in the experience of your grand, solemn natures, there is at least a grim savagery that takes its place, and answers the purposes of recreation. If we do not hear of Milton's laughing much, we are well aware that he knew how to call hard names; and as for the mortal who, having seen Hell, never smiled again, are we not told that the little Gueff boys and girls were in danger of being pelted with stones flung by that frantic Ghibelline!

I WONDER if there are not souls whose quick sympathies, whose very clearness of moral vision, whose easy assumption of heroic moods, is their snare and their doom. I think that is one of the most mysterious of moral mysteries—a thing that should make us all ashamed and fearful. Perhaps you know one or two characters thus vaguely indicated. Their conversation, their whole tone, when you are present with them, never fails to touch the highest, but when you get away into yourself, there comes to you a subtle, indefinable sense of insincerity,—you drive from you with scorn the ghastly suspicion in your own mind; you defend them with sudden heat against the coarse insinuations of those who know them not so well as you do; their recurring presence at least dissipates all haunting doubts; but in absence, these return and return again, until the bitter cup is drunk,—their once gracious companionship has no longer power to exorcise that demon, and you go on with your lives, hiding a new pain in your hearts. Well for you and me then if, smitten with dismay, we turn back into our own souls, and search with trembling for the shadow of our Sin.

My Violet.

A VIOLET lay in the grass,
A tear in its golden eye;
And it said, Alas and alas!
The night is over and gone,
Another day is aigh,
And I am alone, alone!
There is none to care if I die,
There is none to be glad that I live;
The lovers they pass me by
And never a glance they give.
And I could love so well, so well!
If one would but tarry and tell
A tale that was told to me only:—
My lover might go his ways,
But through all the nights and the days
I should never again be lonely!

Then sudden there fell a look
Into that violet's heart.
It lifted its face with a start;
It arose; it trembled and shook.
At last, O at last! it cried;
Down drooped its head, and it died.

*Is God in Heaven! Is the light
Of the moons, and the stars, and the suns,
His,—or the Evil One's!
Is he cruel, or mad, or right!*

The Pansy that grew by the wall,
Its heart was heavy with bliss.
In the night it had heard a call;
It listened, it felt a kiss;
Then a loving Wind did fall
On its breast, and shiver with gladness:
The morning brought love's madness
To light,—and the lover fled.
But the eyes that burned in his head
Shot love through each and all,
For the Pansy that bloomed by the wall

Shone sweet in every place,—
In the sky, the earth, and the air,—
And that lover saw never the face
Of my dead violet there.

*Hush! Hush! Let no sorrow be spoken!
Though it perish, no pity shall flout it.
Better to die heart-broken
Of love than to live without it!*

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Basis of Etiquette.

It is quite common among certain social malcontents to ridicule all rules of etiquette as unnecessary and foolish. But if they would for a moment consider the ordinary customs of society, it would be patent that a substratum of common sense underlies these laws. They complain that the habit of taking soup but once at dinner is arbitrary and irrational, when it is actually based on the nicest of reasons. Probably not more than one of a party would desire soup a second time—soup, at a formal dinner, being the merest preliminary to substantial food. Therefore, while this solitary mortal is taking his second plateful, the entire company must wait in grim expectancy, and the hostess endure tortures, lest the fish should be crisped, which, but for this unconventional guest, would have come to the table done to a turn. Surely it is reasonable and not arbitrary that etiquette should prevent such derangements.

These dissatisfied people denounce the use of visiting cards as superfluous; contending that verbal messages answer every purpose. Yet, what is more likely to prevent unpleasant mistakes? You call on your friend, and, if you have no card, you must trust your name to the servant, who, it is more than probable, will make a mistake, and your friend comes down under the impression that you are a stranger or a peddler, perhaps a thief in disguise. But if you send in the card you ought to have provided, there is no opportunity for misapprehension. Then, if your friend has a daughter on whom you have called before, you turn the corner of your card, which indicates your desire to see the younger as well as the elder lady, and involves no words with the servant beyond the inquiry if they are at home. Should your call be the first you have made upon the young lady, you send a separate card to her, as you would to a guest of your friend; but, after the first visit, this is unnecessary, unless your visit be to her alone. It seems the easiest possible way of indicating your departure from town, to write P. P. C. on the corner of your card, and while the letters are the initials of French words (*pour prendre congé*), everybody knows they literally mean to take leave. And the leaving of a card is undoubtedly the most convenient method of showing your absent friend that you have called.

Should you receive an invitation to a party with R. S. V. P. in the corner, it is certainly the scantest courtesy to observe this request for a reply, and inform your hostess whether or not she may count upon

your attendance. Headless persons sometimes fancy that answering an invitation makes no difference; but, if every one of a hundred or two guests should happen to think the same, imagine the predicament of the hostess! Not hearing from any of her invitations, she might justly presume that not more than half the company would attend, and order her supper and servants accordingly. Then fancy her chagrin and the discomfiture of the careless hundred or two when they should arrive unexpected and unprepared for.

Most of our social customs come from the French, whose society is nearer akin to our own than that of the more phlegmatic and conventional English. From the French we get the custom of both sexes rising together from the dinner-table, which is infinitely pleasanter and more refined than the British mode of the ladies leaving shortly after dessert, for the originally avowed purpose of permitting the gentlemen to drink more deeply and talk more freely than they were willing to do in the presence of women they respected. Happily, this fashion has never been in vogue here, despite certain attempts to introduce it.

Now and then Europe sends us the suggestion of a mode so absurd that practical Americans are loth to adopt it. Such, for instance, is the carrying of "crush" hats into drawing-rooms. There is really no more reason for carrying a hat into a room full of people than for taking an overcoat over one's arm, or for dangling a cane from one's little finger. On the score of convenience, there is as much in the one as in the other; and on the score of politeness, there is little in either. To use a homely phrase, it has too much of an "eat and run" look, which good taste certainly does not dictate. A passing mode like this, however, does not affect the statement that, in general, rules of etiquette are based on sound common sense, and that comfort and convenience, not less than courtesy, demand their observance.

Capital Deformity.

THE head is a long-suffering feature of society. It has been more seriously wronged by fashion than almost any part of the human frame. It has its rights; but they are seldom regarded. Its chief right is to be simply, becomingly and unobtrusively dressed, and of this it fails most signally. It is not allowed to carry merely the burdens Nature has placed upon it; it must bear what other heads ought to bear. Should it resent this treatment by the ghost of an ache, it is doctored, and the ache called disordered nerves, when

it is only the poor head protesting against its wrongs. To-day it is compelled to have half a peck of braids stuffed with horse-hair or jute, heavy and hot, pressing and dragging on the little engine called the brain, which runs the human machine. To-morrow it must be piled high on its crown with strange masses of hair, till any beauty of outline it may have had is irretrievably lost. Instead of the center of attraction, it might well be regarded as the point of repulsion, in the make-up of a modern woman.

We are talking of art, of the classical, in dress; but it is merely talk. If we actually cared about art, we should begin by pulling to pieces the hideous mysteries known as French coiffures. There is no law which forbids a woman to have her hair arranged as befits her style and face; but anybody would suppose, so studiously is it avoided, that heavy penalties attached to wearing one's own locks plainly and becomingly. However, there is hope of better things. Already nearly half the false hair that was once prevalent has been discarded, and the hints of Autumn modes show a tendency to diminish rather than increase the size of the existing coiffure. The present manner of combing the hair high up from the neck, and braiding it in a flat coil on the crown, while very convenient and comfortable for hot weather, so seriously interferes with hats and bonnets that cool days will probably modify the style. The *Récamière*, a design just introduced for full-dress occasions, will be much worn in the Autumn. It is composed of a very high chignon surmounted by rolls and puffs in front, and fringed by curls behind. Braids daily grow in favor, and promise to exclude curls entirely from all day-time use. They are satisfactory, because dampness does not destroy them, besides dispensing with pins, hot irons and slate-pencils; and they look nice and tidy, which much of the crimped and fluffy arrange- or derangement does not.

When young women begin to realize that the injury they are doing their pretty locks by burning and breaking and wearing them off on hot irons and hot pencils cannot be repaired by years of extreme care, perhaps they will cease to use such instruments of deformity.

Maids and Mistresses.

It should be plain enough that examples are as much to servants as to children; since in manners and social training servants are as children. The peasant-girl reared in an Irish cabin or German cottage can hardly be expected to be a model of politeness or of personal neatness. It is quite possible, however, to teach her by example alone. If the mistress be courteous to every member of her family, and they in turn to her, the maid soon feels the atmosphere of good-breeding, and unconsciously becomes amiable and respectful. But let the mistress speak sharply to her husband, or scold the children in public, or let the master constantly find fault in the presence of the servant, and she will shortly discover that

courtesy is not one of the essentials of the establishment, and will, most likely, add black looks and uncivil words to the general disharmony. Servants being imitative, there is more reason that the conduct of employers be worthy of imitation. If the mistress of a house be careful of her dress, her speech, her daily habits, her handmaid will, in all probability, grow more careful of her own. But the woman who comes to her breakfast-table with disheveled hair and rumpled gown, has no right to find fault with the maid for attending the door-bell in a dirty calico and slovenly shoes. Like mistress like maid, as well as like master like man. Unless a good example be set, there is no cause to complain of servants for following a bad one. As a rule, they are ready to learn, though they may be dull and slow of comprehension. They would rather improve their condition than degrade it. They would rather be ladies than servants. Their ignorance makes them mistake the false for the true, the bad for the good. If every mistress would take pains to set a fair example to her maids, and aid them, now and then, by timely and delicate hints, she would soon have servants who would be, in fact, the help they are in name.

Foot-Coverings.

To be well booted and well gloved, the French say, is to have accomplished more than half the essentials of a perfect toilette. Aside from this æsthetic view, to be well booted is a matter of personal comfort and pedal health. The mistaken notion that only a small foot can lay claim to beauty, even though its smallness come by compression and not by nature, is slowly but surely giving way; and the shoemakers will hasten to avail themselves of the change.

Last Summer an attempt (it failed, we are sorry to say) was made to introduce broad soles and square, English toes. Standing in the shop-windows, their effect was not so pretty as the effect of the dainty narrow-tipped, pointed-heeled French gaiters. Therefore they were scouted as ungainly by the happy mortals whose feet, despite a long siege of French boots, were still tolerably sound. This year, however, some relief is looked for; and the only permanent relief will come, not with plasters and lotions, but with wide, sensible soles, and low, broad heels. The way has already been opened by the introduction, this season, of these desirable alterations into the low shoes called indifferently "Croquet slippers," "Oxford ties," "Newport ties," and a variety of other names. These are to be followed in the Autumn by buttoned walking-boots of kid and goat-skin, having square toes with rounded corners, broad soles,—the widening from toe to joint being scarcely perceptible,—and low heels, not more than half the height of the absurd French ones. But it must not be supposed that, in thus obtaining comfort, good looks are abandoned. Anybody who has worn these ease-giving shoes knows that they are vastly more becoming than the strictly Parisian gaiter. The breadth of sole,

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permitting a corresponding narrowness of the upper-leather, so sustains the foot that, even in an old boot, it is not inclined to spread, as it must where the upper is wide, and the sole slender. A well-shaped foot, though it be large, is beautiful; and a misshapen foot, as small as Cinderella's, is ugly. No foot can remain beautiful where the toes are unnaturally cramped, or when the entire weight of the body is thrown on the toes by exaggerated heels.

Beyond this important change in form, there will be but little difference in the new Fall boots. Buttoned gaiters are such decided favorites that it is unlikely they will be displaced before another Spring, though balmoral boots, lacing on top, and kid gaiters, lacing on the inside, will be somewhat worn by those who prefer novelty to grace.

Fern-Pressing.

THE girls should not forget that this is the time to gather and press green ferns. They are so pretty and refreshing to have in the house in cold weather, so easily obtained, and so little trouble to prepare, that it is a pity any one should be without a few bunches when the flower-season has passed. There are many modes of preserving them; but the one that seems most successful is to pick the ferns when they are young and tender; lay them between newspapers, or in large, flat books, and place them under very heavy weights, until the sap has entirely dried. Persons who gather them in August often leave them in press till Thanksgiving or Christmas; asserting that this long subjection to the weights keeps the color better than any other method. The safest way to secure perfect ferns is to take a book to the woods, and lay each one between the leaves as soon as broken from the stem. Even in a few minutes, ferns will curl at their tips, and after an hour or two, it is almost impossible to lay them flat. This process is very good for bright leaves, and makes them look less artificial than when they are varnished. Bunches of Autumn leaves are very beautiful evening decorations, if a lighted candle be set behind them. This brings out their brilliant tints, and gives them the appearance of having been freshly gathered.

Fancy-Work.

THE practical use of fancy-work is shown in the

dull rooms, brightened by gay bunches of wax leaves and flowers; in the old chairs, made fresh and attractive by pretty, wrought coverings; in the hard sofa-arms, rendered inviting by sleep-enticing pillows; in the eyes, saved from aching by cunningly-contrived lamp-screens; in the colds, prevented by the warm lounge-blanket; in the papers, kept in order in the simple wall-portfolio; and in the small but tender gift, which no money could be spared to buy. It need be only the idlest of idle hours that are given to fancy-work, and yet a great deal that is charming and useful can be created. Every housekeeper with limited means and artistic tastes knows what such work can do for her rooms. Every girl whose life is trying and hard is conscious what a real luxury it often is to fashion with deft fingers some dainty nicknack. To begin fancy-work with any definite time for finishing it, is to make labor out of what should be recreation; but to have it lying on the table, to catch it up for five minutes before tea, or during a neighborly call in the evening, is the way to do it enjoyably.

Fans.

FANS, which, half a year ago, began to enlarge and grow pretentious, are larger and more pretentious now than ever. Some of them measure three feet from tip to tip, and the indications are that even these dimensions will be expanded in the Fall. They are chiefly of white and black silk and satin, with a spray of flowers painted in the left corner. Those who can afford to follow every passing fashion have a fan made of the color of each costume; but this is very expensive, and not at all needful. The fans are suspended by a fanciful chain from the belt on the right side and opposite the *châtelaine* which now holds card-case, vinaigrette, porte-monnaie, umbrella, and anything that can possibly be attached. Even in full-dress these great white fans are fastened by a silver chain to the girdle, which, on the whole, is a good idea, for they are much too big to hold.

To use a fan gracefully is an art that needs to be cultivated. Saxon women do not take kindly to it as do the Latin races, to whom it seems to belong by right; but they can, if they choose, greatly improve upon their present proficiency.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts.

WITHIN the last four years the English Government has supplemented its well-developed systems of affording free and unlimited access to the Public Records of the Realm, and publishing from time to time historical monuments of the nation, by a special commission, the duties and aims of which are best described in the circular issued by its Secretary. "Her Majesty has

been pleased to appoint under her Sign Manual certain Commissioners to ascertain what MSS. calculated to throw light upon subjects connected with the Civil, Ecclesiastical, Literary or Scientific history of this country, are extant in the collections of private persons and in corporate and other institutions."

On the expression from any individual of a willing-

ness to submit any paper or collection of papers within his possession or power to the examination of the commissioners, they caused an inspection by one of their representatives upon the information derived, from which a private report to the owner was drawn up of the general nature of the papers in his collection, and was subsequently condensed and published in the Blue Book which commemorates the labors of the Commission. Advice has also been freely rendered as to the best means of repairing and preserving any papers or MSS. which may have been in a state of decay, and were of historical or literary value.

By a judicious foresight the commissioners took every means in their power to declare that the object of the Commission was solely the discovery of unknown historical and literary materials, and in all their proceedings directed their attention to that object exclusively.

Title deeds or documents of a private character were scrupulously set apart, without further comment.

The several MSS. were inspected at the residence of their owners, but, in one or two cases, collections were temporarily deposited in the Public Record Office, London, and treated with the same care as if they formed part of the public muniments.

It is not our purpose here, nor have we adequate space, to describe in any detail the operations of the Commission. It has inspected, by its official deputies, more than 300 collections, and some idea of the extent, variety, and choice character of the work accomplished may be gathered from the following list of collections set forth in the second report of the commissioners issued during the past year:—

England and Wales.—Duke of Bedford, Countess Cowper and Baroness Lucas, Earl of Dartmouth, Earl Spencer, Earl of Mount Edcombe, Earl Cathcart, Earl of Bradford, Earl Cawdor, Viscount Dillon, Lord Camoys, Lord Arundell of Wardour, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Wrottesley, Lord Leigh, the Hon. G. M. Fortescue, Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., Sir Henry Dryden, Bart., Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart., Sir George Osborn, Bart., Trustees of the late Sir R. Puleston, Bart., Miss Ainslie, J. C. Antrobus, Esq., W. R. Baker, Esq., C. M. Berington, Esq., Colonel Myddelton-Biddulph, Colonel Carew, Mrs. Collis, Richard Corbet, Esq., W. Bromley-Davenport, Esq., M.P., C. Cottrell Dormer, Esq., J. R. Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P., John Harvey, Esq., Dr. Hoskins, H. B. Mackeson, Esq., Charter Chests of the family of Neville of Holt, F. Peake, Esq., Mrs. Prescott, J. J. Rogers, Esq., W. J. McCullagh Torrens, Esq., M.P., W. H. Turner, Esq., Mrs. Willes, W. W. E. Wynne, Esq.; St. Lawrence's College, Ampleforth; Clare College, Gonville and Caius College, Jesus College, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge; Carlisle Cathedral, St. Mary's College, Oscott; Corpus Christi College, Exeter College, Jesus College, Lincoln College, New College, Oriel College, Queen's College, Trinity College, and Worcester College, Oxford; Stoneyhurst Col-

lege; Monastery of the Dominican Friars at Woodchester; Corporation of Abingdon; Petyt MSS. in Inner Temple Library; and Chetham Library, Manchester.

Scotland.—Duke of Montrose, Duke of Sutherland, Marquis of Huntly, Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, Earl of Morton, Earl of Strathmore, Earl of Dalhousie, Earl of Airlie, Earl of Stair, Earl of Rosslyn, Earl Cawdor, Lord Forbes, Lord Torphichen, Sir J. H. Burnett, Bart., J. Guthrie, Esq., A. F. Irvine, Esq. and J. F. Leith, Esq.; University of Aberdeen; Catholic College of Blairs; Trinity College, Glenalmond; University of St. Andrews, and Royal Burgh of Montrose.

Ireland.—Marquis of Ormonde, Earl of Granard, Earl of Rosse, Major-General F. P. Dunne, Robert D. Lyons, Esq., M.P. (Archbishop King's collection), The O'Connor Don, M.P., and Rothe's Register of Kilkenny.

While these collections are all replete with documents of the highest archaeological value, the literary world can best appreciate the results of these inquiries by glancing at those portions of the inspector's returns which treat of the MSS. of W. R. Baker, Esq., of Bayfordbury, in the County of Herts, and which we present in the exact words of the return.

Mr. Baker is one of the descendants of the notorious Jacob Tonson, the friend and publisher of the wits and poets of the 17th century, and the founder of the famous Kit-Cat Club, which comprised the ruling oligarchy established by the literary men of the age of Queen Anne, who were wont to meet in a public-house in Gray's Inn Lane, Holborn, London, having the sign of a cat, and the man who kept it being called Kit. The name of the Kit-Cat Club was retained even when the club removed to the Devil or Rose Tavern, Temple Bar.

The MSS. under our notice consist of a collection of letters of the 17th century, and a few of the 18th century, mostly addressed to the elder Tonson; they are in good preservation, and we have made a selection of the most striking of the series, containing, as the inspector phrases it, so many radiations from those who have left "long trails of light descending down."

The first letter is from Addison to Jacob Tonson. "At the Judge's Head, next Temple Bar, in Fleet Street, February 2 (no year): I was yesterday with Dr. Hannes. I told him Dr. Blackman, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Boyle and myself had engaged in it, and that you had gained a kind of promise from Dr. Gibbons. The Doctor seemed particularly solicitous about the company he was to appear in, and would fain hear all the names of the translators." (The reference is to a translation of Herodotus.) "Addison does not like his Polymnia, and will, if Tonson pleases, translate Urania. Was walking this morning with Mr. Yalden, and asked him when he might expect Ovid 'de arte amandi' in English. Told me he thought you had dropt the design since Mr. Dryden's translation of Virgil had been undertaken; but he had done his part almost a year ago, and had it lying by him. Was afraid he has done little of it, but believes a letter from Tonson about it would set him to work."

2. "Addison to Tonson, March 13. (No year). Not being

able to find Dr. Hannes at home has left his part with his servant. Shall have his *Urania* by the beginning of the week."

4. Addition to Tonson, May 28.—Mr. Clay tells him to let Tonson know of the misfortune Polymnia met with on the road; the carrier was in fault. Tonson's discourse about translating Ovid made such an impression on him that he ventured on the second book, which he turned at his leisure hours. Ovid has so many silly stories with his good ones that he is more tedious to translate than a better poet would be.

5. 1735 (should be 1705), August 28. "My friend, I intend, God willing, to leave the country on Sunday next, with hopes of London next evening. I suppose by the news I receive per post that you are alive, but a certificate of health under your own hand would have been most acceptable to your old friend, Roger de Coverley."

6. Atterbury (also concerned with Tonson's translations) to Tonson, dated at Oxford, November 15, 1681, asks for the Oxford prologue and for Dryden's *Satyr*, which he says he will return without transcribing a line. "My Whole Duty of Man waits for yours, and if you think it worth your while to have the first miscellany, the piece of Spencer in 4to, which you know I owe you, sent up along with it, it shall be done."

We cannot but arrest the course of our extracts to point out that the secrets of the bookseller's calling are as graphically displayed as if Smollett himself had catalogued them. Here are the underpaid authors, the authors in fashion, with their airs and assurance, and close at hand is the hard bargain the successful bookseller drives whenever he can. Coleridge's terrible words, which he puts into the mouth of the Devil, in his *Devil's Walk*, come unforbidden into our mind, "I myself, like a Cormorant, sat hard by the tree of knowledge."

7. Aphra Behn (a collection of her coarse but eccentric plays has just been republished) to Jacob Tonson, August 1st, 1695. Tonson has bound himself for 6*l*. which she owed Mr. Baggs. She empowers Zachary Baggs, in case the debt is not paid before Michaelmas, to stop it out of moneys in his hands "upon the playing her first play."

8. The same to the same. Thanks him for the service he has done her with Dryden, in whose esteem she would rather choose to be than in anybody's else in the world. Angry with Creech; thinks her verse worth 30*l*.; hopes he will find 'em worth 25*l*.; asks him to speak to his brother to advance the price 5*l*. more. Cowley's David lost because it was a large book; Mrs. Phillips's plays for the same reason. Begs hard for 5*l*. more.

10. Wm. Congreve to Tonson, August 8th, 1723.—His kinsman, Col. Congreve, wishes that Tonson would lend Wm. Congreve's picture to have a copy.

12. The same to the same, August 20th, 1695. Requests him to ask Sir G. Kneller to finish his picture. (It may be remembered that Tonson paid for and possessed portraits of the members of the Kit-Cat Club, and these portraits, or the majority of them, are in the collection owned by Mr. Baker.)

16. Copy of some of Congreve's last verses from the *Harl. MS.* 7318. An epistle to Lord Cobham.

18. Thomas Creech (neither date nor address). About his *Juvenal*; contains criticisms on the chronology of the *Satires*.

19. Wm. Davenant (Shakespeare's grandson), at Frankfurt, to Tonson, April 20th, 1700. About subscription to the *Cæsar*. "Send to my father the productions of our English poets, who are all your friends, and never fail to communicate to you their verses. You can't imagine how, at this distance, one hankers after London lampoons. Pray give my service to Mr. Congreve and desire him to let me be remembered in the dressing-room" (of the theatre) "at Lincoln's Inn Fields."

The next letter is from Pope's rugged and untiring enemy, who, with all his vague and windy criticism,

certainly saw more into Pope's meanness, duplicity, and conceit, than any other of their contemporaries.

20. J. Dennis to Tonson, June 4th, 1715.—Is concerned at the attempt to lessen the reputation of Dryden by "small poets." Abuses Pope; Pope has always the same dull cadence and a continual bag-pipe drone; contrasts between Dryden and Pope. Five pages and very amusing.

22. Dryden's receipt for 30*l*. for copyright of *Cleomenes*.

23. Dryden's receipt, March 24, 1698, for 268*l*. 15*s*. for about 7,500 verses or less, of 10,000.

27. The same to the same (no date).—Three days since he finished the 4th *Æneid*. The 6th is his greatest favorite. Mentions that money was then very scrupulously received, and that clipped money and 40 brass shillings were in some change sent to his wife.

29. The same to the same. October 29 (no year).—Has done the 7th *Æneid* in the country; intends in a few days to begin the 8th; when that is finished he expects 50*l*. in good silver, not such as he had formerly. "I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I; nor stay for it beyond 24 hours after it is due."—(They were evidently then on bad terms.)

30. The same to the same (no date).—An interesting letter. He says that the translation of the *History of the League* was the best translation that ever was. Mentions Lord Roscommon's essay; mentions his own verses; corrects a line—"let it be, 'That here his conquering ancestors were nurs'd.'" Will lay by the *Religio Laici* till another time. Will have four odes of Horace and 40 lines from *Lucretius*. The story of Nisus and Euryalus and 40 lines of Virgil in another place to answer those of *Lucretius*. "I mean those very lines which Montaigne has compared in those two poets." Has no leisure for an act of the opera. Talks with Betterton about actors and the characters they were to have in the two new plays.

32. The same to the same.—Asks him to say what is the most he will give for his son's play. "and if you have any silver which will go, my wife will be glad of it."

33 and 34. The same to the same.—In the latter he mentions Lady Chudleigh's verses (apparently to the Virgil). These, Wycherly thinks the best of any. . . . Mentions his own translation of Ovid, "*de Arte amandi*." Asks Tonson to get him three pounds of snuff. . . . Let the printer be very careful or he shall print nothing more. . . . his son Charles is ill; the doctor fears a rupture; . . . has great love for his son; . . . requests him to ask Mr. Fraunce to enclose a letter, he (Dryden) will pay for double post. The post can't be trusted. Fernard will do by them as he did by two letters which he sent his son about dedicating to the king, of which they received neither.

35. The same to the same.—About his handwriting failing; so he writes a short letter.

36. The same to the same.—Has broken off his studies for the Conquest of China, to review Virgil and bestow more certain duty on him. Dr. Chetwynd; his promise of the ode on St. Cecilia's day, which he desires Tonson to send him forthwith.

37. The same to the same.—Thanks him for Sherry, the best he ever had. Asks him in the ode on St. Cecilia's day to alter *Lait* to *Thait* twice. Wants to send a Virgil to Rome, and to send 20 guineas to Rome to his son.

39. The same to the same.—"Send my MS. of the *Æneid* to Sir Robert Howard to read in the country, and bring back when he comes to town."

40. A promise by Tonson to pay Dryden 250 guineas for 10,000 verses, 7,500 already in Tonson's possession. The 250 guineas to be made up to 300*l*. on a second impression of the 10,000 verses. (This payment reaches the amount of nearly 6*l*. 4*s*. per line). Dated, 20th March, 1698, signed and sealed by Tonson. Witnessed by Ben Portlock and W. Congreve.

42. Mr. Russell's bill for the funeral of Dryden. Among the items are:—Double coffin, 5*l*. Hanging the hall with a border of bays, 5*l*. Six dozen paper escutcheons for the hall, 3*l*. 12*s*. Ten silk escutcheons for the pall, 2*l*. 10*s*. Three mourning coaches and six horses, 2*l*. 5*s*. Silver desk and rosemary, 5*s*. Eight scarves for musicians, 2*l*. Seventeen yards of crape to cover their instruments, 1*l*. 12*s*. Achievement for the horse, 3*l*. 10*s*. The total was 45*l*. 17*s*. (Dryden died in 1701, aged 69.)

50. From Sir G. Kneller (the painter of the portraits of the Kit-Cat Club).—Is sorry he shall not see him that afternoon, but will on Sunday next.

61 (a). Thomas Otway, June 30, 1683. Acknowledges that he owes *nil*. to Jacob Tonson.

Pope does not appear in a pleasant light to any one who reflects over the contents of our next quotations. Here he is, as usual, with his querulous complaints about other people using his labors, and his greediness about literary enterprises. Who will not remember that he invariably allowed those about him to accredit him as the sole translator of the *Odyssey*, while his subordinates Brome and Fenton did more than half the work, and corrected his imperfect performance of the remainder? And yet to every hundred pounds paid to Pope, these two unfortunate hacks did not receive twenty pounds! Then again we see Pope's nervous horror about reputation and personal standing with the world, while he incessantly protested that "no man ever cared less for literary reputation."

62. Alexander Pope to Tonson, Nov. 14, 1731.—"Almost ready to be angry with your nephew for being the publisher of Theobald's Shakespeare, who according to the laudable custom of commentators first served himself of my pains, and then abused me for 'em." Suggests a scheme (to be talked over) for a Shakespeare and other English poets that will "beat all others." In a postscript: "You live not far from Ross: I desire you to get me an exact information of the Man of Ross, what was his Christian and surname, what year he died, and at what age, and to transcribe his epitaph, if he has one; and any particulars you can procure about him. I intend to make him an example in a poem of mine."

63. Copies of two letters from Pope to J. Tonson, Jun., and two from J. Tonson, Jun., in reply, 1731. In the first, Pope expresses a hope that, in Theobald's proposed edition of Shakespeare, Tonson will not publish any impertinent remarks on him (Pope). In the second, Tonson says that he will never do anything to forfeit Pope's opinion of him. In the third, Pope says, "All I should be sorry for would be if you were made the publisher of any falsity relating to my *personal character*." In the fourth, Tonson reassures him.

64, 65 and 66 are from Pope; the first dated in 1732, the second no date, the third in 1735. In the first Pope thanks Tonson for information about the Man of Ross; mentions why he made the Man of Ross better in reality. Has no thought of printing the poem (which is an epistle on the use of riches) this long time. Mentions his portrait by Dahl sent to Tonson's nephew. Asks for a copy of his old friend, Dr. Garth. "As to Dr. Bentley and Milton, I think the one above and the other below criticism."

67. Matthew Prior, Haye, Sept. 23, 113, 1695, to Tonson.—Sends some verses, "if worth printing," translated from Boileau.

74, 75 and 76. Letters from the Duke of Somerset to Tonson, two of them being dated in 1703. The first is a long one about Addison's being tutor to his son; his duty and salary. In the second, he says that as Addison seems to consent, but wants to know particulars, he wishes Tonson to come and talk. In the third, he says that Addison has in effect declined. "Our club is dissolved until you revive it; which we are impatient of."

79. Richard Steele (Sept. 26, 1718) to Tonson.—Has heard a good character of Caulfield, the barge-builder, and understands he is the only one now on the river; has been asked to speak in his behalf to the Duke of Newcastle for him to be barge-builder to his Majesty. Asks Tonson to speak for him.

84 to 95. Twelve amusing letters from Sir John Vanbrugh to Tonson, dated from Paris, Amsterdam and Herefordshire, in 1703, 1714, 1728, and 1729, containing anecdotes and gossip of the club and friends, town news, and a little on politics. In the fourth, to Tonson at Paris, June 5, 1719, he congratulates Tonson

on his luck in South Sea Stock (the gambling mania for which was the severest ever known in England). In the fifth, Feb. 18, 1719—20, he says that stock is rising, but he is only a looker-on. Sir R. Steele is grown such a malcontent, that he now takes the ministry directly for his mark, and treats them in the House for some days past in so very frank a manner that they grow quite angry, and 'tis talked as if it would not be impossible to see him very soon after expelled the House. He has quarrelled with the Lord Chamberlain, that a new license has been granted to Wilks, Cibber, and Booth, which they accepting of and acting under, have left him with his patent, but not one player. And so the Lord Chamberlain's authority over the play-house is restored, and the patent ends in a joke. A notice of the opera; 20,000*l*. subscribed; the King gives 1,000*l*. a year. He (Vanbrugh) is going to Heidegger's masquerade that night (Heidegger was manager of the Italian Opera in London at that period.) In one dated July 1, 1719, he mentions his own recent marriage. In the next, a few lines in the middle are written and signed by Harriet V. (his wife). Vanbrugh abuses the Duchess of Marlborough, mentioning the money that was owing to him for Blenheim (the Duke's palace voted by Parliament for the French victories). Old Madam Sarah was mean or munificent as the fit took her. In one dated Oct. 25, 1725, he is very uncomplimentary to the Duchess of Marlborough, by reason of her getting an injunction against him by her friend, the late good Chancellor, who declared that Vanbrugh never was employed by the Duke of M., and therefore had no demand on his estate for services at Blenheim. But he got his debt by Sir R. Walpole's help out of a sum she expected to receive. In one of Jan., 1723, he mentions the Duke of Marlborough's disposition of his property. The opera is supported: half a guinea for pit and boxes.

96. E. Waller (Jan. 22, 1699) to Jacob Tonson, at Mrs. Tonson's shop at Gray's Inn Gate, by Gray's Inn (the site of the house and part of the house was occupied by the Gray's Inn Coffee House, a tavern celebrated for its choice port wine).—A short letter. Has the gout. Asks for any of Cambray's (Fénélon) works, if new.

99. Autograph draft of J. Tonson's will, March 19, 1731, 2 pp. 4to.

Then follow three volumes of letters by Tonson; hints for verses on Dr. Hobbs, surgeon, cousin to J. Hobbs, of Malmesbury. Wycherley and he were of the same age, and born in the same town. Drafts of verses, several.

Tonson's will in his own handwriting, 27 Jan., 1734.

Bill for Tonson's funeral, March 31, 1735. The amount is 124*l*. 5*s*. 9*d*.

Comment about the interest, information, and reality of the details, small and personal as they are occasionally, is superfluous. The student of the times of Queen Anne, and her brilliant men of letters, can but be thankful that the manuscripts are in the possession of such a liberal trustee of Jacob Tonson's reminiscences as Mr. W. R. Baker, of Bayfordbury. And for ourselves, we do but echo, in cordial sincerity, the confident hope that the labors of the Royal Commission of Historical Manuscripts will tend greatly to the advancement of historical literature, by bringing to the notice of the world important papers and manuscripts, the existence of which might possibly be unknown to the majority of those who may be interested in the inquiry. The commissioners, with much reason, are inclined to think that a continuation of their efforts may be the means of preventing those casualties to which valuable collections of MSS. are liable from various causes,—casualties arising not unfrequently from changes in families, from removal of MSS., and ignorance of the localities to which they have been transferred. It may also be of importance

to the possessors of valuable documents to know where papers allied with, or relating to, those in their possession are to be found, and into what direction the lines of correspondence consequent on family alliances or intermarriage may have diverged; while to those who are engaged in biographical, historical or political researches, no greater boon can be offered than well-authenticated information, where materials which are indispensable for the due prosecution of their inquiries are preserved.

It is with no little satisfaction that we are able to announce that the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society appears inclined to perform the very same offices for the citizens of the United States, that the British Government has so laudably instituted for the subjects of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

"Love in the Nineteenth Century."*

IF Henri Beyle could have read this novelette while writing his description of the ways of love and lovers in different nations, he would have paused before dismissing America with the epigram that a people so rational and regulated can know nothing of its mysteries. It is only to such a race indeed that its title properly applies. The 19th century has not yet freed youths and maidens in continental Europe from parental control over their future interests, nor enlarged their chances for discussing the reasonable grounds of personal choice. Perhaps it is too broad even if its meaning be restricted to this hemisphere. The persons presented are both a little apart from the representative American of either sex. The girl leads rather too secluded a life of mature thought to be a fair example of her countrywomen outside the borders of Massachusetts. The lover himself insists that the training of the class he belongs to is quite special and one-sided. If we are to judge of journalists by his description and personality, it would seem that until a woman's influence transforms them, they do not gain in breadth and liberality by dealing with a rapid rush of facts and events, any more than a banker's clerk grows rich from the constant flow of money through his hands.

In truth, cultivation does not depend on close contact with the changing activities of the world, and is very likely to suffer by it. The variety of material for forming the intellectual character derived from such contact is very great, but not of the choicest kind, nor presented in the best proportions. Individual force and taste, as in the case of all other pursuits, must determine its selection and assimilation. Still, these are the most convenient figures the authoress could have chosen through which to express her views on certain subjects likely to continue much discussed through the rest of the nineteenth century. By the beginning of the twentieth we may hope all women will be more like her heroine, and all men as ready as the hero to accept much needed improvement from her. For, as is natural, she has sharper in-

sight than her admirer, and more prudent hesitation in surrendering her calm life while the result of the change remains uncertain.

Yet the whole purpose of this little volume is not expressed by its title. Its object is to show how lovers in a democratic society, which means all the lovers of the future, may come to an understanding with each other, for they must hereafter reason out the whole subject, without brushing off all the bloom of romance in the process. And so long as man is man, and woman is woman, and youth is youth, sovereign nature will maintain her rights, and not permit the union of two souls to sink into a mere matter of business. Through such discussions the meaning and conditions of such a union will be clearly determined. If we have laughed away the illusion that woman is a goddess and man a hero, it will yet be replaced in time by the sober certainty for all, of what is now a vision of Paradise for the few, revealing in the humanity of both something divine that commands reverence. To reach that height the world is slowly struggling in its rough and clumsy and selfish way, through the same debate pursued by the young people of this story with refined thoughtfulness. What the true relations of the sexes to each other are—how social pleasures and repute may be enjoyed, while social shams are frankly rejected—what is the essence of religion which must remain, though its dissolving forms become a thing of the past,—these questions gain intense personal interest and demand individual answers, whenever one life is absorbed in another. Miss Preston has succeeded better than we should have thought it possible to do, in combining sentiment naturally with the flow of this discussion, and proving that love in the nineteenth and the coming centuries need not be passionless because it is reasonable, and that open-eyed intelligence is a surer guide to happiness than the blind god of fable.

Johannes Olaf.*

THIS is a strange book, written with a great deal of irregular power, pitched in too high a key, and grasping vaguely at questions never to be solved—at least by novels. It has no other construction than the plan of grouping about a colossal figure, vigorously drawn, a variety of half-sketched persons who guide the circumstances of his life without affecting its character. Its moral is indefinite, and its influence might be bad or good, according to the receiver. With much outcry about fate and the gods, after Carlyle's fashion, it mingles precepts of religion and worldly-wise maxims that seem to inspire the diverse lives of those who utter them with scarcely any wholeness or satisfaction. Certain strong touches of landscape and customs show the author to be most at home in the fringe of islands upon the north Holland coast, where the story begins; any description of scenery or conditions beyond these wearing the unreal air of repetition

* *Love in the 19th Century.* A Fragment. By Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* *Johannes Olaf.* A novel, by Elizabeth de Wille. Translated from the German by F. E. Bunnett. Roberts Brothers.

from books or drafts on fancy. It has a quarrel with society which does not go quite so far as to say that its laws are wrong for all in the present state of humanity, and a discontent with Providence just short of denying its oversight and substituting some impersonal necessity deduced from the guesses of science. In a word, its hero talks much as Schiller's Carl Moor might have done, if he had been born a century later and had read Darwin.

To set him so much at odds with both the visible and invisible world he needs early experience of the cruellest hardships and darkest problems of life, gained by an instinct for questioning and defying its common ways, stronger than his will, and springing, according to the modern solution, from the mystery of inheritance. On the pure sturdy Frisian stock his mother was grafted as a wildling slip by a wandering Iceland-er. Utter misery and fierce struggle for life among the sands and waves harden him, until his grandfather comes by chance to his rescue. Thorson, the old man, is extremely well drawn. He is the ideal scholar of that Ultima Thule where learning found so strange a refuge. A physician and antiquarian, an enthusiast for free nature and bold inquiry, he lives the widest intellectual life in the narrowest outward one, and dies, after doubting of everything but beauty and action, a convert to a sort of pietistic Romanism, in the monastery of Iona. But while still an old heathen, he shapes his grandson and thrusts him out into the world. No wonder that Johannes Jakob finds it expedient to disguise his name as Olaf, after committing an early murder through jealousy, escaping from Hamburg jail in the great conflagration, falling into close relations with a monster of an ex-pirate, and eluding him by saving from wreck the yacht of an English nobleman, who is thenceforward his friend and patron. In such a field for his battle of life he must necessarily be beaten at all points by society, and it is a very high reach of skill that enables the author to command our respect and interest for this outlaw of human government who naturally grows half a rebel to the divine. It is done, and barely done, by endowing him with extraordinary mental strength, perfect sincerity, and a fixed will to do what seems to him independently right. All this would not suffice to make him anything more than a dangerous savage, but that he has also good-will to his fellowmen, and a respect for something either within or without him that forbids selfishness, which yet he refuses to call conscience.

Such a hero, of course, finds no paths through the smooth places of the world. If he is to offend all laws and justify the offense, the combinations that bring about his actions need to be most unusual, and they are made so, far beyond the limit of likelihood.

It is a poor explanation of the wild improbability involved in the existence and appearances of the woman who impels him to crime, to call her his fate and his mystery. Some of the secondary characters, whose quiet movement along the grooves of habit

serves for a contrast to his eccentric course, are well conceived, but left quite incomplete. The novel is crowded with them to confusion. It displeases, too, with its straggling episodes, its level passages of everyday description, and its wearisome monologues. From the mass of material so inartistically managed the author might have chosen several separate subjects for the display of her unquestionable talent by their more finished treatment in a more natural tone.

Bryant's Orations.*

THE production in a collected shape of Mr. Bryant's public addresses reminds us in a very striking manner how, of our many countrymen distinguished for devotion to literature or art; that one of them has outlived who is perhaps best fitted to judge wisely and speak eloquently of genius in those who have gone before him. Not only because his assiduous cultivation of the special art that gives him fame has quickened his perception and strengthened his admiration of whatever is high and noble, but also because his calm temperament aids discrimination, and his mental view has been widened by life-long consideration of large public questions. Only the poet and the publicist could render so impartial and generous a tribute to the painter, the novelist, and the critic.

The oration delivered in commemoration of Cole gives a natural occasion for slightly sketching the early history of painting and painters in this city. This is done so simply and effectively as to leave a regret that it could not have been extended into such an essay on the rise and progress of art in America as yet needs to be written. The speech touches lightly on Cole's technical merits, judging him from the depths of his nature, with due regard to his peculiar surroundings. It treats frankly, yet without any of the sham independence that pleases the half-educated, of the effects of foreign examples upon a genius almost self-trained. And it avoids entering into any of the vexed questions about the true range of landscape-painting, taking it for granted in a rather quiet way that Cole's success in imparting a moral interest to his work justifies the methods and aims of allegorical art. The discourse on the life and genius of Fenimore Cooper comprises a brief criticism of almost all his writings, dwelling on the occasions of their appearance, and the reasons for their success or want of popularity. It was almost by accident that Cooper became a novelist, and quite without any careful literary study that he continued one. Bryant does him more exact and ample justice, both as to his merits as an author and as to his personal character, than he often received while living, giving him deserved credit for patriotism too warm and honest to care if it offended his countrymen while reproving their faults. The address relates fairly and temperately that passage in his life by which he is most widely and unfavorably

* *Orations and Addresses.* By William Cullen Bryant. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York.

known as a man, and praises with honorable frankness both the purpose of his contest with the press and his manner of conducting it.

The career of Verplanck is delineated with the warmest sympathy and the nicest study of the mingled sturdiness and refinement that gave his character its peculiar Knickerbocker quality. He stands out among the rest as the man of action—the jurist who brightened black-letter with general culture, the legislator confounding modern congressmen by taste and learning, the philanthropist without bigotry or cant, the politician who never broke a promise nor wronged a friend. What a phenomenon is this, and yet just gone from among us! We know from his own scornful lips what this Cato for honesty and Cicero for elegance among public men thought of the clowns and cheats who now wriggle into Congress. His example proves, as does his eulogist's, that strenuous practical devotion to business need not exclude fine cultivation, and that eagerness for gain or notoriety is sure destruction to a literary workman's hopes of fame.

The last two authors, together with Irving and Halleck, the remaining subjects of these eulogies, belong to the same generation with Mr. Bryant, for although the youngest of them all, he is separated by only eleven years from Irving, the eldest; and what a group of vigorous intellects, of fruitful faculties, they form! Sound, old-fashioned training in youth, cultivation gained from travel, and the stimulus of fame in a city proud of their early promise, contributed to perfect and maintain their working power. We count no men in our day who do so much, so steadily, and so well. The profession of literature numbers fuller ranks, but fewer chiefs, than it did forty years ago. The hurried education and restless habits of our rapid age produce a wider diffusion of average merit, with less concentration upon achievement that will live. The causes of this change are evident enough, and its coming is probably a necessity. We wish that Mr. Bryant (our sole survivor of the classic period), who has watched the decline of literary production from the high standard aimed at in his youth to the facile mediocrity of the thousand who write for the million, would point out the tendency of this progress, and suggest the means for its correction.

"Bits of Talk about Home Matters."

LIFE is so made up of little things that a highly successful class of writers consists in those who have the loving sense of seeing and the rare talent of describing the imponderable atoms which constitute our moral atmosphere. Is this statement too laborious and semi-scientific? Put it another way: Few men or women have the gift of writing so well of the small concerns of life (which are such a large part of life) as "H. H.;" and that is the reason why her work always pleases. This dainty volume of *Bits of Talk about Home Matters*, issued by Roberts Brothers, illustrates exactly the truth of what we have been saying. In her *Bits of Travel* the author forbore to

fill her portfolio with the broad effects of light and shade of foreign travel. There were no gorgeous masses of color, nor long-drawn aisles of solemn disquisition on art and politics; but the sketches of the temporary home-life and every-day experiences in strange lands were so pre-Raphaelite that the untraveled reader rises from their study half-certain that he, too, has been among the pots and pans of a Roman kitchen, and has been kindly nursed by a German landlady.

In this little book the author chats earnestly but agreeably of sundry home matters which are too much overlooked. Undoubtedly, the writer would fain gossip about the flowers and music and poetry of home; but there are serious, even severe things to be said of home affairs, and she says them. If the protest may sometimes seem too bitter and the scalpel merciless, we must remember that the hand is loving, and only a warm, generous, and sensitive nature can be so stung by the rank injustice which walks in velvet slippers, while it desolates a world of homes. So we have the domestic tyrants, the inhuman parents, the joyless Americans, the journalistic old-clothes mongers, and all the rest of the ill-favored brood of nuisances, haled before the bar of public opinion to give excuse for their being. In sooth to say, when "H. H." is through with them, they have not so much as a leg to stand upon.

For the rest, however, the book is warm and sunny, with such touches as that which gives us the gentle one who has "A Genius for Affection" and "The Good Staff of Pleasure." It is hard for "H. H." to long continue in the severe rôle of the reproofing moralist. The world is richer for the bright and cheery thoughts which she has here set in order; such a book as this, well conned and laid to heart, will sweeten many lives.

"Hap-Hazard."

In the confused rush of summer books—bright trifles which are read when stupid talent bores one—we recall none now that is so flavorful as Miss Kate Field's *Hap-Hazard*, brought out in tempting dress by J. R. Osgood & Co. These sketchy papers are gathered from divers experiences at home and abroad; and the writer, airily gay and blithe, whatever happens, finds objects for satire in the Old World and the New, and fun in everything. Here she goes skyrocketing through the House of Lords; and there she is poking solemn fun at the average audience of an American lecturer. She is a fierce democrat withal, and her sparkling pen strips the gleaming humbug from aristocratic hums as with a magic touch. An unrelenting foe of pretense and mediocrity, this keen critic goes up and down the earth terrorizing all sorts of lies and musty old precedents. But there is in all her fierce crusade against mere seeming and gilded humbug a certain chivalric candor which charms while it slays.

Hap-Hazard is bright, witty, and never, under any

consideration, dull. More than this, the versatile and graceful writer has that not common gift of characterization by which persons, things, and places come and go on her canvas with all the vividness of reality. This little volume is no prim, hot-house bouquet; but as a careless knot of garden and wayside flowers flung together, the gay gatherer gives it you, receiving your praise or blame with the same apparent cheery unconcern and insouciance.

"Guyot's Physical Geography."*

PROF. GUYOT's latest work completes the series of geographical text-books to which he has given "half a score of his best years," and which have so successfully withstood the severest of tests—extensive use in schools.

To review the book fully would involve a critical survey of the entire series to which it belongs, since one can no more estimate fairly the worth of such a work by itself than a detached square-foot of a great painting, or a section of a piece of mosaic-work; the part might seem perfect when alone, yet be a blotch on the whole canvas; or it might seem incomplete and unfinished by itself, while exactly suited to its intended place, and fulfilling an important function there. It is not merely the matter and style of a school-book that determine its real character, but its fitness for the place it is to occupy in a scheme of instruction, its adaptation to the age and development of the pupils who are to use it.

However delightful it might be to examine Prof. Guyot's long delayed work from the text-book point of view, however deserving the book may be of such an examination, it is quite impossible to do it here. The most we have space for is a very brief notice of its plan and purpose, with perhaps a word or two touching its peculiar merits.

The task which the author set himself when he took up the work was to furnish the pupils of the higher common-school grades with an outline of the Science of Physical Geography at once simple, concise, and suited both to the measure of their knowledge and to the time allowed them for the study.

What was wanted was not a popular treatise on the wonders of the world, but a systematic arrangement of the more important facts and laws of the earth's physical organization and of the living forms which inhabit it, linked together by their natural ties, and so presented that when once well understood and thoroughly mastered, the pupil should have not only an accurate understanding of the latest results of scientific research in this department, but a sound basis for subsequent growth in knowledge. This Prof. Guyot has provided, leaving to the intelligent teacher his rightful privilege of clothing the skeleton given with life and beauty.

The first thing that strikes one on opening the book is the excellence of the charts representing the structure and relations of continental masses and islands, the natural arrangement of mountain systems and river-basins, the motion of tidal waves and ocean currents, the laws of atmospheric and climatal phenomena, the distribution of animal and vegetable life, the aspects of nature in different latitudes, and the like. These charts are fresh and original. The engraved illustrations are equally commendable. The scenes represented are real and characteristic, the animal figures are drawn from life, and the illustrations of race-types among men are actual portraits. The text concise, clear, and in keeping with the latest discoveries and generalization of the science. In every part of the work a strict geographical point of view has been preserved, only such facts and principles being drawn from kindred sciences as seemed necessary to illustrate geographical phenomena.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Westward Movement in Cities.

M. FLAMMARION, in his work on the atmosphere, says: The wealthy classes have a pronounced tendency to emigrate westward, leaving the eastern districts for the laboring populations. Mr. W. F. Barrett thereupon asks: Whence arises this tendency? It can hardly be an accident, nor can it be due to the direction of the river beside which the town may happen to be built, for where they exist they run in different directions. M. Flammarion thinks the western movement is caused by the direction of sunset, towards which people feel disposed to form their gardens, build their houses, and in that direction most incline to

walk; the evening and not the morning being their usual time of recreation. Is not a more probable explanation to be found in the general dislike of an easterly wind? And, moreover, it has been pointed out that a westerly wind usually causes the greatest fall in the barometer, and thus the eastern portion of a town becomes inundated with the effluvia which arises on such occasions. Another and perhaps more potent cause may be the prevalence in Europe of south-westerly winds during the greater part of the year, whereby the smoke and vitiated air of a town is carried to the north-east more frequently than elsewhere; so that it is notorious that the west end of a city is freer from smoke than the east end. Possibly all these causes may combine to produce this curious

* Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, publishers.

occidental march of the fashionable quarter in all great cities.

Affection of Monkeys for their Dead.

FROM James Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs* the following interesting account is extracted: One of a shooting party, under a banian-tree, killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously; the sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gesture seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given to him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms, and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race.

The Eyes in Deep-Sea Creatures.

In his "Notes from the Challenger," Wyville Thomson says: The absence of eyes in many deep-sea animals and their full development in others is very remarkable. I have mentioned the case of one of the stalk-eyed crustaceans, *Ethusa granulata*, in which well-developed eyes are present in examples from shallow water. In deeper water, from 110 to 370 fathoms, eye-stalks are present, but the animal is apparently blind, the eyes being replaced by rounded, calcareous terminations to the stalks. In examples from 500 to 700 fathoms, in another locality, the eye-stalks have lost their special character, have become fixed, and their terminations combine into a strong, pointed rostrum. In this case we have a gradual modification, depending apparently upon the gradual diminution and final disappearance of solar light. On the other hand *Munida*, from equal depths, has its eyes unusually developed, and apparently of great delicacy. Is it possible that in certain cases, as the sun's light diminishes, the power of vision becomes more acute, while at length the eye becomes susceptible of the stimulus of the fainter light of phosphorescence?

Errors in Spectrum Analysis.

CONCERNING the coincidences of certain lines in the spectrum, Professor Young remarks: Some of these are too many and too close to be all the result of accident, especially those of iron with calcium and titanium. Two explanations of these coincidences are given: first, that "the metals operated upon by observers who first mapped out the spectra were not absolutely pure," and second, that there is some similarity between the molecules of the different metals

that renders them susceptible of certain synchronous periods of vibrations.

In criticising these opinions, W. Mattieu Williams observes: If we are driven to this second explanation, the received inductions of spectrum analysis, and the deductions of celestial chemistry based upon them, are shaken at their foundation; for if more than one known terrestrial element can display identical lines in the spectrum, the suggestion that other unknown celestial elements may do the same thing is freely opened. It is therefore very desirable that the spectroscopist should receive all the aid which the studies of chemical specialists can afford him towards the solution of this problem.

As regards the instances mentioned by Professor Young, I may say that, in making a large number of analyses of various brands, I have never found a sample of iron or steel quite free from some trace of iron. As I operated for the most part on superior qualities of iron that had been submitted to the utmost practicable degree of commercial purification, my results render it probable that Professor Young's first explanation is correct, so far at least as iron and calcium are concerned.

Double Fertilization of Female Flowers.

MR. ARNOLD, of Paris, Canada, has shown that if the female flowers of an Indian-corn plant are submitted to the action of pollen from male flowers of different kinds of corn-plants, each grain of the ear produced shows the effect of both kinds of pollen. In an experiment related, a given female flower was subjected first to the action of pollen from a yellow variety of corn, and then to that taken from a white variety; the result was an ear of corn each grain of which was yellow below and white above. The conclusion presented is, not only that there is an immediate influence on the seed and the whole fruit-structure by the application of strange pollen, but the more important fact that one ovule can be affected by the pollen of two distinct parents, and this, too, after some time had elapsed between the first and the second impregnation.

Improvement in Photography.

M. MARION, of Paris, has discovered that if you take a bichromate image printed in the sun, and put it in contact with another bichromate surface, you produce upon the latter a similar impression. You can, in fact, take a carbon picture fresh from the frame and employ it as a printing-block, from which any number of impressions are procurable. It is a most singular fact that a solarized surface should be capable of setting up an action upon another sensitive surface placed in contact with it. But it is so. The impression made by light upon a bichromate film is capable of transmission to another surface of like nature merely pressed against it. We have, as it were, stored up in the original print a quantity of sunlight which

has been absorbed and may afterwards be communicated to other surfaces.

The importance of this discovery can scarcely be overrated, and there is no doubt but that it will work an era in the matter of carbon-printing. We need secure but one single photograph printed in the sun in order to obtain a large number of copies, all of which shall be as delicate and vigorous as if they had been printed by sunlight. (H. Badler Pritchard.)

Effects of Cold on the System.

FROM a report of the Croonian Lecture, delivered this year by Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson, we extract the following interesting observations: Previous to the time of John Hunter it was supposed that cold was the most effective agent for destroying muscular irritability. The effects of cold employed in various ways in the author's experimental researches were detailed systematically. The effects of cold in suspending the muscular irritability of fish, reptiles and frogs was first described. On all these animals it was shown that cold could be made to suspend the muscular irritability without destroying it, and that in fish the restoration of irritability could be perfected to the extent of restoring the living function.

In the case of warm-blooded animals the power of cold to suspend without destroying muscular irritability was further evidenced by drowning young animals in ice-cold water. It was shown, in the case of the kitten, that muscular irritability may be restored to the complete re-establishment of life after a period of two hours of apparent systemic death, and although the muscles when the animal was first removed from the water give no response to the galvanic current. This same continuance of irritability after apparent systemic death by drowning in ice-cold water has been observed in the human subject, in an approximate degree. An instance was adduced in which a youth who had been deeply immersed for twelve minutes in ice-cold water retained muscular irritability so perfectly that he recovered, regained consciousness, and lived for a period of seven hours.

Condensation of Steam mixed with Air.

IN a paper on this subject, read by Professor Reynolds before the Royal Society, London, the following conclusions are presented:

1. That a small quantity of air in steam does very much retard its condensation upon a cold surface; that, in fact, there is no limit to the rate at which pure steam will condense but the power of the surface to carry off the heat.

2. That the rate of condensation diminishes rapidly, and nearly uniformly as the pressure of air increases from two to ten per cent. that of steam, and then less and less rapidly until thirty per cent. is reached, after which the rate of condensation remains nearly constant.

3. That in consequence of this effect of air, the necessary size of a surface-condenser for a steam-

engine increases very rapidly with the quantity of air allowed to be present within it.

4. That by mixing air with steam before it is used, the condensation at the surface of a cylinder may be greatly diminished, and consequently the efficiency of the engine increased.

5. That the maximum effect, or nearly so, will be obtained when the pressure of the air is one-tenth that of the steam, or when about two cubic feet of air at the pressure of the atmosphere and the temperature 60° F. are mixed with each pound of steam.

The Perfect Engine.

JUST as water has no "head" unless raised above the sea-level, so heat cannot do work except with the accompaniment of a transference from a hotter to a colder body. Carnot showed that to reason on this subject we must have *cycles* of operations, at the end of which the working substance is restored exactly to its initial state. And he also showed that the test of a perfect engine (*i.e.* the best that is even theoretically attainable) is simply that it must be *reversible*. By this term we do not mean mere backing, but that whereas, when working directly, the engine does work during the letting down of heat from a hot to a cold body, when reversed it shall spend the same amount of work while pumping up the same quantity of heat from the cold body to the hot one. (P. G. Tait.)

Memoranda.

THE fishery treaty between the United States and Great Britain permits the admission of fish-oil free of duty, while all other oils pay ten per cent. The question has thereupon arisen whether the oil obtained from seals should pay duty. From a zoological point of view, it is not a fish-oil; but since it is the general practice of commercial nations to consider all oils obtained from marine creatures as fish-oils, the government will probably be obliged to regard seals as fish.

F. Buttgenbach of the Neusser Iron Works has made a series of experiments on *tuyères* for blast-furnaces. He concludes therefrom that bronze *tuyères* are the best. The most perfect of these, obtained from a firm at Düsseldorf, would, however, occasionally crack. By employing phosphor-bronze all difficulties were surmounted, and according to the experimenter an ironmaster once using *tuyères* of phosphor-bronze will be so convinced of the advantages of this metal that he will never employ any other.

W. Saville Kent shows that in certain spine-finned fish as the Bream, and especially in the male, the color increases in depth and often in brilliancy during the spawning season.

After an experience of some years I can only say that though I do not worship either lectures or examinations (especially the latter) with a blind "idolatry," I believe without them the majority of young students are very apt to become slipshod and slovenly in their work. (Professor Bonney, Cambridge.)

Sir John Lubbock states that the Strepsiptera or parasites found on bees and wasps pass through all their transformations in the bodies of these insects. The males and females are very dissimilar; the former are active, minute and short-lived, while the females are bottled-shaped, never leave the body of the insect, and, except that they occasionally thrust the head of the bottle out between the abdominal rings, they appear to be almost motionless.

A new industry, that took its origin in the war, is now attracting a great deal of attention in the South. The cotton-seed, which formerly was waste and worthless to the producer, now brings from nine to ten dollars per ton. It is extensively used in the manufacture of oil and for many other purposes.

M. Zulkowsky finds that the deterioration illuminating gas undergoes, in passing through rubber tubing, is so great that it may be perceived without the help of a photometer after it has passed through a length of four and a half yards of such tubing. M. Zulkowsky also holds that only the heavy hydrocarbons and vapors in the gas are absorbed.

As the result of a series of experiments on the cause of the rupture in the skin or covering of various fruits during prolonged rain-storms, M. Joseph Bousingault finds that it is produced by the endosmose of moisture through the skin of the fruit, and not by the moistened state of the air preventing evaporation through the skin, and so causing an accumulation of fluid in the pulp.

ETCHINGS.

WHAT'S-HIS-NAME?

MR. EDITOR:—There are more than a thousand million people in the world, and each one of them has a name. Of course, nobody is acquainted with all these people, but everybody knows a great many of them. I, for instance, am acquainted with—say a hundred persons. One hundred persons and one hundred names. Now, how, at a moment's notice, is a man of average memory to get all these names and these people to fit? I can't do it.

I meet a man in the street. I know his face very well. That's easy enough. He carries it in a conspicuous place. But how about his name? Ten to one I can't remember it,—why should I? There's nothing about him to suggest it. If there was any system of nomenclature which should correspond with personal appearance it would help matters. If all the fat persons were named Jones, all the lean ones Brown, all the tall folks Robinson, and the short ones Thompson; if people with jimmer-jaws were named Ferguson, and hooked-nose persons were all called Ramsey, a great part of the difficulty I speak of would be removed. You might not know just which Brown or



Robinson a man was, but you could come near enough; and such a thing as totally forgetting the names of two of your friends just as you are going to introduce them would be less likely to happen than it now is. Why, I'd rather risk calling by name a rare plant in a flower-pot than one of my friends who has suddenly come upon me. I might pull up a stick from the flower-pot and see that the plant was *anexcoidus mormoria*, but there's nothing sticking out of my friend to remind me that his name is Samuel B. Wilson.

It is one of the saddest things in life that there is absolutely no way to find out a friend's name, when you are alone with him and have forgotten it. You can't ask a man, when you have eaten at his table, and slept with him, and perhaps gone to his grandmother's funeral, what his name is! And those indirect,



zig-zag ways of trying to coax his name out of him seldom amount to anything. "By the way," you say (after a violent mental process of "a, a, a; b, b, b; c, c, Cox, Campbell,—no; d, d, d; e, Emerson; f, f, f;—etc., etc.), "How do you spell your name?" And, ten to one, he says, "With two Ts." And then, after a frantic struggle in your mind with Tuttle, Tattle, Tottle, and almost anything else with three Ts, you mildly smile, and say, "Oh yes! certainly," and remember the name the instant your friend is gone. There are plenty of stratagems of this kind, but where is the good of them? I never could see it.

Why it's often easier to tell the name of every bone and muscle in a man's body than to remember the name of the man himself. There is generally a reason for naming a bone, and if you've once heard it you may remember it, but there's no reason at all for



people's names. I never saw a man or woman who looked in the least like his or her name.

Now, there should be some way to remedy this social wrong—for it is a wrong to conceal one's identity, so to speak, by cutting off all means of recognition except that which depends on the memory of one's friends. The law should be called in. We are obliged to put numbers on our houses where everybody can see them, and why not put names on the dwellers in the houses. In fact, every man should have his name placed in some conspicuous place on his person. This plan was suggested to me by a friend, and I am sure it would work well. For instance, what could be more ornamental, as well as useful, than a breast-pin with one's name on it? Or, if people preferred a permanent arrangement, the old fashion of tattooing in India-ink might be revived, and put to some practical use. Such lettering would last a long time.



In case of ladies (for I would apply this system to both sexes) it might be necessary, owing to occasional change of name, to leave room for alteration when this method of marking was adopted. But when a more simple plan is desired, nothing is more easy than to put a man's name on some part of his clothing. For instance, shirts are generally marked. Now, why not mark them where one can see not only to whom the shirt belongs, but who belongs to the shirt?

One thing is certain, something of this kind must be done, even if a "what's-his-name" plank has to be inserted in one of the political platforms. There's no earthly good in universal suffrage, or anti-popery, or local option, or wooden pavements, or anything else, when you can't remember the name of the man you're talking to.

YOURS TRULY,

